

SCREENLAND

JULY, 1926

PRICE, 25 CENTS



MAE MURRAY, Painted by Jay Weaver

Bride's Trousseau from **MAE MURRAY** **FREE PAGE 3**

IN THE TIME OF SARDANAPALUS

Every phase of woman's work, achievements, follies, wisdom, influence, power, has been written, but woman has had to wait until this twentieth century before man has dared to devote a monumental encyclopedic work just to her. *New York Herald.*

woman was a mere chattel—when Nineveh was besieged and he saw that it must fall he collected his wives and treasures and burned them with himself in his palace. Since then the status of woman has varied greatly; at times man bought and sold her; under the Cæsars she was his equal before the law. Christianity did much to emancipate women; it has remained for twentieth century America to make her a

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"Can he really play?" a girl whispered.
 "Heavens no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in his life."

They Laughed When I Sat Down At the Piano But When I Started to Play!—

ARTHUR had just played "The Rosary." The room rang with applause. I decided that this would be a dramatic moment for me to make my debut. To the amazement of all my friends, I strode confidently over to the piano and sat down.

"Jack is up to his old tricks," somebody chuckled. The crowd laughed. They were all certain that I couldn't play a single note.

"Can he really play?" I heard a girl whisper to Arthur.

"Heavens, no!" Arthur exclaimed. "He never played a note in all his life. . . But just you watch him. This is going to be good."

I decided to make the most of the situation. With mock dignity I drew out a silk handkerchief and lightly dusted off the piano keys. Then I rose and gave the revolving piano stool a quarter of a turn, just as I had seen an imitator of Paderewski do in a vaudeville sketch.

"What do you think of his execution?" called a voice from the rear.

"We're in favor of it!" came back the answer and the crowd rocked with laughter.

Then I Started to Play

Instantly a tense silence fell on the guests. The laughter died on their lips as if by magic. I played through the first few bars of Beethoven's immortal Moonlight Sonata. I heard gasps of amazement. My friends sat breathless—spellbound!

I played on and as I played I forgot the people around me. I forgot the hour, the place, the breathless listeners. The little world I lived in seemed to fade—seemed to grow dim—unreal. Only the music was real. Only the music and visions it brought me. Visions as beautiful and as changing as the wind blown clouds and drifting moonlight that long ago inspired the master composer. It seemed as if the master musician himself were speaking to me—speak-

ing through the medium of music—not in words but in chords. Not in sentences but in exquisite melodies!

A Complete Triumph!

As the last notes of the Moonlight Sonata died away, the room resounded with a sudden roar of applause. I found myself surrounded by excited faces. How my friends carried on! Men shook my hand—wildly congratulated me—pounded me on the back in their enthusiasm! Everybody was exclaiming with delight—plying me with rapid questions. . . "Jack! Why didn't you tell us you could play like that?" . . . "Where did you learn?"—"How long have you studied?"—"Who was your teacher?"

"I have never even seen my teacher," I replied. "And just a short while ago I couldn't play a note."

"Quit your kidding," laughed Arthur, himself an accomplished pianist. "You've been studying for years. I can tell."

"I have been studying only a short while," I insisted. "I decided to keep it a secret so that I could surprise all you folks."

Then I told them the whole story.

"Have you ever heard of the U. S. School of Music?" I asked.

A few of my friends nodded. "That's a correspondence school, isn't it?" they exclaimed.

"Exactly," I replied. "They have a new simplified method that can teach you to play any instrument by mail in just a few months."

How I Learned to Play Without a Teacher

And then I explained how for years I had longed to play the piano.

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classical numbers or jazz, all with equal ease! And I never did have any special talent for music!"

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SCREENLAND is published on the 10th of the month preceding the date of issue.

☞ Mae Murray in her bridal gown in "The Masked Bride". Perhaps this inspired her to donate a trousseau to a SCREENLAND reader. See page 30.



SCREENLAND

July, 1926

"The Spirit of the Movies"

VOL. XIII, No. 3

Eliot Keen, Editor

CONTENTS for JULY

COVER — Mae Murray. Painted by Jay Weaver.		WHEN FATE SAYS TO YOU "IT'S YOUR MOVE".	
ASK ME — An Answer Page of Information. By Miss Vee Dee	4	By Delight Evans	34
SCREEN NEWS FROM BROADWAY	6	THE "NIFTIES" THEY PULL IN HOLLYWOOD. By James Tankersley	36
BOOKS FOR FANS — "La Boheme"	8	"Go". By W. Carey Wonderly	38
THINGS TO TALK ABOUT	10	WINNERS OF THE GIFTS FROM THE STARS	40
NORMA SHEARER — A Portrait	14	ALMA RUBENS — A Portrait	41
THE MOST BEAUTIFUL "STILL" OF THE MONTH	16	CORINNE GRIFFITH — A Portrait	42
SCREENLAND'S HONOR PAGE	17	ANNA Q. NILSSON — A Portrait	43
SHINE, SIR	18	HELENE COSTELLO — A Portrait	44
THE BEST TITLES OF THE MONTH	19	DELIGHT EVANS' REVIEWS	46
ETHEL DOHERTY CLIMBS TO SUCCESS — By Bill Colling	20	A FILM IS AS GOOD AS ITS VILLAIN. By Bill Colling	54
"PASSING THE TORCH" — By Marion Brooks Ritchie	22	THE BEACH WHERE BEAUTY HAS A CHANCE	56
MERNA KENNEDY — Lita's Friend. By Edward Sinclair	24	BLANCHE MEHAFFEY	57
LEATRICE JOY'S HAWAIIAN PARTY. By Grace Kingsley	26	DORIS KENYON	58
EUGENE O'BRIEN'S HAND	28	VERA REYNOLDS	59
NORMA TALMADGE'S HAND. By Mlle. Zara	29	MARIE PREVOST	60
MAE MURRAY OFFERS A BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU. (Prize Offer)	30	STAGE COACH. Conducted by Morrie Ryskind	61
HOW BEAUTY BREAKS IN. By Marguerite Tjader.	32	FASHIONS. (Posed by Laura La Plante)	62
		PRE-SHOWING OF FEATURE FILMS	64
		CHATTER FROM HOLLYWOOD. By Martin Martin	72
		THEY SAY. By Marion of Hollywood	76
		HOT FROM HOLLYWOOD	82

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Ask Me



An Answer Page of
of Information.

Address:
Miss VEE DEE,
SCREENLAND,
236 W. 55th St.
New York City.

WINIFRED BOWERS, Lois Wilson, Betty Bronson and Richard Dix are all with the Famous-Players Lasky, Astoria, L. I., New York. Lois Wilson was born June 1896.

Frances Burns and Lucille Jacobs. Address Rin-tin-tin care of Warner Bros., Sunset Blvd., and his trainer, Lee Duncan will, I am sure, read your letter to him.

E. M. (Moines) You see I've made room for an answer to you. Peggy H. Joyce, care Associated Producers, 35 W. 45th Street, New York City. Blance Sweet, Dorothy Mackaill and Dick Barthlemess, care First National, United studios, Hollywood. Mae Murray, Norma Shearer, Lillian Gish, Conrad Nagel, Percy Marmont and Douglas Gilmore with Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, Culver City, Cal. Dorothy Gish is in England, but her sister-in-law is looking after her fan mail so address letters care of Charlotte Rennie, 132 East 19th St., N. Y. C. Ronald Colman with First National, Richard Dix with Famous-Players. Alberta Vaughn care F. B. O., Melrose and Gower Streets, Hollywood. Monte Blue with Warner Bros., Sunset Blvd., Hollywood.

Rene. Lois Moran was a dancer in Paris before she entered the motion picture field, and you'll see this clever girl dance and dance in her new picture "Padlocked." In the original story which ran through the *Cosmopolitan Magazine*, the heroine was a singer, but apparently in the screen version they are exchanging high C's for high kicks, all for Lois' fair sake. If you wish reply sent direct, stamped addressed envelope must always be enclosed.

A Washington Girl. Anonymous letters are an abomination; genuine information is always thankfully received by me. Alice Terry was born in Vincennes, Ind., in 1896, and her name was not Rodear but Alice Taafe.

Ruth Fitzwater. Write Greta Nissen care of Universal, Universal City, Cal. Dolores Costello at the Warner Studios, Sunset

Neal Burns, who brings the poses of merriment to the Educational-Christie Lot.

Blvd., Hollywood. Colleen Moore, First National United Studios, Hollywood, and Florence Vidor at Famous Players, Vine

F. F. J. Thank you for the lovely pressed-flowers, they have scented my desk for days.

Nathalie Bogart. Perhaps the Sawyer-Lubin people at 383 Madison Ave., N. Y. could let you have a photograph of the late Barbara La Marr. Virginia Lee Corbin is with Universal pictures, Universal City, Cal. Evelyn Brent and Richard Talmadge F. B. O. Studios, Melrose and Gower Streets, Hollywood. For other addresses see above.

Dolly C. Dorothy Mackaill, Bebe Daniels, George O'Brien, Alene Ray, Walter Miller, Larry Kent, Alberta Vaughn, Vera Reynolds, are all unmarried, as far as a waiting world knows, but Jack Mulhall has been and gone and married Evelyn Winans and William Boyd just recently eloped with Elinor Faire.

Damad (Bombay). Sheer modesty forbids me disclosing my identity to the thousands you mention as being anxious to know me. Do you believe me? I may be famous, as you so kindly say, but certainly not as a screen celebrity! Yes, Barbara La Marr died a few months ago. Rudolph Valentino is still here, and he is now single again, but giving presents of horses and things to a well-known actress; so that looks a bit significant, eh! Herbert Rawlinson is now married to a non-professional. His first wife was Roberta Arnold, a well-known stage favorite. Ruth Roland, Mary Astor, Mary Philbin and Lillian Gish are still unattached, but Syd Chaplin has been married for years and years—to the same wife, too. Jobyna Ralston is the pretty girl who plays opposite Harold Lloyd. The actresses you mention, with the exception of Priscilla Dean, have all retired from the screen. Priscilla is now with Metropolitan Pictures.

John Haynes. Florenz Ziegfeld Folies

and, Johnnie I haven't an idea who is the world's best Charleston dancer. Last time I Charlestoned I ached for three days after, so apparently I can't claim any championships. Mary Brian is 17.

Charles M. West. Yes, Hoot Gibson has horses and you can get a picture of him by writing and asking for it. You know—"ask and ye shall receive." Address Hoot at Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal. and don't forget to enclose the usual twenty-five cents to cover postage.

Lillian R. (Mich.) The Paramount School's course is now ended. They have not yet announced whether further schools will be inaugurated.

Mary White Address Pola Negri at Famous-Players Lasky, Vine Street, Hollywood. See answer to Rene.

Marcella Pomerick. Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Ariz., in 1897 is 6 feet with brown hair and grey eyes and is married to Gloria Hope, also a picture player. Alan Forrest was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., tall, weighs 160, dark hair and eyes and married to Lottie Pickford, Mary's little sister. Edmund Lowe, who was a well-known legitimate actor before joining up with the movies, is married to Lillian Tashman. Mr. Lowe is blonde, tall, and has blue eyes.

Mary L. Gray. Paul Ellis, Lois Moran, Laurence Gray, Louise Brooks, Jobyna Ralston, Carol Dempster, Lillian Gish, Sally Rand, Norma Shearer, and Joan Crawford are all single. Conrad Nagel is married to Ruth Helms. Esther Ralston was married on Christmas Day last to Geo. W. Frey. Renee Adoree was married to Tom Moore. Lon Chaney's wife is non-professional. Belle Bennett is Mrs. Fred Windermere. Harrison Ford married Beatrice Prentice. Adolphe Menjou was married to Katherine Tinsley, a former newspaper woman; Kathryn Perry is Mrs. Owen Moore. Neil Hamilton has a wife and Charles Ray's missus was Clara Grant. Billie Dove is Mrs. Irvin Willat. John Barrymore's wife is nearly as well-known as he is, under the pen-name of Michael Strange. She was formerly Blanche Olerichs. John Gilbert was married to Leatrice Joy and Bert Lytell is "Mr. Claire Windsor." Tom Moore is single just now and Priscilla Dean is Mrs. Wheeler Oakman. See answers to Marcella and Rene for further information.

Mrs. M. McMurray. Here's a short biography of Milton Sills: Born Chicago, Ill. 1882; educated Chicago University. Eight years as lead for Belasco, Shubert and Brady. Commenced screen career with Goldwyn. Height 6. Weight 180. Light hair and gray eyes. Was married to Gladys Winne, and has one child, a girl in her early teens. Now playing with First National in New York.

Vera Howard. Grosset and Dunlap, Publishers, New York issue the film books. Sorry, but I don't know where you could get photographs of Wallace Reid.

The craziest question of the month comes from Edward C., Jr. "What are the names of Strongheart's mother and father." That's where I deny the title of this department. Don't ask me, old timer, because I just dunno! Strongheart was born somewhere in Germany, however, and takes most of his commands in German.

Virginia, N. Y. Address Colleen Moore at United Studios, Hollywood, Cal., and Sally O'Neill care of Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal.

(Continued on page 107)

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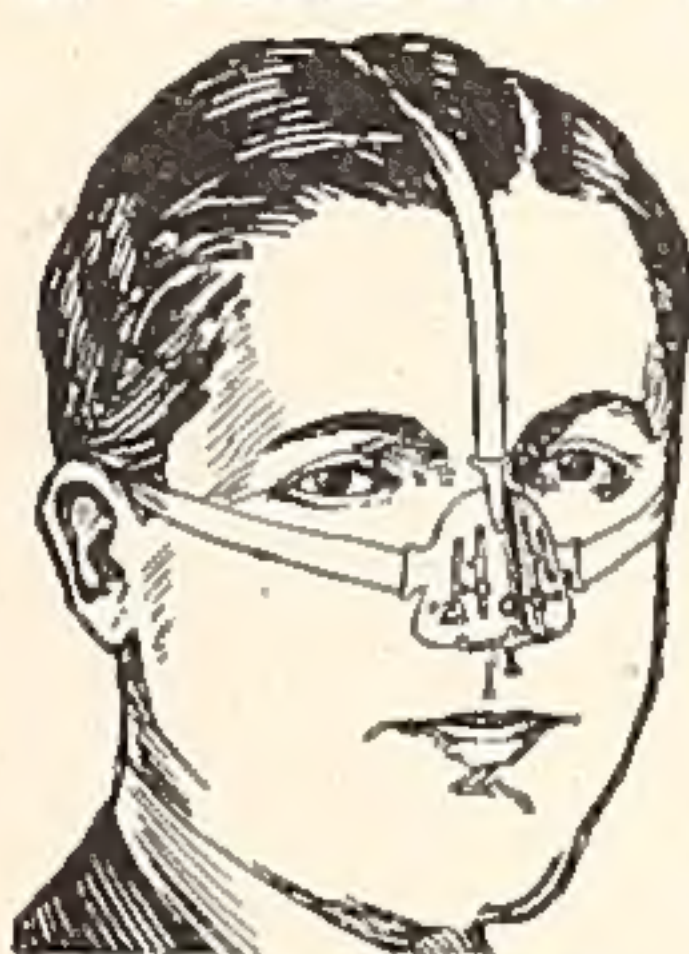


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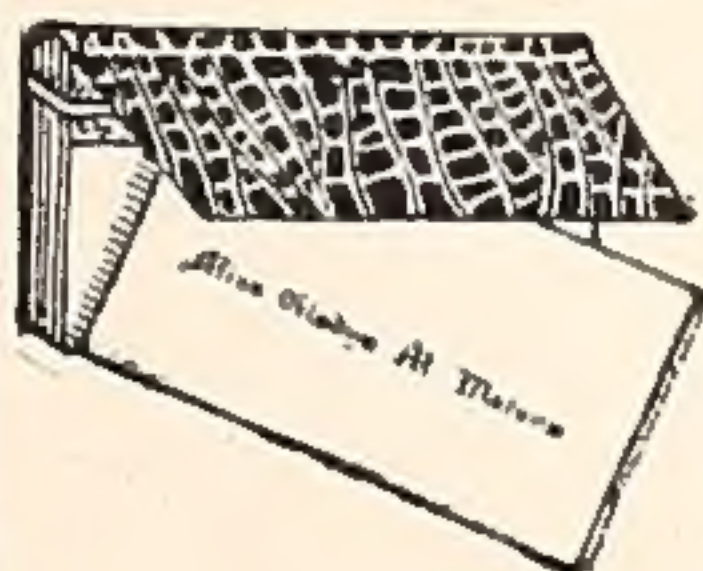


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SCREEN NEWS from BROADWAY

Pat O'Malley is one grand Duke in "The Midnight Sun".



THERE have been leading men, and leading men, on visits to New York; but it's safe to say that no leading man ever gave so-called blase Manhattan the kick that Pat O'Malley did. Male stars have been known to bring along their dogs and their cars, their secretaries and their valets; but we had yet to welcome one who brought his family—until Pat's arrival. Yessir—the brave young man invited his wife and his three small daughters to make the trip with him. What's more, upon arriving in town he did not attempt to conceal them, but proudly introduced them to newspaper reporters and even had their pictures taken! That's the kind of a guy Pat is.

There is Mrs. O'Malley, a very pretty girl; and then there are the even younger girls—Eileen, aged eight; Sheila, going on five; and Mary Kathleen, about two. They are, to quote their father, a trio of hard-boiled, wise-cracking youngsters! One thing is certain, they're Irish, all right. The sights of New York failed to excite them; although the first night of papa's picture on Broadway, "The Midnight Sun", did afford a bit of a thrill. The youngsters sat in a box—or to be accurate, two boxes, as Eileen had brought a little girl friend with her. When the picture was over, Pat was mobbed by eager fans clamoring for handshakes and autographs and before he knew it he was swept out to the sidewalk. When the panic subsided he looked around for his family and saw all of it—except Eileen and her little guest. Pat fought his way back through the crowd, searching frantically for the missing red-head, but in vain. Before he summoned the police he decided to take one look around the theatre. It was empty—except for two small figures seated unconcernedly in a box. Eileen and her chum were chatting about the picture they had seen; and when the frantic father dashed up he was greeted with, "You were fine, Dad! We were waiting for you. I said you'd come and get us!"

* * *

Universal, perhaps the most hospitable of all the film companies to its visiting celebrities, gave Pat O'Malley a luncheon while he was in town. Paul Gulick, one of the

company officials, presided with his usual humor and saw that everybody had a good time. Paul Leni, recently imported from Germany to act as an art director for Universal, was also a guest.

Pat, by the way, paid a call on Mayor Walker. The popular "Jimmy" grasped Pat's hand and said, "I'm mighty glad to meet you—I've heard a lot about you." If you'll notice, the bigger the man the heartier the handshake.

* * *

The first kangaroo in pictures—outside of the news-reels—will make his debut in Johnny Hines' "The Brown Derby". There were some comedy scenes which simply cried for a kangaroo, and the casting director was ordered to produce one pronto. He's an efficient casting director and he thought acquiring a kangaroo would be a simple matter. He knows better now. After attempting to rent one from the circus which was then playing in New York at Madison Square Garden, or from the Zoo, he was finally obliged to report failure. Whereupon Mr. Burr the producer took up the trail of the kangaroo, and after a lot of fuss and bother, eventually found himself in possession of one of the engaging creatures—a red one. And now the problem is what to do with the darned thing when Jimmy gets through with it. Doubtless the Bronx Zoo or Mayor Walker will be the richer by one red kangaroo.

* * *

Johnny says "The Brown Derby" should carry a by-line "Not an animal picture". Besides the kangaroo, there's an ostrich. Oh, a beautiful ostrich, who decided to make his screen debut—after considerable persuasion—in the Florida scenes of the picture. It is Johnny's private opinion, after participating in some scenes opposite this ostrich, that his future appearances should be confined to ladies' bonnets.

* * *

Marion Davies spent most of her vacation in New York ice-skating! She has some ice scenes in her next picture, "The Red Mill"; and seized the chance to brush up in her fancy skating. She spends most of her time at the rink on her feet, too; so

when you see the heroine on skates in the new film, don't think it's a double. Marion remained in the east long enough to see her "Beverly of Graustark" make its Broadway bow, to play around with her chums, Norma Talmadge and Alma Rubens, and to do a lot of shopping. Everybody was sorry to see her go.

* * *

If you have been troubled by the grippe or the flu the past season, you were in distinguished company. Gloria Swanson was seized with a severe attack of la grippe while she was making the last scene of "Fine Manners". She was hustled home and a doctor and nurse were in constant attendance. But as soon as she could she insisted upon bundling up and going out to the Famous Players studio to pose for the last few close-ups. When not on the set she sat wrapped in blankets in her little portable bungalow-dressing room. As soon as she was convinced that her work was done, she allowed her "Hank" to take her to Atlantic City for a short rest. Yes, she's feeling fine now, after her sojourn by the sad sea waves—only they weren't sad with Gloria around.

* * *

CECIL B. DEMILLE was in town for the opening of his feature, "The Volga Boatman", at a Broadway theatre—or to be strictly accurate, a Forty-second Street Theatre—but a big, "legitimate" one. It was one of those gala affairs, the Boatman premier, with many stars in evidence. Perhaps the most interesting encounter during intermission was the sight of the director, deMille, greeting Gloria Swanson, whom he rescued from the comedy ranks and installed as an actress.

* * *

Richard Dix's latest is called "Take a Chance". Richard took the title's advice and, in a scrap with some heavy fellows, smashed his hand and was laid up for a while. He insisted upon working with his other hand while the injured member was mending. Bet the studio is wondering how much persuasion it will take to induce Richard to let some husky double for him in his next battle. I could tell them the answer right now.

* * *

Buck Jones, who went to Europe with Mrs. Jones a few weeks ago, turned up again in New York a full month before his vacation was up. When they asked the big western star how he liked Europe he said he liked America more and added he was going to explore it first. He's a likeable fellow, Buck—but he won't talk about himself much. He says there's nothing to say! Mrs. Jones is a pretty girl, and there's a third

member of the family—an even younger girl who's pretty proud of her dad on and off the screen.

* * *

The all-absorbing question right now is, who will play the heroine in the picture version of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

Everybody has his own candidate. Edna Murphy, Clara Bow in a blonde wig, Dorothy Gish, and Josephine Dunn are only a few of the girls mentioned. It looks as if Miss Dunn may have a good chance of playing the coveted part. She's with Paramount, which owns the screen rights; she's the most promising graduate of the Paramount Screen School; she's beautiful, blonde, and though not dumb, is clever enough to be able to pretend she is. What more could anybody ask?

* * *

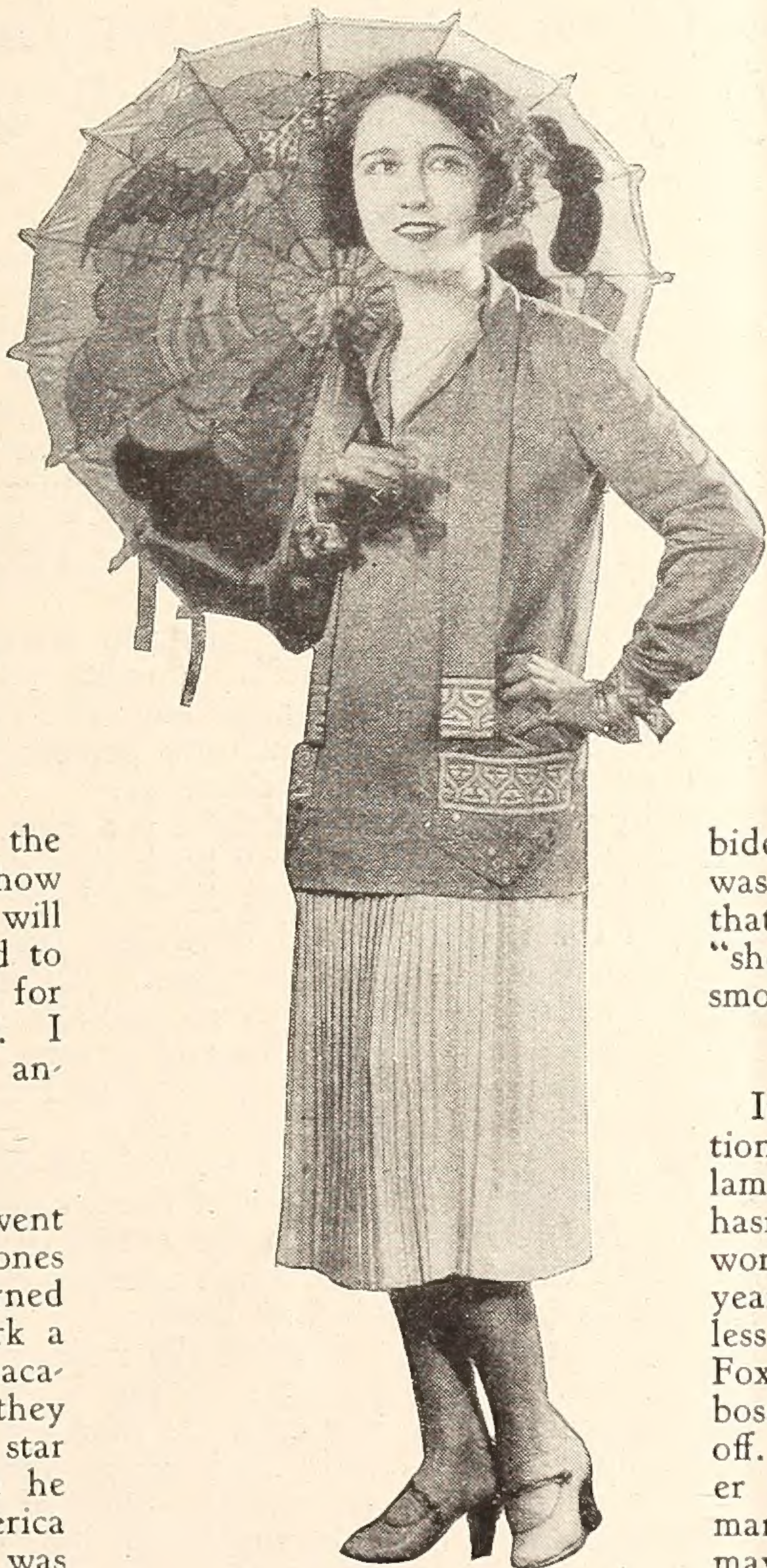
June Mathis and her husband, Sylvano Balboni, came east for a conference with First National officials, and while here were the guests of honor at a luncheon party at Sherry's, to which several of the company's stars and the press were invited. Miss Mathis's first personally-supervised production, "The Greater Glory", adapted from "A Viennese Medley", has aroused enthusiasm among the few who have so far seen it. June Mathis, you know, is the scenario writer who discovered Valentino and who wrote the script for his first success, "The Four Horsemen". Today she has one of the biggest jobs in the picture business, editing most of the First National product and writing originals and scenarios besides. She met Mr. Balboni in Italy while there on the first and ill-fated "Ben-Hur" expedition.

* * *

Charles "Buddy" Rogers has landed. This promising young pupil of the Paramount Screen School will be seen in an important part in the all-star cast of "The Show-Off", in which Lois Wilson and Ford Sterling are the two particular shining lights. Buddy has bided his time since he was discovered, and now that he has a chance to "show off", watch his smoke.

* * *

It's an European vacation for little Madge Bellamy, and don't say she hasn't earned it. She has worked very hard this past year, having starred in no less than nine pictures for Fox. As a reward, the boss gave her six weeks off. Madge and her mother will "do" Italy, Germany, and England, and may even find time to shop around a bit in Paris. Madge, by the way, has joined the bobbed-haired brigade. Famous for her long, curly locks, she ruthlessly sheared them to play (Continued on page 106)



☞ Dorothy Sebastian is celebrating the signing of a new contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.



Needed in Aviation!

DO you love adventure? Do you want to make big money? Although aviation is still in its infancy there is a crying demand for men with courage, nerve, and self-reliance—ambitious men who are looking for a new field. For those who qualify there will be thousands of highly paid jobs.

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Yes, as yet, aviation is in its infancy, but now is the time to get in. In the automobile industry and in the moving picture business hundreds of men got rich by getting in at the start. They made their success before others woke up.

Think how much aviation has progressed in the last few years. Commercial air lines have already proved themselves successful both in Europe and America. Great men predict that in the near future there will be airfreight lines—organizations as large as our railroads are today. AVIATION IS NEW. It clamors for every young man.

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The study of aviation is as fascinating as the actual work. Only one hour of spare time a day at home and we teach you the basic training. You will find every lesson packed full of interest. Student S. F. McNaughton, Chicago, says, "Your lessons are like a romance, and what is more, after one reading the student gets a thorough understanding." Men who have had actual experience guide you carefully through your training. They select the lessons, lectures, blueprints, and bulletins. Once you start you can't get enough of it. Here are some real jobs. Which one do you want? Aeronautical Instructor, Aeronautical Engineer, Aeronautical Contractor, Aeronautical Salesman, Aeronautical Repairman, Aeronautical Mechanician, Aeronautical Inspector, Aeronautical Assembler, Aeronautical Builder.

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BOOKS *for* FANS

☞ Lillian Gish and John Gilbert
playing with love.

Picturing "La Boheme"

☞ *This film reflects the spirit of The Latin Quarter where lovers feel intensely if only for a little while.*

By John Gilbert

WHenever an actor is given a book to read that he knows will be made into a picture in which he will play, he looks at it with different eyes, than if he were merely reading it for pleasure.

I remember, when I was a kid I used to lie abed at night reading Murger's "La Vie de Boheme". The gay, carefree lives that these people led intrigued me immensely and I was heartily in sympathy with them.

Rudolphe particularly fascinated me and it was my delight to dramatize bits from the book in which Rudolphe played the hero.

It was just a few months ago that I was told here at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio that I was to play Rudolphe on the screen and that the adaptation was to be taken from Murger's book, rather than from Puccini's opera, "La Boheme".

Did you ever re-read a book that thrilled you when you were a child? It is strange how vague memories of that time when you first read the story come back to you and you experience something very akin to that first thrill over a fascinating novel.

Many of those old emotions came back to me as I re-read "La Vie de Boheme". But I always had to keep in mind the fact that these situations and incidents must be portrayed on the screen in terms of action.

It is up to the actor to absorb as much of the atmosphere as he can. He must read the book, not for the story itself, but he must feel the thing that the author has in mind. He is then like an illustrator who must interpret in black and white and in length and breadth the thoughts of the man who has written the book.

That is why the reading of the book from which a picture is made is so essential to an actor. It is that book that gives him an inspiration that the script alone can never give.

The scenario writer must interpret the author's thoughts the way he sees them. The actor must also inject both his own and the author's personality into the portrayal of a character.

Rudolphe is a type. He is Bohemia itself and any book that dealt with the life lived in Paris in the Latin Quarter at that time would have been an inspiration for me to play the part. Because Murger had done his story so well and had put so much spirit and life and gayety into the pages of his book, that was all I needed to read. Everything was there.

As I re-read the book I heard again the laughter of those carefree folk. I felt their disdain for authority. I realized how little it mattered whether they ate or not, so long as they lived.

During the making of the picture I read passages of the book again and again. I also read Du Maurier's "Trilby". He deals with Paris at another time, but he, also, portrays the spirit of the Latin Quarter.

Strangely enough, we are most of us so saturated with contemporary literature, so many books that are written now, we forget these other stories that are so engrossing. I am very glad that a new popular priced edition of Murger's "La Vie de Boheme" is being published. This will, no doubt, tempt many to read it who have neglected to do so before.

(Continued on page 106)



Superfluous Hair IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT

The day of experimenting is past. You are too sensible to listen to flowery promises and to buy mystic preparations by mail—and then regret. With ZIP you take no chances, for as the N. Y. World says, it has been "officially decided to be effective."

My sincerest advice is that it is better to let your superfluous hair grow than to use pumice stone with fancy names and fancy handles. Any article which massages the skin tends to grow hair, just as massaging the scalp grows hair.

Quick as a wink you can free yourself of superfluous hair. And remember, you are not merely removing surface hair—you actually lift out the hairs from under the skin gently, painlessly, and harmlessly, and in this way *check the growth*. Use ZIP once and you will never resort to depilatories.

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"I Dare Anyone to Fail Now!"

Says the Man Who Has Startled America

With clear and pitiless logic David V. Bush now proves that it is easy for any average man to attain great heights of achievement if he applies certain proved principles.



DAVID V. BUSH
America's Foremost
Author-Lecturer on
Practical Psychology

MANY so-called teachers of success repeat formulas of achievement like so many parrots. "Have confidence," they say. "Believe in yourself and you will succeed." That is all very well. Such statements are quite true. But when they are repeated parrotlike they become meaningless.

No one realizes this fact more clearly than David V. Bush. No one understands better than he, the emptiness—the futility of mere words.

Why Dr. Bush Understands Human Nature

In his famous lecture tours over the United States and Canada, Dr. Bush has met thousands of people. He has lectured to millions. He has filled to overflowing, the greatest auditoriums in the greatest cities. He has come in direct contact with all classes of men and women—from the greatest thinkers and benefactors of mankind to the lowest, even criminal types.

It is for this reason that Dr. Bush *knows people*. He understands human nature to the core—its strength, its weaknesses. He realizes that people are flesh and blood—not mere machines to be fed with formulas or remade with parrotlike phrases.

His Great Teachings Revealed In a Single Book

In his great, new book called "You Can," Dr. Bush speaks his clear, human message direct to YOU. He tells you specifically just what you want to know. He tells you in detail just how you can overcome timidity, fear and self-consciousness. He tells you how to develop will power, how to grow brains, how to find yourself and your work. He tells you how to reach the subconscious mind, how to use suggestion and auto-suggestion, how to reach your goal no matter how far distant it may seem.

Dr. Bush gives you secrets that will enable you to forge ahead with amazing strides. No glittering generalities—he tells you exactly how to make the start, how to keep going, how to branch out. He puts success right within your grasp. Achievement actually seems easy to men and women who follow his wonderful teachings. He will inspire you, uplift you, give you a great new surge of self-confidence.

You will feel your powers doubled—trebled. You will feel giant forces awakening within you—new life—new hope—new strength. You will laugh at obstacles that once seemed insurmountable. You will toss aside such hindrances as worry and fear and timidity. The barriers that once barred your path will become stepping stones to your success!

And when Dr. Bush promises you success, he does not mean merely spiritual or ethereal success. He means material success—success in dollars and cents. He means wealth, power, fame—all the luxuries, all the rewards that your brains and ability entitle you to have.

You Can Be Sure of Success

Do not fear. Do not doubt. Do not hesitate. If you are an average man, in average health and of average intelligence, there is absolutely not one good reason why you cannot achieve your life's ambition, no matter what it may be. Once you know and apply these principles, Dr. Bush *dares* you to fail, and he means what he says.

You cannot read this ringing message to the American public without realizing for yourself these great truths—these fundamentals of success that Dr. Bush drives home with clear and pitiless logic. When you finish this splendid work you will be amazed at your own blindness. New truths will dawn on you. Old truths will strike you with

new force. You will say to yourself as thousands have said, "How simple it all is! Why didn't I see it all before?" You will say, as Dr. Bush said, "I *dare* anyone to fail after reading and being inspired by these splendid principles!"

Examine the Book Free

No description can begin to give you even an idea of the startling truths explained and proved in this wonderful book. The very first page will be a revelation to you, just as Dr. Bush's lectures have been a revelation to keen, thinking, analytical minds in every city.

You are the sole judge of this wonderful value. Mail the coupon. This remarkable book will be sent at once. Read it for five days. Think about it. Consider the wonderful teachings. At the end of that time if you find it the most inspiring, the most valuable means to obtain health, wealth and happiness, send us only \$3.50 which, as you will realize, pays only for the cost of printing, advertising and distributing the book. Otherwise, return the book itself within five days and you will not owe a penny. But begin to enjoy the benefit of this new force at once. Mail the coupon today. DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. Y-607, 225 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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- How to develop Will Power
- How to hang on and succeed
- How to overcome timidity, fear and self-consciousness
- How to go to the top
- Pike's Peak or bust
- How to be a success as a salesman, artist, author or business man
- How to reach yourself
- How to buck the line, brace up, and win
- How to come back
- How to branch out
- How to strike your stride
- How to find yourself
- How to make the start
- How to finish
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Stillman's Freckle Cream bleaches them out while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and white, the complexion fresh, clear and transparent, the face rejuvenated with new beauty of natural coloring.

The first jar proves its magic worth. Results guaranteed, or money refunded. At all druggists, 50c and \$1.

Stillman's Freckle Cream Double Action
REMOVES FRECKLES
WHITENS THE SKIN

The Stillman Co., 8 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.
Send me your FREE make-up and skin treatment booklet, "Beauty Parlor Secrets."

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Something DIFFERENT for Bobbed Hair

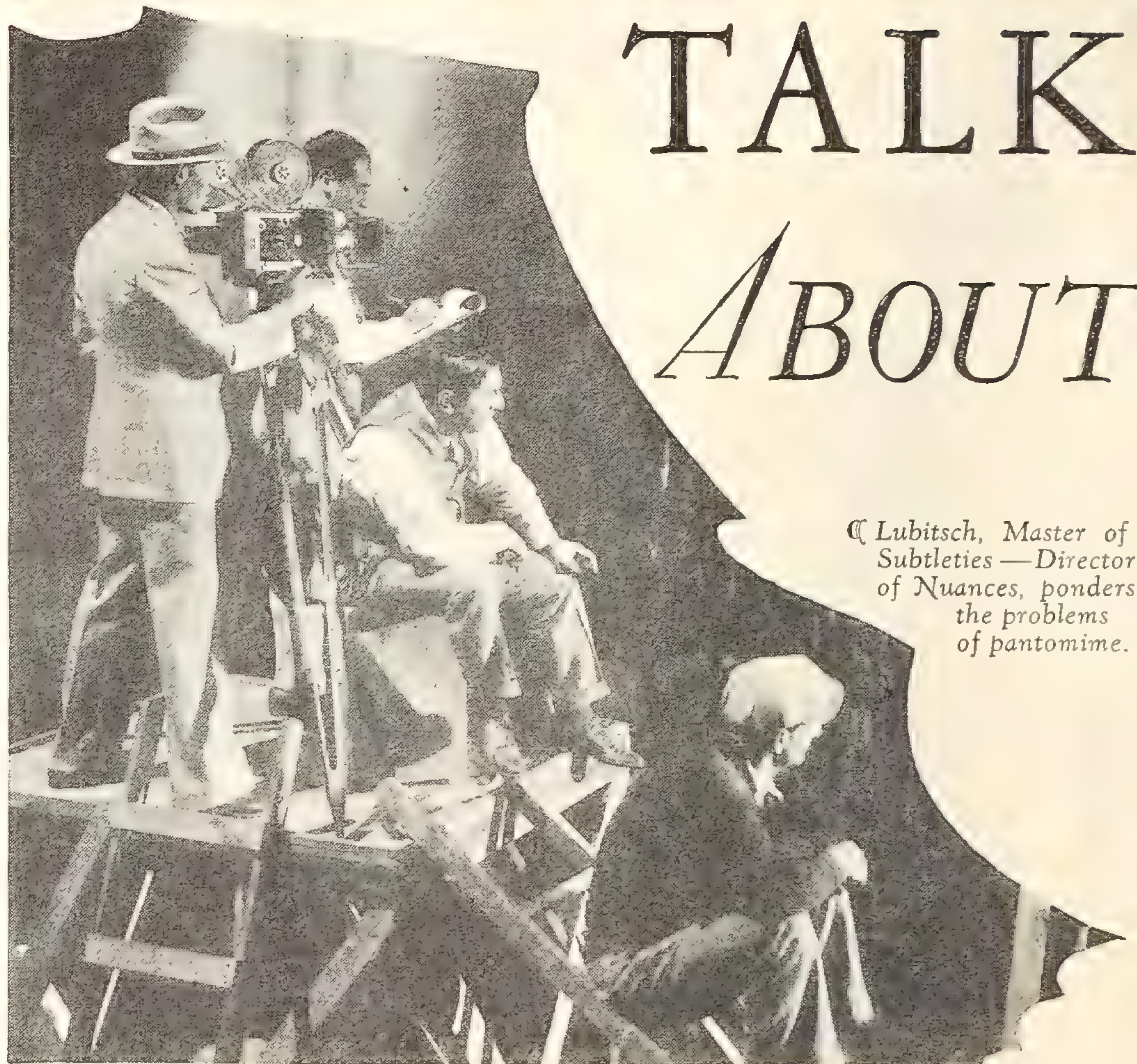
THERE is a tremendous difference in bobs. Some are wonderfully attractive and becoming, while others, well—which kind is yours?

I wish you could picture the becoming kind I have in mind—the sort that makes men turn to admire. I can't tell you what the color is, but it's full of those tiny dancing lights that somehow suggest auburn, yet which are really no more actual color than sunlight. It's only when the head is moved that you catch the auburn suggestion—the fleeting glint of gold.

You have no idea how much your bob can be improved with the "tiny tint" Golden Glint Shampoo will give it. If you want a bob like that I have in mind, buy a package and see for yourself. At all drug stores, or send 25¢ direct to J.W. Kobi Co., 662 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wn.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

Things to TALK ABOUT



Cl Lubitsch, Master of Subtleties—Director of Nuances, ponders the problems of pantomime.

IF you think the police dog is the only type of canine gifted with movie talent, see in "Hell Bent for Heaven", a ragged sheep dog who shows real comedy possibilities.

* * *

THE war pictures continue and with reason the enthusiastic public charges the box office. Soon we will have a side line of circus pictures. We have already seen "The Devil's Circus", Chaplin's circus film is nearing completion, "The Big Show" is coming, and Paramount has "Variety", a German film of great promise, and "Bar-num".

* * *

IN New York there is a dismal deluge of the songs Methuselah sang. A zippy evening at any large picture theatre may be had with "Old Black Joe" and if you feel like kicking when you get home there will be "The Old Oaken Bucket" on the radio.

The song writers want to be paid and so rather than submit to such a crazy idea as paying for a man's work the patron pays for the privilege of sleeping through "Gin a Body Kiss a Body Comin' Through the Rye."

* * *

SPEAKING of music—there is a good idea which has been taken up by the studios of tying in a picture and a musical motive. William Haines and Eleanor Boardman in "Memory Lane" gained by the combination. "Mlle. Modiste" is built around "Kiss Me Again", and of course "The Volga Boatman" is this great song lived before your eyes.

* * *

KORAD BERCOVICI tells in his "On New Shores" of the perfect bits of European villages which have been built here. The

producers should take advantage of these picturesque American settlements for back-grounds. No effort is too great that will lift us out of "sets".

* * *

IN many a film we catch a "glimpse" of another show, a cabaret usually with dancers and how we do try to see that, instead of the story for which it is but a background. "The Wilderness Woman" takes Chester Conklin, one of our favorite smile makers, to a cabaret and one and all we yearned for more of that dance. Why not make a film which takes you to the cabaret and then the dancer becomes the leading figure. You go with her to another show and you see a dancer before the footlights from your dark corner off stage. The lights flash upon her and as you watch your interest grows and then she becomes your leading lady—Oh well, that's silly.

* * *

THE new German film "Variety" is supposed to be another "Last Laugh" for quality. Do you know why their film is so superior? It is not the stars nor the directors for their successes here do not have the German flavor. No, the eye-filling wonder of the "Last Laugh" was the PICTURE EFFECT if you can call it that. The lighting of the scenes and the photography were in the true meaning pictorial. There were lavatory scenes of sheer beauty. We have read the label "greatest scene ever pictured" describing Jannings run from the hotel at night. If that set had been flooded with light and a blue tint for moonlight used it would have become only a well acted scene. Lighting and photography are the hand maidens that bring ART to the screen.

"THEY USED TO CALL ME 'WEARY WINIFRED'"

The personal story of a woman who never was really sick, yet always ailing, always too tired to enjoy life—and how she made herself into a virile, vital being of super-health and strength.



IN New York City there lives a woman who has such amazing vitality that she is the envy of all her friends. Yet not so long ago they used to call her "Weary Winifred". Winifred has asked us to publish her story for the benefit of the thousands of other women who may be helped by it. It is printed here *in her own words*, as an open letter to all women who are discouraged with the burdens that life has imposed upon them.

"The strangest thing," she says, "is that I never realized there was anything the matter with me. My life, I thought, was that of the ordinary wife and mother. I tried to be a good wife and mother, and at the same time to keep in touch with my social duties.

"But somehow, I never seemed to catch up with myself. If I stayed up late one night, I could hardly drag myself out of bed the next morning. I had to cancel engagements frequently, not because I was ever really sick, but simply because I was too weary to make the effort. I *looked* tired, *acted* tired, and *was* tired.

"My looks began to show the effect too. My neck began to look stringy and hollow. My cheek muscles sagged, my complexion was 'pasty' and colorless. My figure began to look dumpy. My age—which was only thirty-five—began to feel like fifty. Life was becoming 'just too much for me'—and I didn't know why.

"Of course I did things about this state of affairs. I took headache powders. I tried various creams and lotions for my complexion. I tried, in various ways, to gain strength, and yet reduce my weight, changing from one thing to another. I 'fussed' with everything.

"Yet with all these little ailments I was not really sick. There

was nothing organic the matter with me. And so it never occurred to me that I was not a normal woman. I just thought that I was the victim of ills that a great many unfortunate women were heir to.

"But one day, something happened that made me 'sit up' and take notice." I read an article, telling the story of Annette Kellermann's life—of how she, who is called the world's most perfectly formed woman, was once a puny ailing girl, always in ill health and, in fact, so deformed as to be practically a cripple. The story of how she dragged herself out of her misery and actually made of herself the lovely creature of glorious health and beauty that she is today was a revelation to me. Indeed, I was so lost in admiration for that wonderful woman that I wrote her. In response, I received not only a charming personal letter from Miss Kellermann, but, far more important, a copy of her book called 'The Body Beautiful'—a book which I can truthfully say led me to my present health and happiness.

"That little book opened my eyes to the fact that it is totally unnecessary for women to suffer as they do—totally unnecessary for them to be continually incapacitated by petty little ailments—totally unnecessary for them to look old and haggard and worn.

"I learned that every woman—unless she has a serious organic derangement—can live a life as vigorous and strong, and free from pain, as a man's. Every woman can live the life of youth and beauty that comes from health and vitality.

"I know that this is so because I have proved it. Today I am practically *never* tired. I am never nervous or irritable. I never have any of the petty ailments from which so many women suffer. I

look fifteen years younger than most other women of my age. My step is springy, my eyes are bright, my skin is firm and clear, and my body is slender and has the free, lithe grace of a young girl. "And because I *know* that there are thousands of women who are now living as I did, miserable imitation of real women, and because I know that every one of them can actually be a new woman, with health and beauty such as they never knew existed, I cannot too strongly recommend that they take this simple way out of their trouble. *It is so easy!*"

FREE — The Body Beautiful

Annette Kellermann, in this book—which she will send absolutely free, upon request to any woman—tells exactly how she transformed herself from a cripple and an invalid into a woman world-famous for her health and beauty. Any woman by devoting only fifteen minutes a day to her methods can obtain a perfect figure *neither too stout nor too thin*, mould each part of her body to graceful, youthful, lines; can acquire a clear, healthy complexion; and can overcome weaknesses and physical troubles that so many women suffer from.

If you would like to have a copy of Annette Kellermann's new book write for it. There is no charge or obligation. Miss Kellermann is anxious to give every woman the benefit of her simple 15-minute-a-day system and invites you to write a letter or mail the coupon below. Do it this minute—it may be the beginning of a new kind of health and happiness for you.

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Dear Miss Kellermann:

Kindly send me entirely without cost, your new book, "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in:

() Body Building

() Reducing Weight

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Scatter-brained!

No wonder he never accomplishes
anything worthwhile!

HIS mind is a hodge-podge of half-baked ideas.

He thinks of a thousand "schemes" to make money quickly—but **DOES** nothing about **ANY** of them.

Thoughts flash into and out of his brain with the speed of lightning. New ideas rush in pell-mell, crowding out old ones before they have taken form or shape.

He is **SCATTER-BRAINED**.

His mind is like a powerful automobile running wild—destroying his hopes, his dreams, his **POSSIBILITIES**!

He wonders why he does not get ahead. He cannot understand why others, with less ability, pass him in the prosperity parade.

He pities himself, excuses himself, sympathizes with himself.

And the great tragedy is that he has every quality that leads to success—intelligence, originality, imagination, ambition.

His trouble is that he does not know how to **USE** his brain.

His mental make-up needs an overhauling.

There are millions like him—failures, half-successes—slaves to those with **BALANCED, ORDERED MINDS**.

It is a known fact that most of us use only one-tenth of our brain power. The other nine-tenths is dissipated into thousands of fragmentary thoughts, in day dreaming, in wishing.

We are paid for **ONE-TENTH** of what we possess because that is all we **USE**. We are hundred horse-power motors delivering only **TEN** horse power.

What can be done about it?

The reason most people fall miserably below what they dream of attaining in life is that certain mental faculties in them **BECOME ABSOLUTELY ATROPHIED THROUGH DISUSE**, just as a muscle often does.

If, for instance, you lay for a year in bed, you would sink to the ground when you arose; your leg muscles, **UNUSED FOR SO LONG**, could not support you.

It is no different with those rare mental faculties which you envy others for possessing. You actually **DO** possess them, but they are **ALMOST ATROPHIED**, like unused muscles, simply because they are faculties you seldom, if ever, **USE**.

Be honest with yourself. You know in your heart that you have failed, failed miserably, to attain what you once dreamed of.

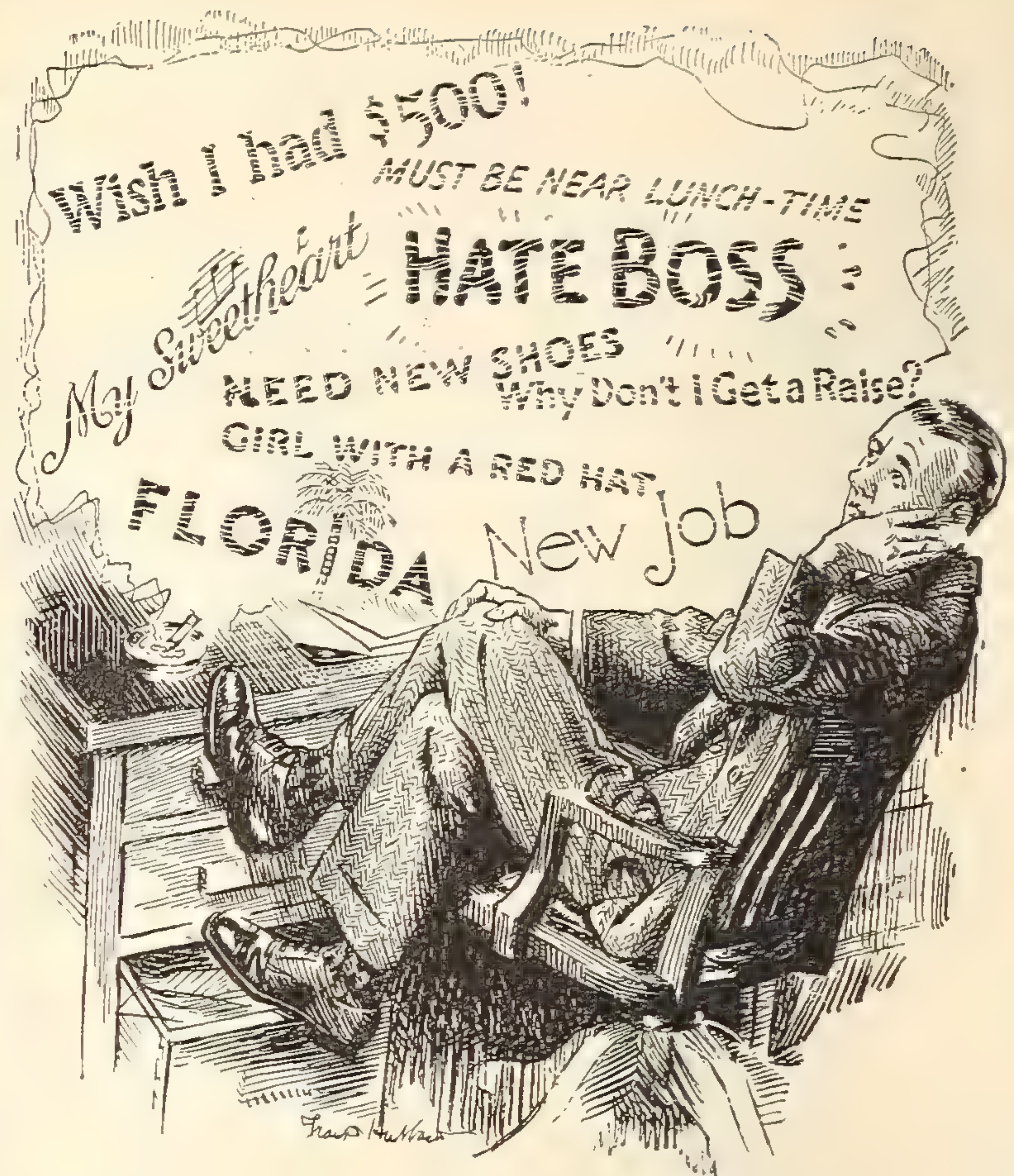
Was that fine ambition unattainable? **OR WAS THERE JUST SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOU?** Analyze yourself, and you will see that at bottom **THERE WAS A WEAKNESS SOMEWHERE IN YOU**.

What **WAS** the matter with you?

Find out by means of Pelmanism; then develop the particular mental faculty that you lack. You **CAN** develop it easily; Pelmanism will show you just how; 550,000 Pelmanists, **MANY OF WHOM WERE HELD BACK BY YOUR VERY PROBLEM**, will tell you that this is true.

Among those who advocate Pelmanism are:

T. P. O'Connor, "Father of the House of Commons."	Frank P. Walsh, Former Chairman of National War Labor Board.
The late Sir H. Rider Haggard, Famous Novelist.	Jerome K. Jerome, Novelist
General Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Founder of the Boy Scout Movement.	Gen. Sir Frederick Maurice, Director of Military Operations, Imperial General Staff.
Judge Ben B. Lindsey, Founder of the Juvenile Court, Denver.	Admiral Lord Beresford, G.C.B., G.C.V.O.



Sir Harry Lauder, Comedian.
W. L. George, Author.

Baroness Orczy, Author.
Prince Charles of Sweden.

—and others, of equal prominence, too numerous to mention here.

Pelmanism is the science of applied psychology, which has swept the world with the force of a religion. It has awakened powers in individuals, all over the world, they did not **DREAM** they possessed.

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NORMA SHEARER
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Photo by Monroe
SCREENLAND

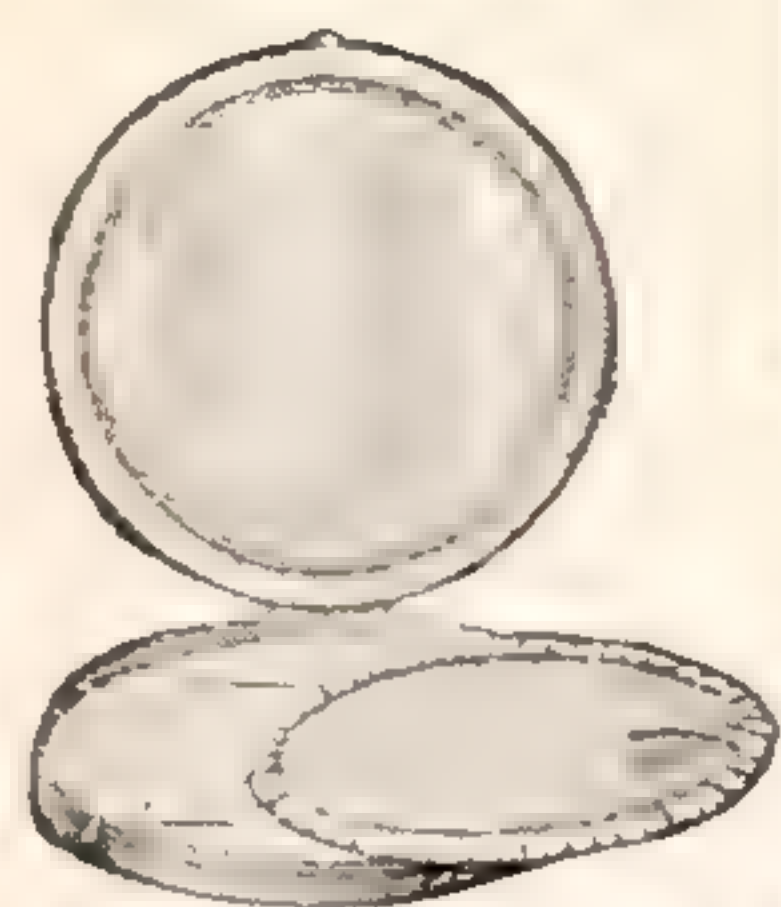
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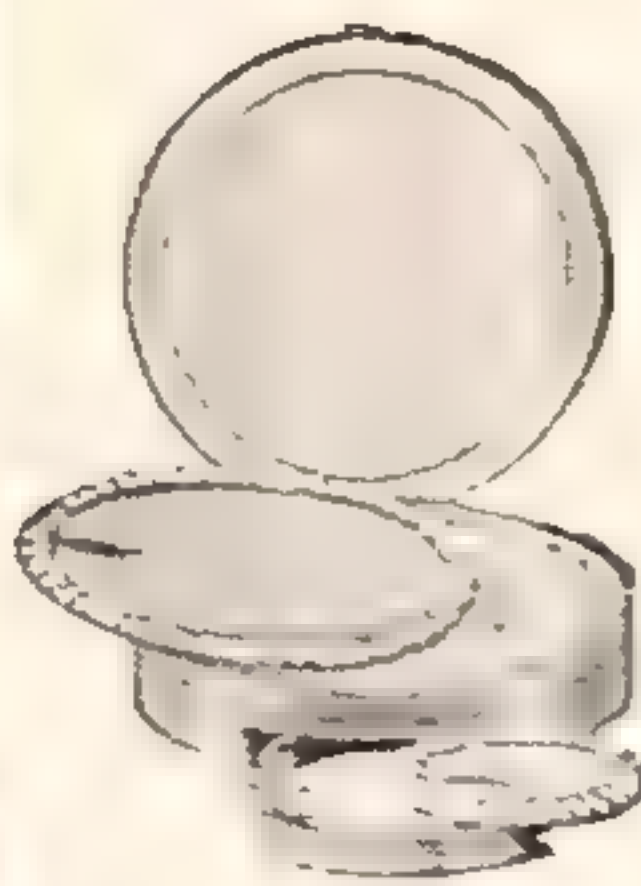
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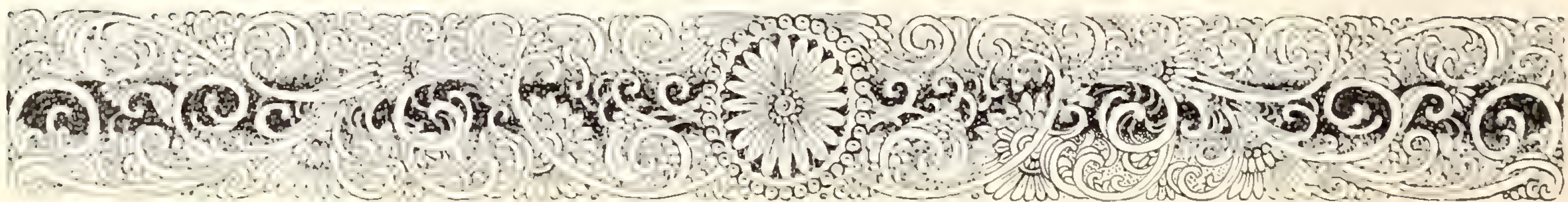
FACE POWDERS AND COMPACTS

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"The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing — Oh, make haste!"
OMAR KHAYYAM.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL STILL OF THE MONTH
from the
Paramount Production of "BEAU GESTE"



SCREENLAND

July, 1926



Q Laura La Plante has arrived. At the same time as she appeared as a Russian ballet girl at the Colony, across the street at the Rivoli Theatre, she charmingly played the ambitious wife of Reginald Denny in "Skinner's Dress Suit".

Q Her name in electric lights on Broadway, is the ambition of every actress. The Colony Theatre at 52nd Street, New York, proudly blazons the name of little Laura La Plante for her performance in "The Midnight Sun".



Q Enough experience to bring her success and with youth to enjoy it, Laura La Plante is the typical happy girl of the movies.

Q Blonde, vivacious, smiling Laura La Plante, has annexed Broadway to her kingdom and SCREENLAND'S Honor Page is hers by conquest.



Ⓒ The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio at Hollywood with stages and sets for giving reality to their "make believe".

Shine, Sir?"

HUMDRUM existence wears the brightness from many a great hope. And this is the reason for the enduring popularity of the wholesome, romantic moving picture.

The Hollywood studios in reality are dream-shining "parlors". When the job isn't going so good, when the pocket book is thin and the suit is shabby, then is the time to get your castles of success shined up. Go and see a picture. You will come out of the theatre with the dream all furbished up and lighting the way ahead bright and clear.

Hollywood is quite a small place comparatively, but because of it, millions of folks are made a little more cheerful. Because of it, a little girl somewhere may wait a little longer for her prince and a young man somewhere may aspire to be like "Brown of Harvard".

Almost any one needs a vision of the happy ending once in a while for the good of the old morale.

Moving picture people are envied and rightly so, for theirs is the chance to color the rainbows of this world when to tired hearts they seem a little drab.

The Editor

The BEST TITLES

of the month:

from

Brown of HARVARD

William Haines' Success



Brown (Wm. Haines) meets the Professor's daughter (Mary Brian).

Q Joe Farnham wrote the titles and shows a humor that was perfect for this picture. They are expressive of boyish "nerve" and without gush have true depth of feeling.



"White? My name's Brown! Brown and White! Let's start a Taxicab Company."

McAndrews (Francis X. Bushman, Jr.) as he starts to punish Brown:

"Now, I'm going to teach you to respect women."

"O. K. Deacon — I came here for an education."



GOOD titles do more than tell the story to the audience. They appear in the script and convey to the actor better than the descriptions of action the character and *spirit* of the role. William Haines made one of the fine performances of the screen as "Brown" and not a little of this success is due to the unusually clever titles of

JOE FARNHAM

Brown becomes the idol of Jed Doolittle (Jack Pickford).

"Charge it to Harvard — I'm one of his sons".

Ethel Doherty CLIMBS to SUCCESS



☞ Ethel Doherty,
once typist,
now scenario
writer.

☞ *The inspiring story of a girl whose brains went into the movies.*

By Bill Colling

HOW many girls are in love—with their jobs? How many girls have “dates” nearly every evening and all day Sundays—with their work? Lots of girls are ambitious—but just how ambitious? On the rounds of the studios, on Broadway, in offices, I hear girls say with a wistful sigh, “Oh, I wish I could do something *real*! I’m so tired of being an unimportant cog in the machinery of life; I want to get out of the rut, and *be* somebody!” And they continue to talk that way to anybody who’ll listen right up to the stroke of five, but of course they have to stop wishing then and devote their energies to dolling up for the evening’s stepping-out.

Some of them are even serious enough in their desires to make an effort to realize their ambitions, even if they don’t know exactly what their ambitions are. If they are interested in the movies (and what girl isn’t?), they write a few letters or interview a few assistant secretaries of film officials and, when this gets them nothing, they regretfully call it a day and ever after view the movies as a citadel into which the chosen few are admitted but which is impervious to attack from “outsiders”.

It’s all wrong, girls! If you’re fitted in any way to occupy a place in the movies, that place *can* be yours. No matter how much that may sound like a line from a correspondence school ad., it’s true; and I offer as proof the case of Ethel Doherty.

Like so many other girls, Ethel wasn’t much more than knee-high to a duck before something seemed to tell her that she wasn’t going to be one of the well known “fortunate favorites” when she arrived at mature years, and that she’d better plan ahead a little so that she could earn her own living when the time came. So she studied to be a school



☞ Her first adaptation was the “Vanishing American” — the first step up.

☞ Richard Dix in “The Vanishing American”.

teacher and after passing her exams., she got a job as teacher of history in the Los Angeles public schools. Though I haven’t the exact figures on hand, there are probably 4897 girls constantly (except for summer vacations) engaged in pounding into otherwise happy boys and girls that Martin Van Buren

Raymond Hatton and
Wallace Beery in
"Behind the Front".



"Behind the Front"
is the product of
the hard work of
Ethel Doherty.



Eager for knowledge, after
hours she cut film until she
mastered the technique of
pictures.

was President in 1837. And during her training years, and also while she was teaching, Miss Doherty kept encouraging an idea which was growing in the back of her mind, namely and to wit, that she could write fiction. Her method of encouragement was to write

stories, and in the course of time she had as nice a collection of blue, pink and white rejection slips as any girl in the entire country. All of which just goes to show that Ethel wasn't any phenom or youthful prodigy. She was simply a healthy, normal American girl, with no more advantages than you have, gentle reader, except perhaps, in the number of rejection slips. But she had

(Continued on page 105)

PASSING *the*

¶ *The children of the screen stars are born with a heritage of fame. For each there is a warm spot in the hearts of a million fans.*

By Marion Brooks Ritchie

¶ Douglas Fairbanks waves a vigorous, characteristic "godspeed" to his boy.

A LONG grey car drives up — great red wheels, speed in every pulse of its engine, in every line of its build. A tall youth jumps out, with one bound reaches my window, pops off his hat and announces:

"Here I am — Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., in person — not a movie!"

I must say it's lucky Doug announced himself in person — not a movie, because — well, Doug likes color. Color in his socks, color in his suits, color in his ties — color everywhere — that's Doug.

But that's beside the point. Doug came to see me because I had been to a preview of his latest picture, "Padlocked", and he was eager as a colt to get my "absolutely honest" opinion of "how he hit".

Even if he is going to read this, I have to admit that Doug's performance in "Padlocked" is my final assurance that the sons will carry forward the torch of the fathers.

Remember three years ago when Paramount made a terrifically astounding announcement that Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., would star in Paramount pictures? I'll never

¶ Maurice Costello sees his two beautiful daughters sailing forth blessed with the inheritance of his own honored name.

forget how curious we were to see young Doug, the kid, arrive! The speculations as to what he'd be, how he'd be and where'd he'd be — at least, say, after he'd finished his first picture. You see, he had the magic wand — his name was Fairbanks. He had that first gold key, that magic thing to open up the portals of the mighty gates. Yes, his name was Fairbanks, Fairbanks of the smile, of the leaps and bounds, of the "Robin Hood" and the Magic Carpets.

Call it the final touch. Or call it the parting gift, the last good-by from the King to his sturdy Prince. To carry on — that was the real idea — to carry on, HIMSELF.

So Doug came to make his first picture, a Fairbanks, riding along on his magic rug.

But kings don't hold their kingdoms just by sitting on their thrones. A prince for today, but what about tomorrow? Doug soon found that out. And when his first picture "fopped", when his Father's magic wand had flown, was that where his motion picture career was going to end?

TORCH in *Hollywood*



Not on your life!
Not by the longest
shot in the world!

And there was
Doug, Jr., with his
youth, with his pep,
with his independent,
cocky, all-fired sureness
that brought him
through three harder
years than ever anyone
will know about, out
of his motion picture infancy into his
motion picture kingdom.

And Doug is such a nice kid!
Why, go ahead—ask Dad, he knows.

There are those Costello girls, too,
holding *two* magic keys between them.
Many a wicked Gibson girl went flutter,
flutter when the fond Papa of Dolores and
Helen appeared upon the silver sheet in
years gone by! You could call *that* movie
infancy, but now—oh, no. Maurice Cos-
tello walks the famous Boulevard with
them, flaunting his lovely gifts to screen-
land in our eyes; reminding us that here
they are, to carry on the work he loved
so well. He handed them the shining
wand; the rest was up to them. Could
they see their Daddy's movies so floundering
through years and years of nothing-
ness? Not one little chance of that, 'cause

¶ *To what far lands of Fortune
and Glory will these talented
children carry their legacy of
greatness.*



¶ Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.



¶ Dolores Costello.



¶ Helene Costello.

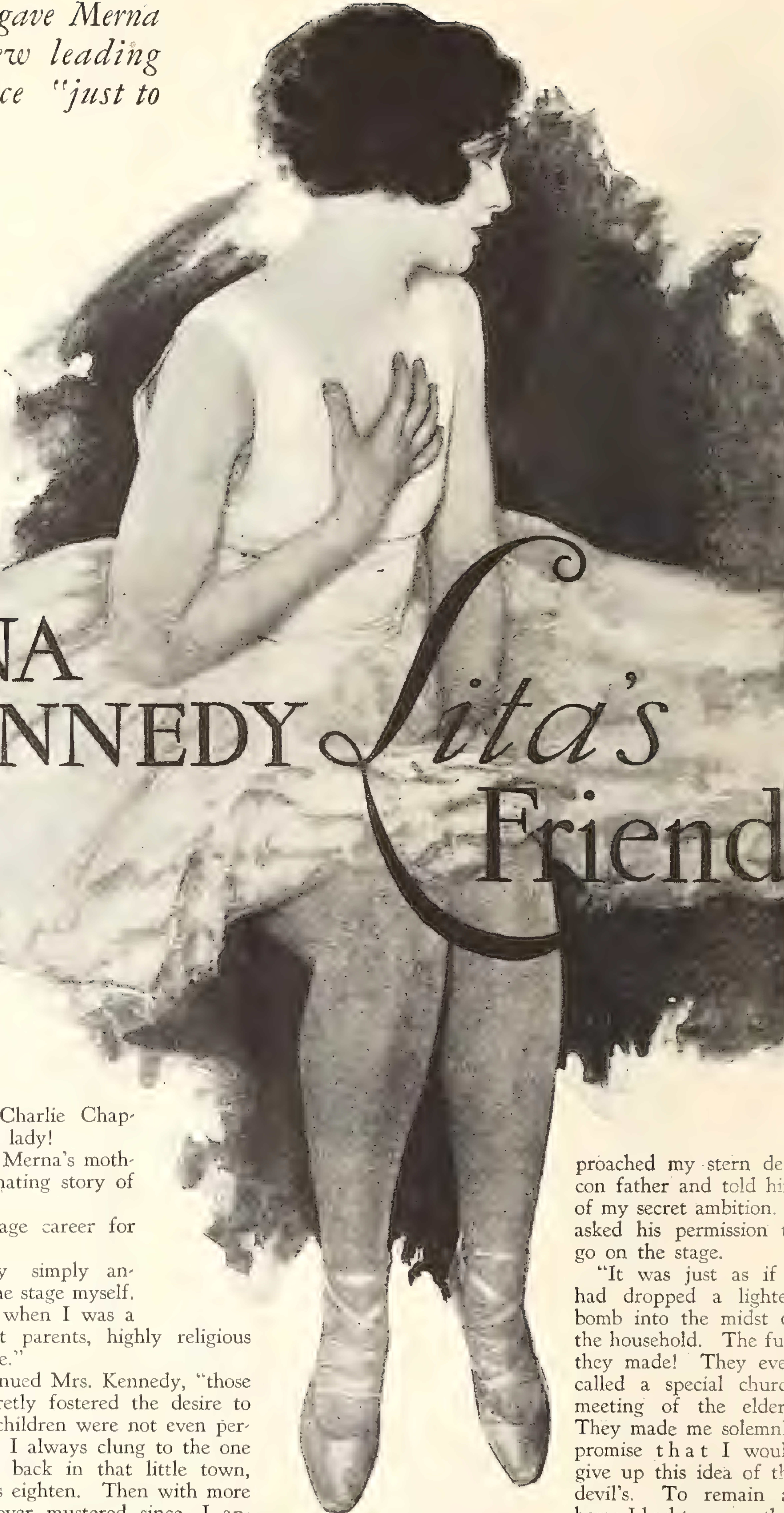
look at them, going
along by leaps and
bounds, paddling their own canoes, showing us
that they, too, can carry on a name and rush
our movie baby from the cradle to supremacy.

At that, Maurice need not look entirely
at those two girls—other ladies on the Boule-
vard might like a glance!

Again, I'm thinking of another "carry on".
This one is just a wee bit different from the
rest, even though (Continued on page 104)

¶ Charlie Chaplin gave Merna Kennedy, his new leading lady, her chance "just to please the wife."

By Edward
Sinclair



MERNA KENNEDY *Sita's* Friend

¶ Graceful, charming Merna Kennedy whose true friendship for Mrs. Charles Chaplin has been rewarded by the famous comedian.

MERNA KENNEDY, Charlie Chaplin's new leading lady! Mrs. Kennedy, Merna's mother, tells the fascinating story of her daughter.

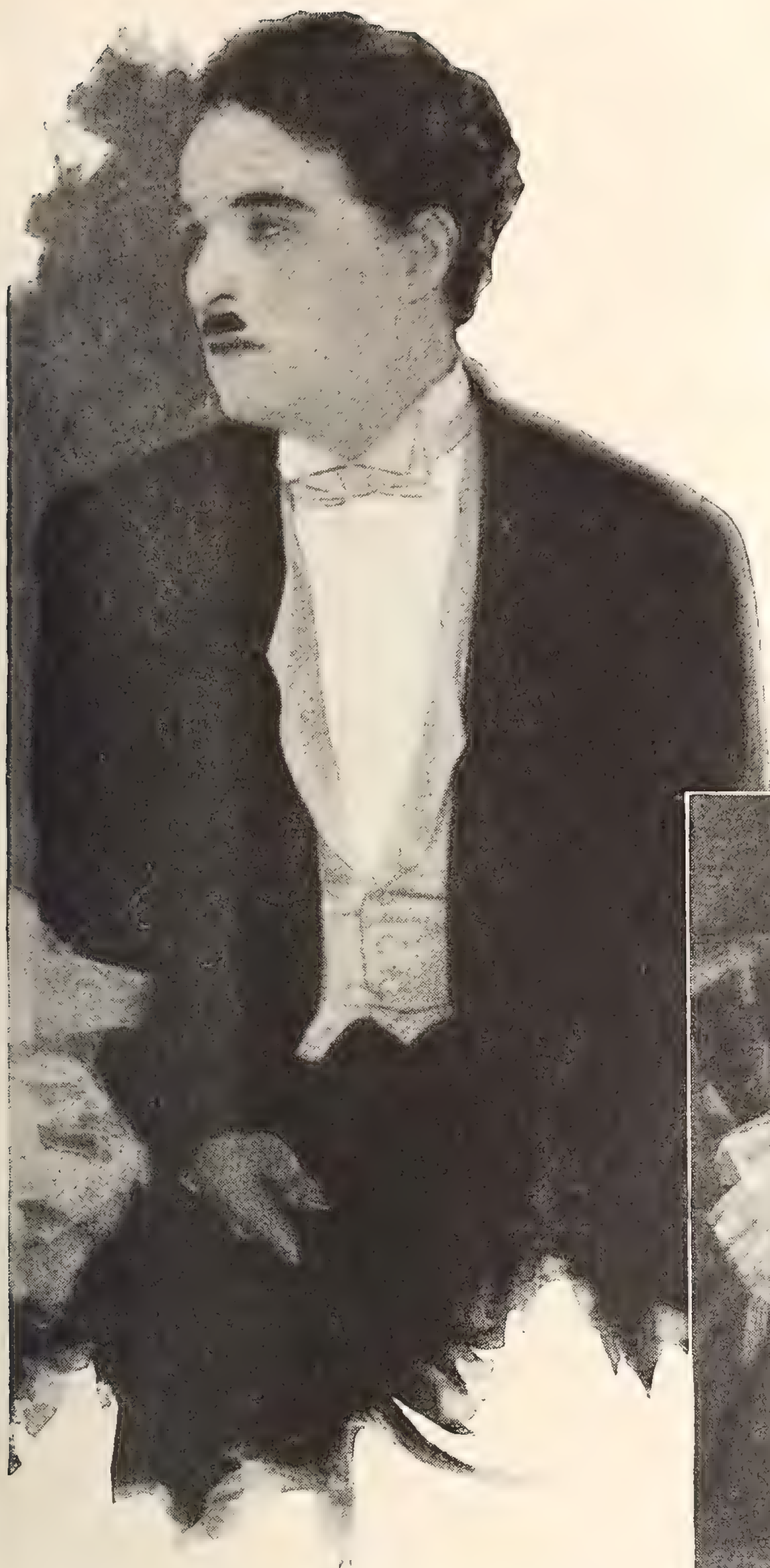
"Why did you pick a stage career for your daughter?"

"Because," Mrs. Kennedy simply answered, "I wanted to go on the stage myself. It was my greatest ambition when I was a girl. It was only my strict parents, highly religious Methodists, who prevented me."

"I will never forget," continued Mrs. Kennedy, "those childish dreams—how I secretly fostered the desire to go on the stage. While we children were not even permitted to go inside a theatre, I always clung to the one thought. I waited patiently back in that little town, Kankakee, Illinois, until I was eighteen. Then with more nerve than I think I have ever mustered since, I ap-

proached my stern deacon father and told him of my secret ambition. I asked his permission to go on the stage.

"It was just as if I had dropped a lighted bomb into the midst of the household. The fuss they made! They even called a special church meeting of the elders. They made me solemnly promise that I would give up this idea of the devil's. To remain at home I had to swear that



I would never go on the stage. In my fright I did this—but I told father at the time that should I ever have a daughter of my own I would devote my life to a stage career for her.

"I was married soon after. My first baby was a boy—Bud. He, too, is on the stage; he is a dancer. But as I watch Merna's career materialize, I see the realization of my own dreams and ambitions."

* * * *

Merna Kennedy was born in Manteno, Ill. This is to settle a controversy between Chicago and the towns of Bradley and Kankakee—these places having claimed her birth place. She is seventeen, and has lived in California since babyhood. Educated in Los Angeles and Hollywood, her early schooling included dance lessons and instruction in the dramatic arts.

Now, was it luck that Merna Kennedy at the age of nine, while attending dancing classes, should meet Lita Grey and the two should become great friends?

Was it coincidence—or what that held the future destiny of those two girls?

Lita Grey, now Mrs. Charles Chaplin, and mother of two beautiful boys.

Merna Kennedy, now Charlie's leading lady in his latest comedy, "*The Circus*".

Shortly after this meeting, Miss Kennedy and her brother, Bud, toured the Orpheum circuit of theatres as a dancing team.

It was during the making of Charlie Chaplin's great picture, "*The Kid*", when Lita Grey was playing the part of the angel in the dream of Heaven episode, she and Merna were reunited and continued anew their great friendship.

Companions always, they seemed inseparable.

Even while Lita was playing her first part, Merna would be with her at the studio—playmates, nearly always together. Each must have had secret ambitions of some day becoming a great screen star. Was there any jealousy? It would seem not—as the following years of friendship appear to prove.

The mother of both girls were—and still are—great



☞ Merna Kennedy and Charlie Chaplin at work on Chaplin's new comedy "*The Circus*" soon to be released.

friends.

And it was through Lita Grey, now Mrs. Chaplin, that Merna Kennedy became leading lady with Charlie.

It came about at a time when Charlie was preparing his present comedy in the making. Georgia Hale who had played the lead in "*The Gold Rush*", received a flattering offer from one of the largest picture companies. She was still under contract to Charlie, but he generously released her—realizing that her future would probably be more successful as an actress in the dramatic field.

Merna Kennedy was then playing a comedienne rôle in the musical comedy "*All For You*", at the Mason Opera House in Los Angeles. At Lita's suggestion, Charlie went to the theatre and saw Miss Kennedy. He was impressed with her magnetism. (Continued on page 101)



Leatrice Joy's HAWAIIAN PARTY

Q Patsy the Party-Hound becomes a Ukelele lady with the Hollywood screen colony.

By Grace Kingsley

Sketches made at the party by DON BLANDING

"ALOHA!" cried a perfectly beautiful Hawaiian girl—and threw a lei around Patsy's neck.

"Be yourself!" returned Patsy to Leatrice Joy, who was the Hawaiian girl aforesaid. Patsy always would take the romance out of things.

You see Leatrice was giving a Hawaiian party at her Hollywood home in honor of Don Blanding, the writer, who has given us two or three charming Hawaiian books, and who knows his Hawaii so well that he could take it apart and put it together again.

"He'd be nice and nice looking enough to give a party to without any excuse whatever," confided Patsy. "He is so tall and poetic looking."

Leatrice's house was turned into a regular Hawaiian bungalow, except that she had taken a little poetic license and had replaced the carpets with stage grass. But there were great palm leaves and Hawaiian mats on the walls, which were also decorated with calabashes, made from different kinds of wood or from cocoanut shells, and with tapa cloths.

All chairs were removed, and the guests sat on cushions on the floor. As visitors entered, they were greeted by Leatrice or by Mr. Blanding at the door with the cry of "Aloha," and the paper leis, made to represent wreaths of Hawaiian flowers, were thrown around their necks.

"Leatrice looks as though she couldn't speak a word of English!" remarked Patsy. "Wouldn't she make an adorable Luana in 'The Bird of Paradise'?"

Leatrice wore a very short dress of soft, flowered silk, and around her neck were long leis made of real red carnations. Her legs were bare, were stained brown, and she wore sandals on her feet.

Dorothy Devore and her husband, Wylie Mather, were there. Wylie is from Hawaii, you know, and the two are planning a trip to Honolulu just for a vacation.

A Hawaiian orchestra played in an inner room, and the hula was nicely (in both senses!) danced by some of the guests, including Carmelita Geraghty, Grace Gordon, and Ruth Roland.

"It is such a diluted hula that nobody could possibly be shocked, and I'm sure that those grass dress geishas over there never would know the dance," remarked Ethel Clayton.

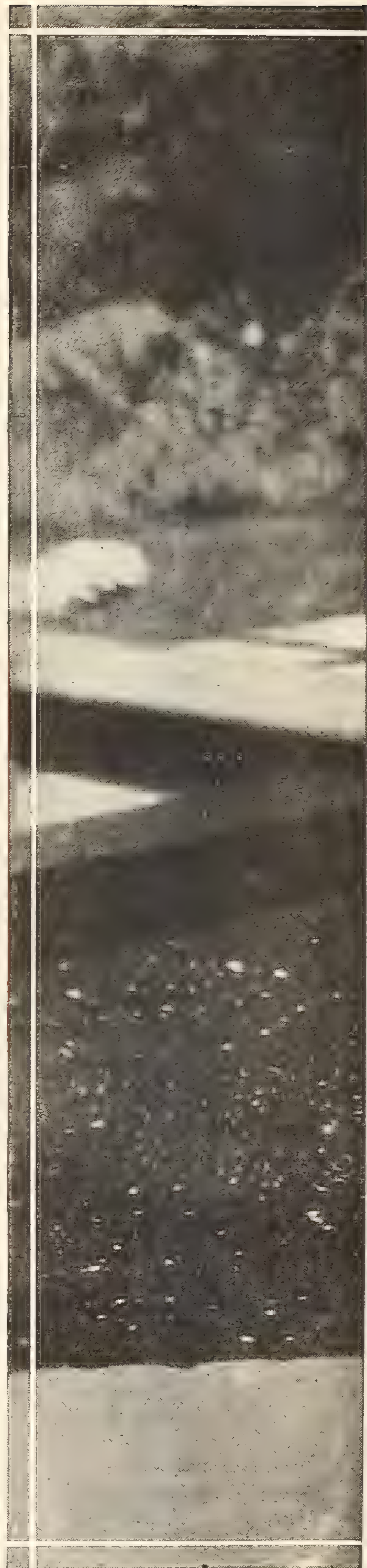
For the girls who wished to wear native costume, Leatrice had provided Hawaiian dress—only, of course that was diluted, too, or rather expanded. Carmelita Geraghty



Q Sketch of Leatrice Joy wearing a "lei" of red carnations around her head and throat.



Q Leatrice Joy tries a finerful of "poi".





Q Patsy Ruth Miller and her young brother in her own bathing pool. You meet them all at Patsy's.

looked perfectly stunning in hers, and so did Ruth Roland in hers. Grace Gordon, who is really part Hawaiian, stuck to her own American clothing.

A Hawaiian supper was served, buffet. There was chicken cooked in cocoanut milk, too delicious for words, and rice, both served in calabashes, but we didn't have

to eat with our fingers, as spoons, knives and forks were provided. Only Leatrice insisted on trying to eat with her fingers. As a concession to American youth's love of

sweets, ice-cream was served too.

The whole climax of the evening's fun came when Don Blanding read one of the raciest (Continued on page 99)



Eugene O'Brien's Head.

Eugene O'Brien's Hand

Fate wrote great things in the hands of these players and work has made them come true.

THE general shape of a hand counts a great deal. Note, in both of these charts, that the first and third fingers are of equal length, which means a well balanced brain, an important factor in success. Both have a slight "bump" on the lower outline of the thumb, indicating a certain Bohemianism, and love for meeting all kinds of people, and studying them. Both have many travel lines, show-

ing travel throughout life.

Miss Talmadge has the purely artistic hand. She is a natural "Peter Pan". Nervousness and love of excitement are shown by the network of lines all over her hand. The waist-like formation in her thumb indicates tact and diplomacy. She is swayed by moods. She loves her own home, family, and friends, and is passionately fond of music, art, and poetry. Three Fate lines are seen in the center of her palm, showing pronounced diversity of talent; she could win fame in any one of three different



Norma Talmadge's Hand

By Mlle. Zara

lines, one being descriptive writing. "Stars" in one's hand mean fame; Miss Talmadge was born with one (on the mount of Jupiter), and therefore destined to fame. She has achieved another (below her third finger) indicating that she is climbing by her own efforts to newer and greater heights. The mount of Venus (lower phalange of thumb) shows she is never erratic or sensational. She takes joy in making lovely the place she lives in, be it a mansion or cabin. Her hands shows she must have expression.

Mr. O'Brien's hand shows him to be virile and strong. He is indifferent to any kind of danger; recklessness shown in his Head line is the only bar to a hearty old age for him. His thumb indicates a "legal mind". He is brutally honest, and makes a very loyal friend. He has the square tipped fingers of action, and can do anything he likes—if he thinks he can! His whole hand, especially the Heart line, reveals generosity.



Norma Talmadge's Head.

☞ The best fan letter about Mae Murray wins the trousseau — whoever writes it.

Mae Murray's

☞ The gift trousseau consists of: Nightgown—Slip—Brassiere—Step-Ins—Garters—Stockings—Mules—Handkerchiefs



☞ Pert, sassy Mae Murray. "The Merry Widow" was one of the best pictures of the year.



By Estelle Cuneo

WELL, the shopping is all done — and the bride's trousseau is in SCREENLAND's office waiting for some one's brilliant letter to take it away.

Mae Murray was the one who suggested it. Isn't the idea unique?

"I'd much prefer to give away a trousseau than a piece of jewelry. Anyway, June is here and what could be more appropriate? I usually shop at Best's when I'm in New York. I'll meet you there to-morrow morning at eleven."

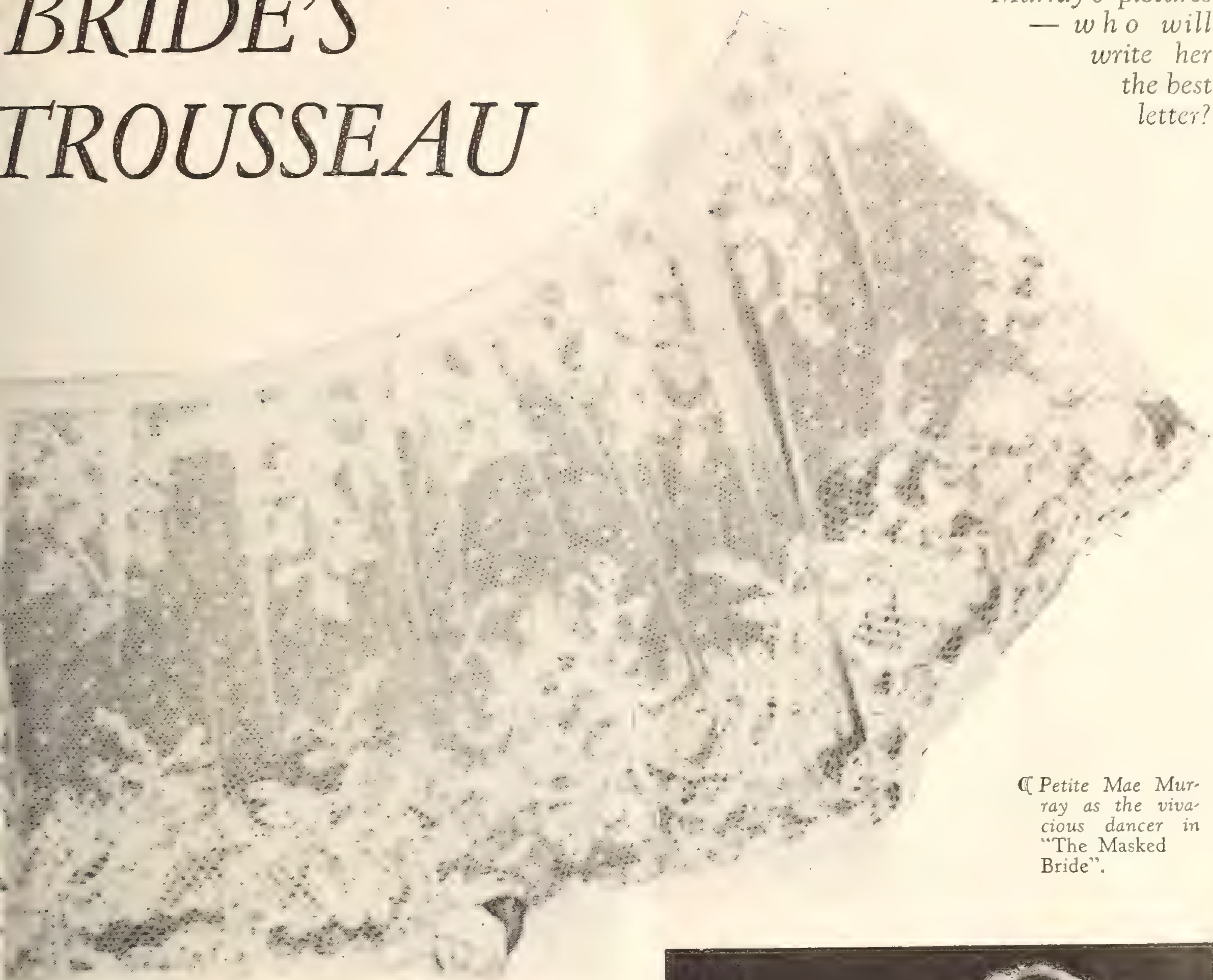
"So be it," said we, much delighted.

Oh, for the life of a celebrity! When merely shopping with one you feel the limelight on the back of your neck. Word was passed that Mae Murray was on the third floor and — Lo and Behold! a small army of men, women and children descended upon us and brought handkerchiefs for Miss Murray to autograph — you know the new craze. We stood on the side lines with a saccharine smile and pencil poised in the hope that some deluded creature might mistake us for a celebrity and ask for an autograph.

After a strenuous half hour, we went back to the business of selecting the trousseau. Miss Murray didn't curb her extravagance a bit and selected a gorgeous French set consisting of nightgown, step-ins, brassiere and slip of heavy white crepe-back

BRIDE'S TROUSSEAU

☞ You all know Mae
Murray's pictures
— who will
write her
the best
letter?



☞ This is the top of the nightgown.
It is a French importation of Alen-
con lace trimmed with pink rose buds
and white satin ribbon.

tin, trimmed with Alencon lace five inches wide, narrow
white satin ribbon and pink rosebuds. The nightgown top is
pictured above, the slip which, of course, matches it, has a
broad insertion of this lace down either side and around the
bottom.

Miss Murray then insisted upon a pair of dainty white garters
and amid a group of admiring damsels, selected a pair of heavy
satin with rhinestone buckles.

A pair of black satin mules was next on the list, and Mae
chose a pair lined with orchid satin and trimmed with gold
bands. But one look at the size that fitted her convinced us that
three sizes bigger would be about right for the average girl —
judging from our own pedal extremities.

Handkerchiefs have a special charm for Miss Murray, and
stockings! Best's sold more Nada stockings that morning than
ever before.

These lovely gifts will all be sent to the writer of the best
letter about Mae Murray or any of her pictures.

[Contest closes July 15, 1926.]

Address: MAE MURRAY'S TROUSSEAU CONTEST

SCREENLAND Magazine,

236 West 55th St. — New York, N. Y.

☞ Petite Mae Mur-
ray as the viva-
cious dancer in
"The Masked
Bride".



HOW BEAUTY Breaks IN



☞ Zoe Page.

☞ *The screen finds many favorites among the artists' models.*

By Marguerite Tjader

ARTISTS and Models, artists and models — you have heard the phrase a thousand times. What does it mean? Merely the elaborate musical production at the Winter Garden theatre? No, it suggests much more than that — a studio, clothes hung over a screen, the miraculously still body of a young woman, standing in the light; the slow patient arm of an artist moving back and forth in the long business of creating beauty, that is called art.

It the studio a young girl finds a new life open to her. Of course, there are temptations in this walk of life as in any other outside of convent walls, but if you are going to fall for your first temptation, you will have more chances to tumble outside of the studio than in. An artist worthy of the name is so accustomed to the sight of the human body, so



☞ Billie Dove posing for the famous photographer, Alfred Cheney Johnston, in the smart gowns of Fifth Avenue, proved her photographic possibilities.



☞ Jacqueline Logan, as a model for photographic illustrations, won the attention of the producers.



☞ Miss Sally Farnham, the sculptress, asked Josephine Norman to lend her beauty for this graceful figure.





Photo
John
Wallace
Gillies

Many beautiful girls have learned in an artist's studio how to express beauty in line and grace in movement.

interested in its line and artistic possibilities that a nude woman posing seriously for him commands infinitely more respect than the provocatively clothed flirt, who comes in to his studio because she has heard that "artists are wild". Beauty of form is sacred not only to the artist but to the sincere art lover as well, and the girl who poses to help the artist in his supremely difficult task and make an honest living, may feel herself clothed in the dignity of her purpose. And so here the young girl stands on the model's platform. She is also standing at the door of opportunity, on the threshold of fame. She may be inspiring a statue which will become a world-

(Continued on page 98)



Miss Neysa McMein, the artist, in her studio with Josephine Norman. Miss Norman posed for this famous Palmolive advertisement.



WHEN FATE SAYS TO YOU "It's

By Delight Evans

☞ Hedda Hopper's natural refinement, her grace and distinction kept her in a rut, until she completely fooled the casting director and got her chance as a Russian vamp in "Dance Madness".

☞ Stardom on the Paramount lot is Florence Vidor's reward.

☞ Aileen Pringle resolved to change her line. She will next be seen as a country girl in "The Wilderness Woman".



YOUR Move"



Q "You have to play your own game." The lesson of some stars who were misunderstood.

IT'S terrible to be misunderstood. Just ask any husband. He'll tell you. But he has nothing on the picture people. They are being misunderstood all the time. They are authorities on the subject. There's more than one actor in sheik's clothing, while the Bernhardt's in one-piece bathing suits are getting too numerous to mention. That little ingenue has the soul of a great tragedienne; this comedian is called to higher things than custard pie—to hear them tell it.

But there are others who have simply flatly refused to be misunderstood. You might call them movie mutineers. They have risen in revolt against "type" parts, silly stories, unsympathetic direction. They have even dared to defy the public. If you think you are misunderstood, just listen to them. If you labor under the delusion that you are being oppressed or suppressed, take a tip from the cinema celebrities and rise above it. Lift that chin, expand that chest, toss that head, put that foot down; and, if you can manage it, thumb that nose at the bogey of misunderstanding. Don't play any part you don't feel. If you are an actor and accept this advice you may starve to death, but remember it's in a good cause.

This lecture, or something like it, was originally delivered by Hedda Hopper, who got sick and tired of being misunderstood. I'm passing it on to you. Directors used to tell her, "Hedda, I'd love to have you in this part, but you're too darn refined." That was it. Hedda was known as the perfect lady of pictures. Casting directors simply loved her wonderful wardrobe, her grace and distinction, and proved it by renting them out at goodly sums. Hedda became a Female Relative, the sister or the cousin or the aunt of the fair heroine. She toned up the family atmosphere. She lent an air of dignity to doubtful surroundings. She insured many a heroine's social position merely by being present. The entrance of Hedda Hopper, splendid in a sparkling gown, of style more Paris than Hollywood, raised all the assorted extras into the four hundred. The director could breathe a sigh of relief; his party would be a success on the screen.

But all this didn't help to make Hedda a bigger and a better actress. It held her down. Those very qualities which made her the pet of Hollywood drawing-rooms, both in and out of the studio, hindered her screen success. Continental charm, patrician features, elegant clothes—such are never idle very long in the film capital. But acting—ah, that's

Q Dorothy Gish, obscured in small parts for years, has now achieved a star rôle in "Nell Gwyn".

something else again. This part was too rough, that rôle too rustic for Hedda Hopper. So her talents were buried in mothballs until—one day she got good and mad.

She heard they were casting a picture called "Dance Madness", for which they needed a very special brand of dangerous Russian vamp. Hedda thought it over. She had longed for such a rôle but it had never been offered to her because of her reputation as a perfect lady. But it was time something was done to ruin that reputation. So she arrayed herself in her most luxurious raiment, added a veil and an extra dash of exotic perfume, practiced an accent and sallied forth. Announced as Madame de la Valois, she swept in on the unsuspecting power-that-was and bowled him over. The veil and the accent, to say nothing of the heady perfume, conspired to deceive him. There were lots of foreign titles running around in Hollywood and it was not surprising he had overlooked this bet. She was just what he wanted for that part, and he engaged her on the spot. Then he heard his friend, Hedda Hopper, laughing at him behind the veil. He hired her anyway—if she could fool him, she must be a good actress. And so it proved. Gosh, what a vamp she turned out to be! She played the masked dancer and practically undulated away with the picture. No more rich relations for her if she can help it. She's branded as the perfect lady no longer—that is, she's still a lady but she is an actress, too, which means a whole lot more sometimes.

Remember when Gloria was referred to as a clothes model? So does she. She'll never forget that brand of "clothes horse", and she doesn't want to. Because, once upon a time, she heard it used against her so often that it became a red flag, calling her to rebellion. Gloria was duly grateful to Cecil De Mille for elevating her from beach to bathtub, and she had justified his faith in her as an exotic personality. Then somebody called her the beautiful De Mille clothes model, and it hurt. She *could* act; she'd show them. It took courage. Her pictures were making money and her producers and public were satisfied. They would have gone on misinterpreting Miss Swanson indefinitely if she had not taken things in her own hands. She insisted on acting parts, and she got them. "The Humming Bird" paved the way. Today, clothes mean nothing to her—well, practically nothing. Anyway, it's Gloria the actress we watch. Now we hear she is going to play the nun in "The Miracle".

Paramount has just decided to star Florence Vidor. The company might never have (Continued on page 95)

The "Nifties"



¶ The villainous Noah Beery of "Beau Geste", offstage, is one of the merriest.

RYANT WASHBURN'S little son was making a stumbling attempt to read the titles in a motion picture.

Finally he made out the word "triangle".

"What is a triangle, mother?" he whispered.

"Hush, son, and watch the picture."

The scene showed the hero and the heroine playing with a little dog.

"Oh, mother, I know now what a triangle is," the boy exclaimed.

"It's a man and a woman and a dog."

—O—

JOHN BARRYMORE'S favorite story is on himself.

"I was in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and fire," John says.

"The first shock threw me from my bed and I hurried from the hotel only to be seized and put to work by the soldiers.

"Broke, as usual, I wired my sister, Ethel, telling her my condition and asked her for \$50.

"Send it to him," my Uncle Jack Drew ordered. 'It took a convulsion of nature to get him up and the United States Army to get him to work.'"

¶ Wherever the screen players are you will hear wise cracks and clever repartee.

LOUELLA O. PARSONS writes in the Los Angeles Examiner that she was sitting with Pola Negri, watching Rudolph Valentino and Vilma Banky making several torrid love scenes in "The Son of the Sheik".

"He is making love to her," Pola said with conviction, "but he is thinking of me."

—O—

FRANK, the gateman at Metropolitan studios, wins the silver moustache cup this month for the outstanding smart crack.

He was being shown a picture of "Foxy" Lloyd and Harold, taken years ago when Harold was a mere child. The screen comedian was seated upon his father's knee in one of those stiff poses which photographers of those days seemed to strive for.

"Very good," said Frank, "but who is the ventriloquist?"

—O—

Big Guinn Williams, whose home was in the wide open spaces before he became a leading man, says facetiously that he was nineteen years old before he knew that dog wasn't spelled d-circle-g.

"Do you get many fan letters, Big-Un?" I asked him.

"No," he drawled. "Them that would write to me can't."

—O—

IN his books, "Emmett Lawler," and "Beggars of Life," Jim Tully ripped up the flooring and showed us some of the things in the cellar.



¶ Pola Negri is famous for her high-bred sense of humor, which Paramount has screened in "Good and Naughty".

they pull in HOLLYWOOD

By James Tankersley

He is writing a book now of Hollywood, in which, to use his own expression, he "indicts the whole industry".

At Paramount studio the other day Bert Lynch brought Jim a copy of "Beggars of Life", and asked Jim to autograph it for him.

As Jim scrawled his name he said:

"Well, I'm glad to know somebody bought one of my books."

"I didn't buy it," Bert said, "but I got it."

—O—

THE poker game in Al Boasberg's room had lasted until early in the morning and finally Boasberg fell asleep. After a moment's plotting one of the players turned out all the lights and then punched the host in the ribs.

As Boasberg came awake with a jump one of the players said:

"I'll bet five."

"Up ten," Boasberg heard another man say.

A third player dropped out, the next man stayed and so the game went on in darkness blacker than the inside of a cow.

Boasberg heard the voices, the rattle of chips and the rustle of cards but could see absolutely nothing.

"Boys, boys," he sobbed, "I'm blind, I'm blind. Do any of you want to buy a pair of good glasses cheap?"

—O—

BUSTER COLLIER says he became acquainted with some army officers while working in a picture in San Francisco.

The conversation drifted to the late war and Collier remarked that he had served over-seas.

"Did you get a commission?" one of the officers asked.

"No," Collier says he replied, "a straight salary."

—O—

A FRIEND of Ray Griffith's, visiting him on the set, found him surrounded by a dozen beautiful girls. To



☞ Harold Lloyd's latest is "For Heaven's Sake".



☞ Buster Collier in "The Rainmaker".

☞ Bryant Washburn, a veteran fun-maker of the colony.



give the visiting fireman a thrill Griffith secretly instructed the girls to strut in front of him.

After a few minutes of this high pressure stuff the friend buried his face in his hands and groaned:

"Awful, terrible, horrible!"

Griffith was peeved.

"What do you mean, terrible?" he demanded. "Those are the best looking extra girls in Hollywood."

"I'm not talking about them," the other moaned. "I'm thinking of my wife."

—O—

EN ROUTE from Hollywood to New York recently, Adolphe Menjou made the acquaintance of a 12-year old boy. It was the youngster's first (Continued on page 95)

“GO!”

There is no daybreak that cannot be a starting signal in the race for what YOU want.

By W. Carey Wonderly

WHEN Mary Louise Walker's great-aunt Charlotte died and left her five thousand dollars, it spelled freedom for the girl. Freedom from the wearisome routine of teaching school, freedom to venture forth and carve a career for herself.

When Walter Page Hubbard's father pointed a pistol to his head and put an end to everything, that act spelled bondage for the son. Instead of European travel to broaden one, it meant hustling around to appease one's hunger. Instead of tipping with dollars, Walter Page found himself counting the pennies before he spent them.

Yet the Great Director went right along with the Production He had in mind, preparing the script, setting the stage, gathering props, until such a time as He was ready to call the Actors together for Rehearsal.

Being young and beautiful, Mary Louise went to Hollywood, to the land of the great mortgaged spaces, where men are extras. She knew her Hollywood well enough, thanks to publicity, to understand that she couldn't hope to take Miss Swanson's place overnight. Mary Louise didn't expect to, whatever she secretly hoped for. She was willing to commence at the very bottom and rise by her own merits to the top of the ladder. No more ambitious than thousands of other girls of her age and attractiveness throughout her native land, Mary Louise accepted her legacy and in due time arrived in California.

The very first thing she did was to change her name. Not until later did she change her point of view and reach the conclusion that Great-aunt Charlotte may have been great, but Allah is greater. She learned these things in the School of Hard Knocks, long after she had been awarded a diploma upon her graduation from the Maplegrove Seminary.

Five thousand dollars is a lot of money until you commence to spend it. Having memorized the autobiographies of the leading players as serialized in her favorite movie



journal, Mary Louise was aware that the Road to Success is no path of roses, that fame and fortune frequently come only after years of work and study, and so she was careful to hoard her legacy. Bravely she went from studio to agency, determined to make good, and to make good without touching a penny of old Charlotte's money. Of course that little fortune was very nice to have, something to depend on when skies were gray and the casting-directors suffered from indigestion. The money had made it possible for Mary Louise to beard the lions of Hollywood, but all the same she hoped she wouldn't have to spend it.

Even after four weeks of wishing and waiting Mary Louise was as sweet-looking and flowerlike as the day she left Maplegrove. You see, she had only the two *w's* to contend with so far; worrying hadn't been added to the wishing and waiting. No need for lines between the eyes and mumbling, praying lips when, in case the worst comes to the worst, a girl has a comfortable little nest-egg to fall back on.

"No, I'm not exactly discouraged," she said one day to



¶ Her chance came when at the racetrack the director chose her among all the crowd to pose for him.

The scene used to illustrate this story is taken from Paramount's "RAINMAKER".

Hamilton Byrd, in a cafeteria on the Boulevard; "but — I'll admit I'm a bit perplexed. Of course I've had no experience, but I'm young, a good screen type according to the tests I've had made, and I'm ambitious enough to start at the end of the line. Yet other girls — newcomers, too, succeed where I fall down. At least I'd like a chance at the game before I decide it isn't for me."

Hamilton Byrd gazed into her velvety brown eyes and thought in their innocent surprise they were like nothing so much in the world as pansies. Not an original thought, but a good one. Mary Louise held her head high and gazed at the world with a sort of innocent courage which Mr. Byrd found very intriguing. He was dark and lean himself, with an olive skin and a toy mustache. His business was real estate, and his recreation the movies, and he was the sort of man who seldom hesitates to put pleasure before business.

Mary Louise first saw Byrd at the Crowninshield Studio. He had at least a speaking acquaintance with

most of the stars, a rakish-looking roadster, and a way of spending money which struck the girl as being lavish in the extreme. He promised to introduce Mary Louise to Mr. De Mille and he did invite her to lunch with him on Saturday at Montmartre.

Montmartre was the bait, neither the free meal nor the man himself. There wasn't a prettier young woman in the restaurant that Saturday and Hamilton Byrd knew it if Mary Louise didn't.

The next time she saw Byrd he told her that Mr. De Mille was in the East and they'd have to wait until he got back. Yes, Byrd could have taken her to Jimmy Cruze or Monta Bell or "Von", but he wanted Mr. De Mille to see her first. Mary Louise acceded to his wishes without argument and at once there appeared a puzzled frown on Hamilton Byrd's countenance.

"You're willing to wait, then?" he cried. "I'm glad of that." But he didn't look pleased.

Without telling him about old Charlotte's money, Mary Louise explained that she could keep going a while

longer,—and would, if there was a chance of ultimate success.

"I'm more fortunate than some girls I've met since coming to Hollywood," Mary Louise added, "inasmuch as I happen to possess a small legacy. Without it I wouldn't have dared to storm the movie capital, for there are many pitiful stories heard in the cafeterias and on the Boulevard. At least I shall never come to that! For there'll always be money enough to go home and pick up the threads of my life where I dropped them to come to Hollywood."

She didn't realize then that the game gets into a person's blood so that they won't go back, even to a home and a job, preferring to hang around in Lotusland, waiting, praying, starving.

Her words, however, had a most peculiar influence on Hamilton Byrd. Since it was impossible to starve her into subjection, he decided to sell her real estate and benefit along those lines.

"I've just had a wire from New York which assures me Mr. De Mille won't be back on the Coast for a year," he told Mary Louise. "I guess we don't want to wait a year, do we? I thought not. So I'm going to take you to see Roger Norton and if only because I ask it I know he'll give you every opportunity in the world, Miss Walker."

Good as his word, Byrd ran Mary Louise out to the Luxor Studios next day in his rakish roadster. Roger Norton was one of the independent group of manufacturers and if there was anything he liked better than a wealthy amateur he couldn't think of it off-hand.

Byrd had talked to Norton over the telephone that morning. Mary Louise was a peach and had money in the bargain. If Norton was satisfied to try her out in a bit at first, it shouldn't be difficult later to persuade her to finance a picture in which she would figure

as the star. Hamilton Byrd was just full of brilliant ideas like that. He had already decided on the Beverly Hills mansion he was going to sell Mary Louise, next.

"If you can't be their sweetheart, then try to be their realtor," was his motto.

In the outer office at Luxor Studios, having waited there since nine o'clock, was Walter Page Hubbard. Mary Louise noticed him because he looked at her as if he'd like to annihilate her when she was called into the Great Presence ahead of him.

This time young Hubbard was forced to wait only two hours instead of three, before anyone noticed him again. And again it was Mary Louise who did the noticing. She had had a delightful chat with Mr. Norton, and had left her photographs and her telephone number with him. Then she had discreetly slipped away when the producer and Hamilton Byrd began to talk about "old times." Perhaps Mr. Norton meant "hard times", but

anyway Mary Louise was in the outer office and it didn't matter one way or another.

She paused before Walter Page, cleared her throat, and at last gathered courage to speak to him. His brow was as black as a thundercloud; he refused to help her out at all.

"You—you want to see Mr. Norton, I suppose," Mary Louise began; "and you sort of resent my having gone in ahead of you. I'm sorry——"

"You needn't be," young Hubbard interposed quietly. "I'm quite used to waiting. I've waited five hours now and if I don't see Norton before, I'll be still waiting when they lock up. Don't mind me; go out and celebrate."

"Celebrate?" ventured Mary Louise.

"Yes. Didn't you get the job?" and a cynical smile marred his youthful, good-looking features. "You're the type the movies want," he went on; "pretty as a picture—and as flat."

Mary Louise flushed resentfully. "I don't see any contracts in your pockets," she murmured.

"Don't strut your stuff, I'm not an actor," said Walter Page Hubbard.

Intrigued, the girl drew closer. "No?"

"No. I've written a story that nobody wants to buy," he assured her. "Just the same it's the biggest yarn ever brought to Hollywood and peddled from door to door. If it ever is produced it'll pop your eyes out, remember that."

Hamilton Byrd emerged from Norton's private office and escorted Mary Louise to his waiting roadster.

"That's what I call a good day's work, little lady," he said, smiling and rubbing his hands. "You start work next week in a very decent part at a hundred-and-a-quarter and if you show the promise then that I—that Norton—that we all expect, why, there'll be

something decidedly worth while coming your way."

Mary Louise's cheeks grew pink with excitement. Now she was more than merely pretty; she had personality and was distinctive.

"How can I ever thank you, Mr. Byrd?" she cried impulsively.

"By regarding me always as your friend, my dear," he said in all seriousness. There had been too many beautiful young skyrockets prone to forget Hamilton Byrd in their sensational flight to the top. He meant to hold on to Mary Louise, at least until he had sold her a home adequate to a rising screen luminary.

She declined his invitation to run down to the beach and went home to be alone with her happiness. It was a great day for Mary Louise. She wrote letters to all her friends in Maplegrove, telling them of her good fortune. And it had come just in time, too, for besides Great-aunt Charlotte's legacy (Continued on page 45)

WINNERS of the APRIL FAN LETTER CONTESTS

GLADYS GILBERT

Knoxville, Pa.

won the Norma Shearer Ring Contest for her spirited fan letter.

Honorable mention to

DOROTHEA ST. AUBREY

5512 Gilmore Avenue

St. Louis, Mo.

Unfortunately Miss St. Aubrey's contribution was not a letter as required by the rules.

FERNE I. ZEAR

222 Wall Street

Shreveport, La.

has been awarded the beautiful bag in the Norma Talmadge Fan Letter contest.

[SCREENLAND wishes to congratulate these two fortunate girls on the excellence of their contributions. Their efforts have won success and this should stimulate them to developing their undoubted talents.]



ALMA RUBENS of the classic beauty having completed "*Siberia*" and her vacation here in the East, has returned to the West Coast and is at work on "*The Pelican*."

Photograph by Waxman.





CORINNE GRIFFITH'S next picture is appropriately titled "*Into Her Kingdom.*" After which she will appear in "*Ashes.*"





ANNA Q. NILSSON has shorn her beautiful curls to play the tramp-girl in "*Miss Nobody*", taken from the popular serial "*Shebo*."





HELENE—Costello's other gal, has her first
big opportunity in Paramount's "*Wet Paint.*"
Photograph by Richee.



(Continued from page 40)

she had exactly nine dollars left of her own savings which she had brought along to Hollywood with her. Now she wouldn't have to touch the legacy. So determined was Mary Louise to make the nine dollars last her until she drew her first week's salary, that she started out then and there to deposit the five thousand in bank.

She had put off doing this before because "she never knew when she might need it," without friends or a job in a strange city. All these weeks Mary Louise had kept old Charlotte's legacy—guess where? Why, in the hotel safe. There she could get it any hour of the day or night, in case of sudden illness, anything. In spite of her youth and curls Mary Louise knew that ready money cures many a hurt. But now she was going to work; she was going to earn money and the five thousand dollars could be put away, the beginning of her fortune which some day possibly would rival Pickford's or Chaplin's.

They liked Mary Louise at the modest little hotel where she had roomed since coming to Los Angeles, and the landlady smilingly turned over the envelope to the girl, watched her while she counted the money to make sure it was all there, and then saw her depart for the bank on winged feet. It was the last time either Mary Louise or her landlady ever saw the envelope containing Great-aunt Charlotte's legacy. When Mary Louise arrived importantly at the bank, the money was gone!

There hadn't been such a commotion on the Boulevard since the frustrated plot to kidnap America's sweetheart! If the cinema barons could only have seen her then they would have hailed Mary Louise as the equal of Lillian Gish in heartbreak and tragedy. There was a haunted look in her eyes; the childish underlip quivered; her helpless hands fluttered like white butterflies. Yet it might have been worse, for she had her job with Luxor Pictures of course.

Mary Louise had had the money when she left the Delaware Hotel and she didn't have it when she arrived at the Bank of Hollywood. Somewhere, somehow the envelope had disappeared between those two points. She reported her loss to the police, and she advertised in the newspapers, but many moons waned before Mary Louise heard of old Charlotte's legacy again.

Among the people the girl told of her misfortune was Hamilton Byrd, who listened to her story with mingled anger and skepticism. In the first place he began to doubt now that she ever had any money; then he was hot clean through to think that she had let him get a job for her before she "lost" it; and lastly he felt that he had been imposed on—five thousand dollars wasn't money where he came from!

"And I was going to sell her the Millais place!" he reflected. "Gad, she couldn't have paid for the fish pond on the estate!"

Mary Louise had only her job out at Luxor to save her from the blackest despair and then when she went out to the studio to arrange for her first picture, she was told by the suave Mr. Norton that in the final analysis it was

discovered she was unsuited for the part. Of course Mary Louise had a contract—of a kind: but when she had a young lawyer at the Delaware Hotel examine it for her, he assured Mary Louise it wasn't worth the paper it was written on.

Again she turned to Hamilton Byrd, who was almost her only influential friend in Hollywood. She told him about the Luxor contract and wondered if Mr. De Mille had returned to the Coast yet.

"Girlie," said Byrd, "don't you go worrying until your pretty face has got more lines in it than a road map. I'll find you something good, something quick, too. Norton was a cheap bluff, anyway. State rights pictures. Worked on a shoestring. Ten to one you couldn't have cashed your check when you got it. No more tears now. Wipe the eyes and let's run down to the beach and forget our troubles. I'm going to find you something swell."

Pleasure before business this time; he had doffed his rôle of realtor and was applying for the part of lover.

Mary Louise enjoyed the afternoon—the breeze from the Pacific and the table d'hôte dinner at Carlotta's, where California wine was as

plentiful as the spaghetti. In the cool of the evening they started home in Byrd's rakish-looking roadster and long after midnight Mary Louise arrived at the Delaware Hotel on foot. She didn't refer to Hamilton Byrd, even when the kindly landlady questioned

her next morning. Mary Louise just squared her jaw and gazed straight ahead as if she saw the ashes of her desire smoldering before her eyes.

Followed then days and nights of deepest despair, with Mary Louise's pride keeping her from appealing to Maplegrove for help, even for a railroad ticket home. You see, her townsfolk had shaken their heads when Mary Louise announced her intention of using old Charlotte's legacy to start her on a career in the movies. Mary Louise was just Mary Louise and she could never be anything else. Then came her glowing letters to friends in which it seemed that after all Maplegrove might be wrong, and Mary Louise might be a second Gloria Swanson. Maplegrove dusted off Mary Louise's pictures and placed them once more on the walnut whatnot. But now . . . she was penniless, debt-ridden, and without a job. No, Mary Louise couldn't bring herself to appeal to her friends back home.

Mrs. Delaware was extremely kind; she carried Mary Louise along for six weeks, inviting her every evening to dinner with the family. In this way the girl could count on one good meal a day. Her landlady even lent her a little money, for car-fare and telephone calls, which were necessary parts of job-hunting. The girls she met around at the studios and agencies, assured Mary Louise that production was at a standstill in Hollywood; there wasn't even a position as saleswoman in the downtown stores for an embryo tragedienne.

There was a haunted look in her eyes now. Pride told her she couldn't remain with Mrs. Delaware any longer. Meals at the landlady's table stuck in her throat and yet she was ravenously hungry when she came in after a day's hopeless search for employment. (Continued on page 91)



It is rumored that Felix the cat refuses to appear on the same bill with Rin-Tin-Tin.

New Screenplays

Reviewed by

Delight Evans

“There was a girl named Marion who looked awfully cute in boy's clothes.”

Beverly of GRAUSTARK

H. R. H. Graustark

“Antonio Moreno appoints himself personal guardian to the pseudo-prince.”



THE Prince of Wales is in danger of losing his film following after “Beverly of Graustark”. He will have to wear his best clothes and stick on that horse if he wants to win it back. Because Marion Davies looks so much more like the Prince than he does himself when she dresses up in a smart uniform and slicks back her hair under a cap set at a jaunty angle. In fact, ninety years from now, when all the war pictures and propaganda films and arty productions have been forgotten, some old white-beard is sure to mumble, “There was a girl named Marion who looked awfully cute in boy's clothes”.

Marion made her first big hit, you remember, in “When

Knighthood was in Flower”, and most people liked her best in those scenes for which she donned doublet and hose. “Beverly of Graustark”, in which the star is disguised as a Prince, will be just as popular. Marion playing a pretty girl is somehow conventionally colorless; but Marion playing a boy is altogether irresistible. She can look as grotesque as she pleases and clown all she cares to; and she seems to love it, and so do we. But she is not too busy to indulge in a love scene now and then, with Tony Moreno, who looks so young and gay and has such a good time you'd never suspect he had gone through all that suffering in “Mare Nostrum”.

The VOLGA BOATMAN

☞ *Glorifying the Russian Revolution*

☞ *Elinor Faire and William Boyd were falling in love and eloping while this picture was being made.*



THE VOLGA BOATMAN" is a personally-conducted tour of the battle-fields of Russia; but as far as I am concerned, I'd just as soon have stayed at home. It's a Cecil B. deMille revolution, although being in Russia, no bath-tubs are dragged in. (Pollyanna was right; there is always something to be glad about.) It concerns the Red Army and the White Army; but as Mr. De Mille is the director and not Georgie Cohan, there is no Blue Army, which is just as well as "Yankee Doodle" wouldn't have fitted into the musical score.

There is a Princess who thinks she's in love with a Prince, but finds out it was another fellow. None other, in fact, than the Volga Boatman. (Cue for Song.) Now these Volga Boatmen may sing all the time, but it's only to keep their spirits up; for theirs is a hard life, what with dragging craft up the river and no caviar to speak of. They are not sailors; not even marines; just Boatmen. That is, until De Mille took an interest in them. Now heaven knows what they are. Bill Boyd plays the leading Boatman who, in the course of the convenient revolution, encounters the Princess, out of a job. The poor girl has to dance on a table for the Reds just to show her heart's

in the right place. There is another orgy, in case you're interested, in which blood is smeared about like so much ink—which it probably is. Elinor Fair plays the kind of girl who gets all dressed up in her best dress for her sweetie's execution—maybe her part, and the fact that she was falling in love and eloping with Mr. Boyd while the picture was being made, are responsible for her sweet detachment throughout. Julia Faye and Theodore Kosloff are a pair of cut-ups you'll never forget—I know, for I have tried. Victor Varconi, bless his heart, is sincere and intelligent as the Prince. The settings are simply lovely, especially those showing the Boatman struggling and singing up the river, and they may reconcile you to the plot. I don't know what Mr. De Mille's idea is, but I wonder if he wants us to accept his Volga Boatman as a truthful translation of Russian events during the late excitement? The screen generally gives pretty accurate pictures of historical happenings. Most of our war pictures, for instance, could serve as sermons or text-books, and manage to be good entertainment into the bargain. "The Volga Boatman" may be vodka to its director, but it's only small beer to me.

A SOCIAL Celebrity

☞ *Snip—Snip*



I HEAR there has been a rush to the barbers' since "A Social Celebrity", on the mere chance that you might find an Adolphe Menjou officiating with the scissors. But there's only one Adolphe and fortunately he's still in the movies where we can all get a glimpse of him without losing our locks in the attempt. The haughty and high-hat M. Menjou is well cast as a waiter or as a barber, if you ask me. I'm one of the people who's always being snubbed by waiters; and I'm scared to death of my bobber. So far as I'm concerned, Adolphe's choice of rôles lately proves he knows human nature. He's just as aloof as a barber as he ever was playing a count. Mal St. Clair

☞ *The haughty and high-hat Mr. Menjou is cast as a barber.*

guided him from barber-shop to drawing-room and back again in the usual adroit Mal manner. He also directed Louise Brooks to look her prettiest and play her pertest—an easy job for

Louise. It's only her second picture, and it doesn't look as if she's going to be another Bernhardt; but with eyes like that, Louise should worry about acting. Chester Conklin is Adolphe's father—a small-town barber who finally follows his adored son to the city, where—but I'm not going to give the story away, so don't pout. Conklin is gorgeous. Yes, I knew that "gorgeous" is usually confined to description of a beautiful lady in a jeweled dress and plumes on her hat; but I think Chester is gorgeous too.

☞ *Lewis Stone turns the trick with the aid of an obliging elephant.*

OLD Loves and New

☞ *Fun in the Desert*

WHEN Lewis Stone says, "I must get away from all this," somehow it comes to you like a flash that he will turn up sooner or later in the desert on an Arab shod with fire wearing one of those turbans and long smocks—Lew of course, not his horse. Lew is known as the Desert Healer and a hater of women, but wait until he meets Barbara Bedford. Ah—I thought so! Bill Hart's big, strong silent man of the west could never withstand her; so why expect more of Lewis Stone's equally strong and silent sheik? He says, "Thar, Thar, Little Woman"—no, that's Bill's line. Well anyway, Lew has the right

idea. He decides to protect her from that beast of a husband and with the aid of an obliging elephant, turns the trick. They changed the title of E. M. Hull's story from "The Desert Healer" to "Old Loves and New"; and if they aren't satisfied, I suggest "The Elephant's Revenge". That pachyderm takes his part well.

Barbara Bedford is one of those brave, boyishly beautiful girls who looks more at home in the desert than she does in the drawing-room. She's the kind of girl who always looks cool and clean no matter what happens—and plenty does.

That's My Baby

¶ No Sir, Don't Mean Maybe

THERE'S a lost Baby in everybody's life — no, not one of those helpless little mites who cries and clings to you, but the other, powerful kind that punches you in the nose and smashes your watch. "That's My Baby" will convince you that your own experience with infants astray, whatever it was, was mild. It will also make you laugh. It's always funny to see the other fellow in hot water.

Heroines are always only too ready to believe their heroes have been living a double life, and this one is no exception. When poor Douglas MacLean is handed a baby to mind she refuses to believe it isn't his own. Complications set in, with Doug trying to lose the tiny toddler and the baby simply refusing to be lost. There's a thrill involving an airplane chase—they seem to be very good this season. I want to warn the ladies right now not to indulge in swoons when you see the



¶ The Baby isn't a baby at all; he's Harry Earle whom you saw in "The Unholy Three".

Baby climbing all over the soaring plane. Because the ushers are in on the secret and will be too busy laughing to come to your aid. And I'll let you in on it before you complain to the censors. The Baby isn't a baby at all. He's that clever actor, Harry Earles, whom you saw in "The Unholy Three", as the masquerading midget. His performance in the MacLean farce is a really delicious drollery. Doug himself works overtime, but you won't notice it because, like that other Doug, Mr. Fairbanks, Mac-

Lean practices restraint. His method makes his picture all the funnier. Margaret Norris is just the kind of girl Doug's kind of man would fall for — nice, quiet, well-behaved, with a saving sense of humor. No matter what your grandma may think, some men still fall for girls like that.

¶ Where Clara is things happen. She's not exactly a ray of sunshine; more like a tornado.

The Runaway

¶ Clara Does It Again

I'VE noticed for a long time that Clara Bow has been running away with almost every picture she appears in; but I never thought they would name a picture after her. But here's "The Runaway", endorsing Miss Bow's habit of romping off with the laurel wreath and the applause. It was all cut out to be another one of those things—but Clara changed all that. Where she is, things happen. She's not exactly a ray of sunshine; more like a small tornado, or—or—a conflagration. She startles rather than soothes but she makes you like it. This child with the colorless name—Clara Bow!—has as much of It as the screen can conveniently accommodate and still conform to the fire laws.

Clara plays a film actress on location in Virginny—and the villain pursues her all the way from Broadway. Bill Powell—for it is none other—shows his true colors when Clara comes to see him in his "rooms" (how sinister that sounds). He's accidentally shot, and terror-stricken, the girl runs away. In her high-heeled pumps, her frivol-

ous chiffon dress, and her Broadway bonnet she strikes out into the hills. One of those uncouth but honest mountaineers finds her and takes her home. Follows the taming of the wild Broadway chicken, but not of Clara Bow. She's as unconquered in calico and sunbonnet as she was in silks and shingle. Not even William De Mille could curb her impertinent charm. In justice to that gentlemanly director, he didn't really try. He gave her a big scene and helped her put it over. She holds the screen for a Terror Scene which has never been equalled except by Lillian Gish. The fact that the insipid story makes it heroine give up the bright lights to settle down on a squalid farm has nothing to do with Clara. You feel she would do nothing of the kind. When the fadeout shows the mountaineer and his gal plighting their troth, you can imagine Clara stealing away, dressed in gay raiment, and teetering down the mountain on her high heels, bound for—Broadway.

☞ One little ballet dancer holding the hearts of the leading duke and richest Russian in her hands.

The MIDNIGHT SUN

☞ *So This Is Russia*



☞ I'm sure you can't turn Laura down when she looks at you out of those long-lashed eyes and flashes that elusive dimple.

☞ Pat O'Malley as the Grand Duke is more Russian than you'd expect, proving that Pat is a good actor even before he is an Irishman.



IT takes a strong-minded producer to make a Russian picture without a revolution; and I would like to shake Mr. Universal by the hand. If he's too busy, I propose a vote of thanks to Laura La Plante, the real reason gentlemen prefer blondes; Pat O'Malley, or George Seigmann for lending their services to the cause. It shows the pioneer spirit, that's what it does; and I'm proud of them. Not a bomb is thrown.

"The Midnight Sun" is Russia as we like to think it was. It may not be true that one ballet dancer could hold the hearts of the leading Duke and the richest Russian in her little hands and also save from death her lover who has in a moment of petulance slapped the Duke's face; but it doesn't do any harm to believe it. It's frankly fiction with no attempt to trespass on history. When you get to the part where Laura throws herself at the Grand Duke's feet and says, "Save him and I'll do anything!" you are apt to snort if you aren't careful. Somehow Laura is not the kind of fair, frail flower who throws herself at a gent's feet even if he is a Grand Duke. You feel that Miss La Plante would have called in the United States Marines. Outside of that and the race to the heroine's rescue in "the fastest destroyer in the service", you may be able to believe parts of it. I'm sure you can't turn Laura down when she looks at you out of those long-lashed eyes and flashes that elusive dimple. Pat O'Malley's Irish Grand Duke is more Russian than you'd expect, proving that Pat is a good actor even before he is an Irishman. Raymond Keane, the latest gift to you girls, is as handsome as he can be—at least, I hope he won't be any handsomer when he grows up, for I just couldn't stand it. Siegmann may not be handsome but how he can act!

BROWN of Harvard



Rah, Rah-Rah



"BROWN OF HARVARD" will be popular just about everywhere except, possibly, New Haven, Conn. It is the most natural picture of the goings-on of these wild college youths ever put on the screen. Do you remember the good old-fashioned college film, packed with rah-rah boys waving pennants, wearing white flannels and sports shirts open at the neck? The campus looked like hundreds of little Lord Byrons at play. The boys' boudoirs were papered with pennants and pictures of Follies girls, and the only lesson they ever seemed to learn was the first position with the banjo. Their idea of a high old time was to get together around a chafing-dish. "Brown of Harvard", it is true, has a scene in which some students strum their ukeleles; but, after all, boys will be boys. And I think the young men doing time at our various institutions of learning will recognize themselves when they see Brown and Company, and they will like it and say so, instead of throwing over-ripe fruit at the screen and pulling up the theatre seats by the roots.

Most movies consider themselves in luck if they can show a crew race or a football game. "Brown" can boast both. The crew race is won by Yale—a happy

Harvard wins the game. Choose your nearest exit in time.

But maybe the Yale and Harvard fans who see the picture will be having such a good time they will forget to fight.

I expect when the original play was shown you were too busy gurgling over your new rattle to pay much attention to it; but I will bet that the original Brown was no better than our Bill Haines. He's the most representative young American on the screen. And he has the makings of a good actor if his personality doesn't get the best of him. Jack Pickford, Ralph Bushman, F. X's son, and Mary Brian are among those present, and they are pretty good; but I'll lead the cheering for Big Boy Haines.



William Haines, the most representative young American on the screen.

On Page 19

THE titles for "BROWN OF HARVARD" are uproarious to a degree (college degree) and hence and therefore have made the goal of the page set aside for the

BEST TITLES OF THE MONTH.

Mlle. Modiste

Words and Music



ALTOGETHER now—“Sweet summer breeze—whispering trees; kiss me, kiss me, again!”

There was so much humming among the audience of “Mlle. Modiste” I couldn’t hear myself whistle. When Mademoiselle made her screen debut, she brought her music with her; and the silent drama wasn’t nearly as silent as it is supposed to be. You may kid yourself that it is the picture you want to see; but when you get there, you’ll find that Victor Herbert’s music is the real attraction. Corinne Griffith’s latest wouldn’t be much without the delightful score. There is a fashion show just in case there is any additional proof needed that no lady on the screen can wear clothes as convincingly as Corinne—as a title says: “What it needs to hang clothes on, she’s got!” Crude, but true. As the midinette who captivates a count, only almost to lose him when he finds her parading as a mannequin, the star is charming. Fortunately, she really is; but I would think so anyway. I’m sold on Miss Griffith. Her repose is positively fascinating.

“Mlle. Modiste”, besides its star and its score, is remarkable only for the absence of any near-French atmosphere. Although it happens in Gay Paree, there is little or no arm-waving, lip-pursing, or promiscuous shrugging—all the dear old props of the directors who have never been to Paris and don’t like what they have heard. Corinne makes you believe she is French without resorting to obvious artifice; and not a single “Ooh-lala” or “Mon Dieu” will be found among the sub-titles. Norman Kerry plays a French officer with a moustache but refused to let it go to his head. When he answers the heroine’s “Kiss me again”, he is quite, quite satisfactory, moustache or no moustache.

Anna Q. Nilsson playing one of those girls more-sinned-against-than-sinners.

The Greater Glory

Corinne Griffith in the gown designed by herself and executed by Peggy Hoyt.

by Lucy Beaumont. Never has Anna Q. been more thrilling and beautiful. She plays one of those girls more-sinned-against-than-sinners; she is always turning the other cheek. She falls in love with Conway Tearle and sticks to it, when she might have married the hearty Hale Hamilton, who looked as if he could make her much happier—and also feed her well. At the finish, you aren’t quite convinced that the love of Anna and Conway can rise above corn-beef-and-cabbage—especially when there isn’t any. Mr. Tearle, of course, looks sometimes as if he could rise above anything; but Anna seems too vital and human to scorn sustenance. Miss Beaumont gives a touching performance of the Tante—you’ll fall in love with this little old lady. Mr. Tearle—how can one call him Conway?—strolls through the scenes as indifferently as usual; while May Allison is too sweet for anything. But if you like Anna Nilsson, it’s your pleasant duty to see this picture, and, if you ask me, she plays the title rôle.

THE GREATER GLORY” has June Mathis and the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse; but it hasn’t Rudy, Alice Terry, the tango, or Rex Ingram’s direction. And these little omissions make all the difference. I can’t exactly say what’s wrong with this picture. The story from which it was adapted—“The Viennese Medley”—looked like good film material. And the picture does have its moments. But somehow the most awful things can happen to the cast and you don’t give a darn. Wait a minute—except in the case of the heroine, Anna Q. Nilsson, and the little old Tante, played

SKINNER'S DRESS SUIT

¶ *A Bigger and Better Denny*

IF the worth of a picture depends upon the mood it sends its audience out in, then "Skinner's Dress-Suit" is a million-dollar show. This human little picture is worth a dozen of the big, pompous super-spectacles and I don't care who knows I think so. It amuses from start to finish. It might have happened to any of us. It's the kind of picture that will remind the older folks of their early days of struggle and will inspire the youngsters to go out and make good—like Skinner. Even if you don't intend to take a tip from Skinner's methods, you'll enjoy the picture.

The story is a classic. It is the only story I know of that has been filmed three times. It gets better each time. This last edition is the funniest. The Henry Irving Dodge is not a new one—just the old, old story of the under-dog who gets up and walks on his hind legs. But it's always popular. You'll hear your neighbors shout when Skinner forces his haughty employer to come to terms. If you aren't whooping yourself, there's something wrong with your sense of humor—or else your own haughty employer is sitting beside you—probably laughing his head off.

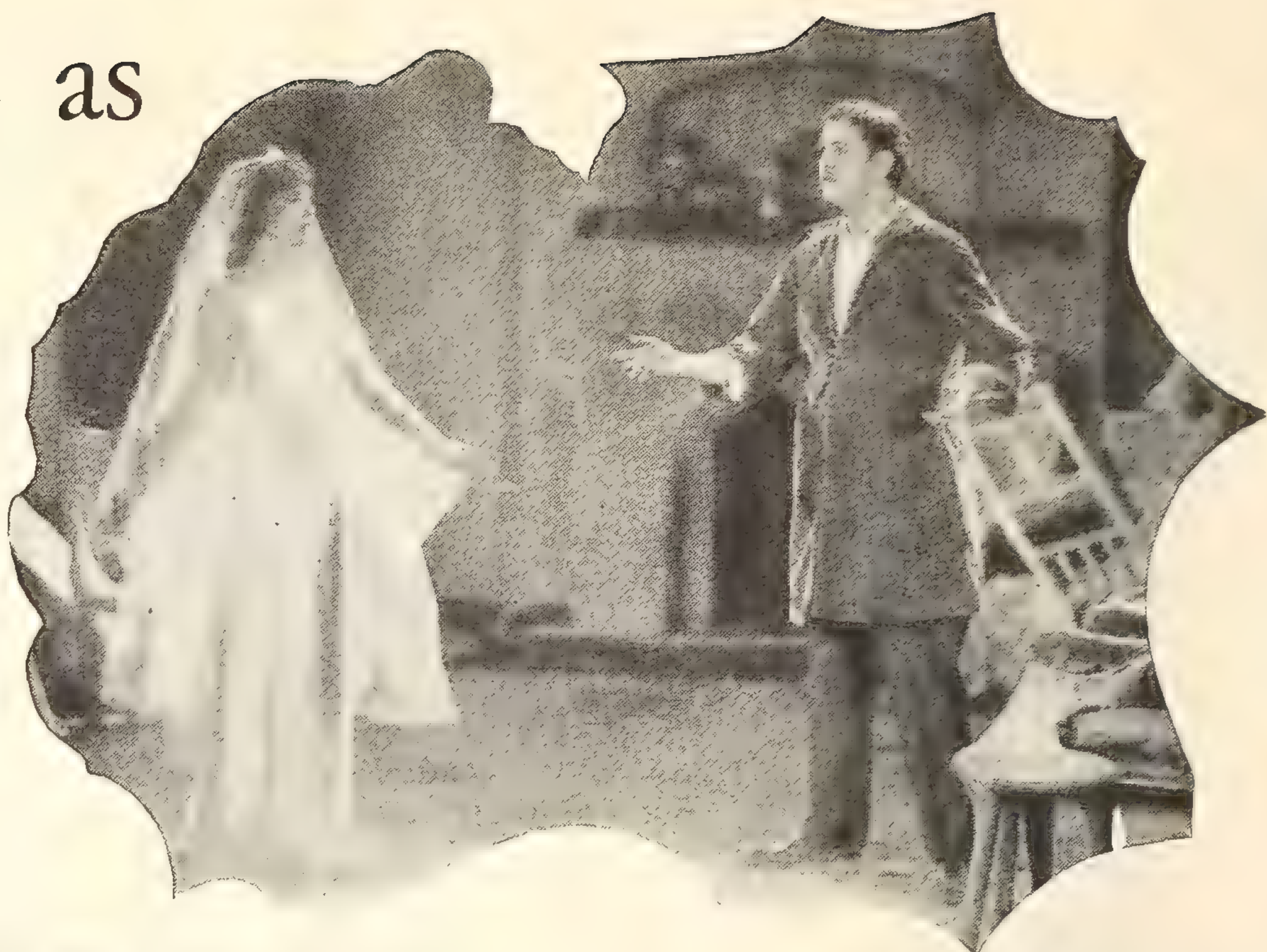
And there are all kinds of laughs. Skinner and Honey teaching the highly genteel gathering their version of the Charleston is just one. And there are other moments when you would empty your own pockets to help Skinner pay for that dress-suit. Director William Seiter couldn't have done a better job. He steers the Skinners through their joys and troubles with humor and sympathy. It's Reginald Denny's very best work. He has stopped doing those funny things with his mouth, and he doesn't act so self-conscious any more. Some of his expressions—oh, yes, he has more than the regulation three—will start mirth-quakes, especially when he turns up his nose at his boss. Laura La Plante is Honey to the life. Besides looking lovely, she achieves the illusion of reality. She's my favorite screen comedienne. Who's yours? There's no slap-stick in "Skinner". No fight at the finish or last-minute rescue to pep things up. It's human, and funny, and charming to the fade-out. If you don't like it, it's your own fault!

¶ Some of Reginald Denny's expressions—oh yes he has more than the regulation three—will start mirth quakes.



A Film is as GOOD as its VILLAIN

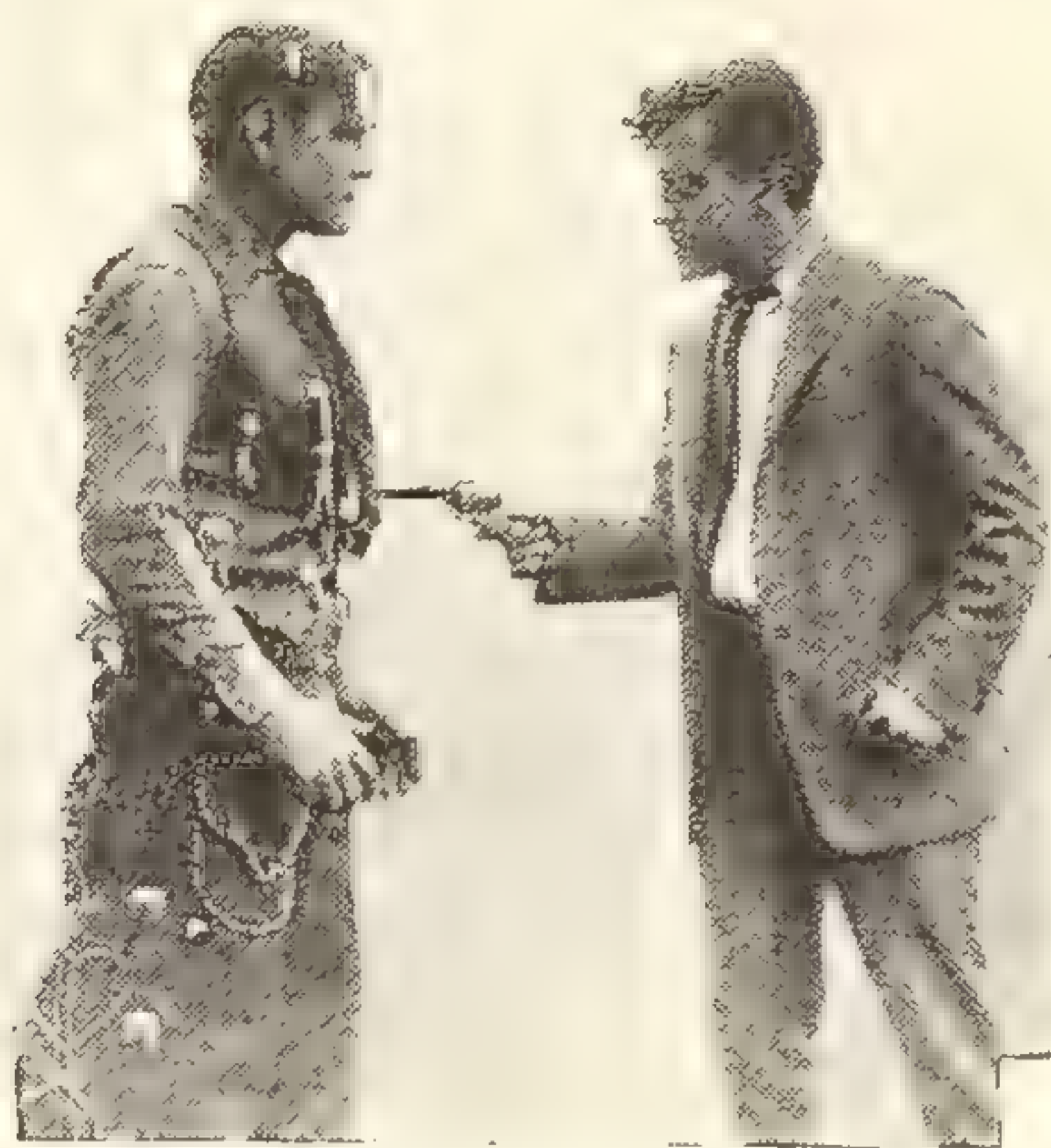
By Bill Colling



☞ Julanne Johnston and John Roche in "The Vision".



☞ Priscilla Bonner as the simple mountaineer girl in "The Earth Woman".



☞ The villain gets the drop on Buck Jones just for a moment in "A Man Four Square".

six dollars carfare removed from New York, remember you're talking to a movie cricket and not to a a movie actor."

"But you told me you had nearly forty dollars saved up last winter," she glubbed.

"And so I did — \$36.85, to be exact, and yesterday the garage man got me in a corner and when I got out, I had just the six dollars aforementioned."

She giggled as if it were a joke. "I guess you'll have to do your travelling this summer in the movies," she said.

And ever since then, I haven't been able to get that fool idea out of my head. After all, why can't you do your travelling via the flickering films? Of course, you won't get the soft coal cinders or the hotel bills or the souvenir shell purses; but on the other hand, you can get satisfactory glimpses of foreign cities and lands and you can view the high life of New York or the low life of the open spaces for only two bits a look—

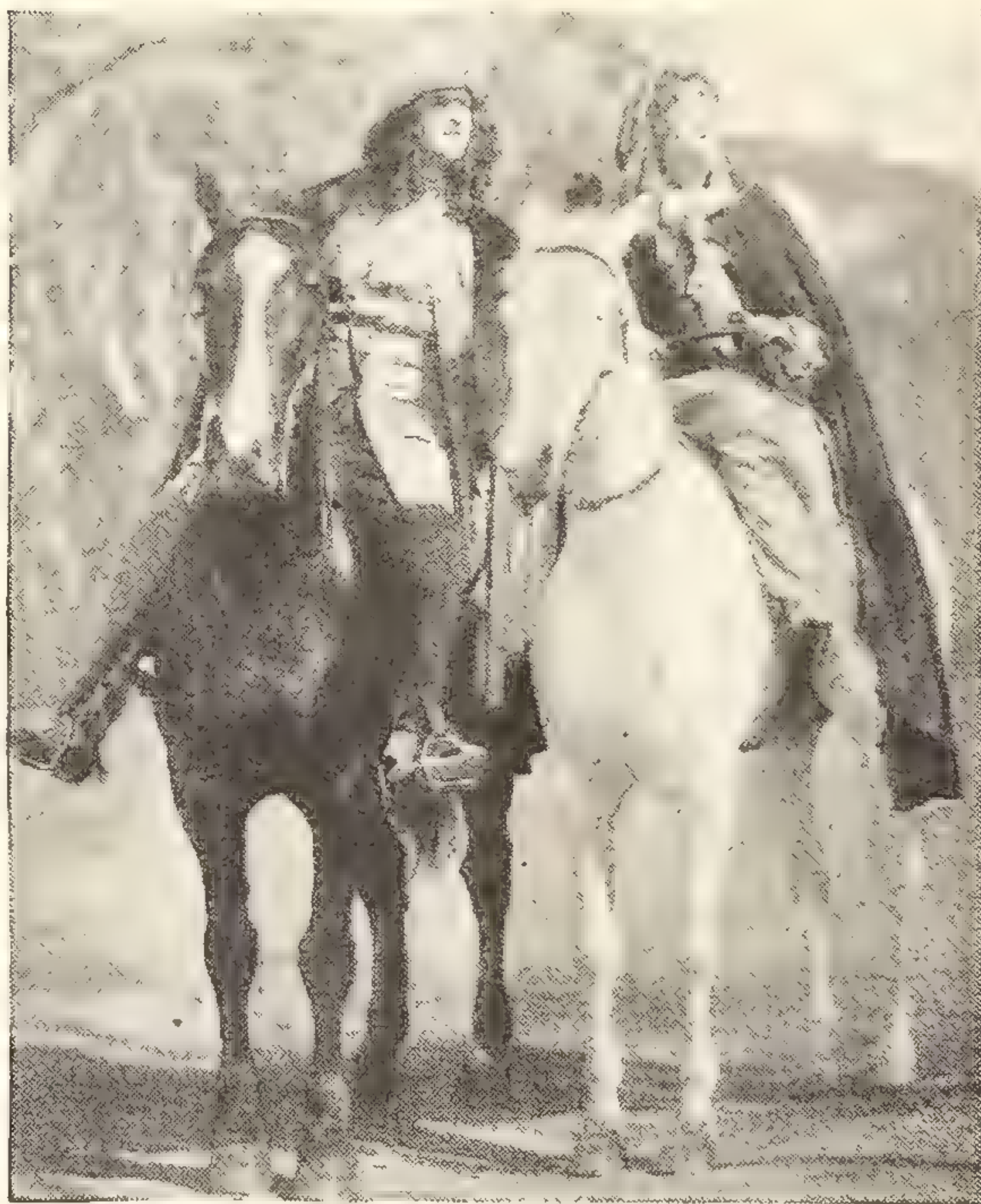
O H, gosh! About this time every year my feet begin to itch for the great open spaces and another moving picture seems just about as alluring as another tubful of dirty dishes to a hard-working dish-washer in a Sixth Avenue beanery.

Says I to the girl-friend:

"Lookit what some darnphool sent me — a booklet on 'Seeing the Rockies'! And me just rarin' to go somewhere, even if it's only to Coney Island!"

"Well, why don't you go?" asks the sensible child.

"If you mean Coney, it's a date," says I; "but if you mean the Rockie Mts. or any other place that's more than



☞ Julanne Johnston's loveliness adds an ethereal quality to "The Vision". John Roche is sincere as the English lord.



☞ Elinor Faire and Rod La Rocque in "Bachelor's Brides".

and you don't have to spend a week resting up after your travels, either!

At any rate, not having much choice in the matter, that's what I've decided to do. And I got a good start in a little picture, put out by Educational, called "*The Vision*"—not a bad title, either, in connection with sightseeing. This is a charming little romance laid in England in the days when



It is based on the famous painting of that title and tells the story which inspired the painter to choose his subject. A young English lord is haunted by the vision of a lovely girl who keeps trying to get him to follow her. He does so, and she leads him to a deserted room in the

of Florence Gilbert and Buck elopement.

Jones in "A Man Four Square".

throws herself over a high cliff.

It's a simple and very pretty and touching little romance in two reels. Helped by the color process and by the loveliness of Julianne Johnston, it is a treat for the eye, and when it comes to scenery—! (Continued on page 90)

attic of the mansion and points out the hiding place of an old diary. As he reads the faded writing, the scene fades into a beautiful colored view of the house as it was in the long, long ago. We see the girl about to be forced by her father into marriage with a wealthy scoundrel. She sends a message to her true love to meet her at night: object, But the villain lies in wait for them and shoots the nice young man in the back, and the girl, distracted by grief,



Q Jane Thomas of the "Big Show" has difficulty in getting a little privacy.

The BEACH where Beauty has a

CHANCE

¶ Cecil B. De Mille like every one else goes bathing and like many another successful man he carries his business and his eye for beauty with him.

By Charles East



“C B.” as Mr. Cecil B. De Mille is affectionately called in Hollywood, is an enthusiast. Whether he is at work or at play he thinks pictures and to him every man, woman and dog is a picture problem.

It has happened that extra girls after having been refused admission to the great Metropolitan Studios have been able to “strut their stuff” before smiling “C. B.” on the beach. And always the girl who is “born for pictures” finds the calculating camera eye of the great director eagerly watching her poise and grace intent on making another screen discovery.

The beach at Santa Monica has become known as the favorite bathing beach of picture directors and not a little of its popularity is due to the gamblers thought that “He might want me for the movies”.

De Mille is a genial god. In this picture, which was taken at a beach party while the “Deluge” was being prepared, Julia Faye can be seen behind him. A pleasant kindly king, Dunhill alight, he smiles upon the ambitious, as well he might, for he is one of them.

¶ On the beach at Santa Monica the director is exposed to blinding beauty and has been known to give more than one an initiation to his movie kingdom.



BLANCHE MEHAFFEY, once of the Hal Roach Comedies has a passion for butterflies and for her next part with Reginald Denny in *"Take it From Me"*.



THE RENDEZVOUS



DORIS KENYON, the beauty of the First National lot has just finished "*Men of Steel*" and is now at work on "*Missmates*"— Sorry it is not a bathing suit picture.





FREQUENTLY on the beach at Santa Monica Vera Reynolds surrenders to the lure of the Pacific. Her first starring role is on the way—*"Sunny Ducrow"*.





MARIE PREVOST has the same charming figure that attracted attention to her when she was a bathing beauty. Now, however, she is one of the Metropolitan stars and her first starring picture is "*Up in Mabel's Room*".



The STAGE COACH

Conducted by

Morrie Ryskind

ABOUT the time of year that our million readers will be scanning this page, the annual exodus from and hegira to New York will have begun. All the native New Yorkers will begin departing for Florida, Cuba, Europe and other points. The rest of this country will begin pouring into New York.

From the point of view of one born and bred in Manhattan, it is difficult to realize why the natives leave the Big Town, as it was once christened by Ring Lardner. The vacationing out-of-towners get far, far the better of the bargain. As



☞ Mary Philips in "The Wisdom Tooth".

Photograph by White

a summer resort, there is no town in the world that equals New York.

That may sound like hyperbole to a lot of people who do not know just what hyperbole is, but have their suspicions. But it is a fact—as the rest of this article will prove. If you're convinced, you can stop now and go back to find out what Delight Evans and Bill Colling have to say about the movies.

In the first place, there is



☞ Chrystal Herne who has won distinction in "Craig's Wife".

Photograph by VanDamm



Photograph by Bruguiere

☞ Alice Brady who deserted the screen for the stage as Ma Bowman in "Bride of the Lamb".

☞ New York as the last resort for summer.



Photograph by Muray

☞ Lynn Fontanne who plays Laura in the Theatre Guild's production "At Mrs. Beam's".

the New York climate. You can always tell what Hollywood is going to be like any time of the year, and the rainfall of Chicago hasn't varied ten points

in ten years. But New York offers the four seasons during any season. It is cold enough to freeze Eskimos one day, and the next it is hot enough to eat Eskimo pie. Sometimes the baseball game has to be called off on account of snow, and the next day it is so warm that light underwear is considered a good costume for five o'clock tea. In short, the New York climate is just full of surprises, and what we always say is that there's nothing like a good surprise.

Then again, there is the show proposition. The average New Yorker leaves town just when the girl shows begin to come on.

The girl shows come on and the clothing goes off. It may be that the New Yorker leaves because he can find that sort of thing in the winter as well as in the summer, but the out-of-towner gets the first knowledge of what the well-dressed chorus girl is going to wear this summer. You may think that the out-of-towner doesn't care about such things. If he doesn't, then Mr. Ziegfeld, Mr. George White, and the Messrs. Shubert, who are at this writing

(Continued on page 88)

Laura La Plante GOES



The gowns worn by
Miss La Plante were
supplied by

SAKS

Fifth Avenue,
New York

Nothing could be more charming for an informal summer evening than this flowered chiffon Dre-coll frock which Miss Laura La Plante is wearing.



The big taffeta bow in front adds a saucy note to this simple georgette frock with an unusual fluting on the hem of the skirt.

FILMY frocks, warm summer nights, gay dances! Laura La Plante when she was in New York recently for the opening of "The Midnight Sun" choose these enchanting, delicate frocks. Haven't they a festive air and aren't they ravishingly cool-looking and so simple. Can't you imagine slipping into this delectable little georgette frock some hot summer afternoon and flitting away for iced lemonade on some one's shaded porch. That crisp, saucy, taffeta bow would put joy into the limpest afternoon.

What could be more charming for an informal summer evening than this flowered chiffon frock that floats and flutters in a completely fascinating way whenever it's



☞ Warner Baxter as Nuitane, Gilda Gray's South Sea Lover, in "Aloma of the South Seas", spears fish like a native.

Perfect timing was required in the execution scene. The death train came down one street and John was led up the gallows platform, while the train of the King was required to come down another street angling into the square where the execution was to be held and arrive just in time for John to thwart the noose and leap into the carriage of the King.

The escape was cleverly contrived. Just as the hangmen were about to slip the noose around his neck, John's double broke the bonds on his hands, bowled down the men nearest him and swung on the noose over the heads of the crowd into a hay wagon.

Here another double leaped over the crowd to a stairway on the castle wall and ran up the towering stairs pursued by the execution guards.

A third double performed



☞ Milton Sills and his daughter, Dorothy, who finally got her dad's consent to try the movies — after she finishes school.

the most breath-taking feat of all. When the pursuers were almost upon him he seized a long drapery and swung off into space.

The king's train, meanwhile, had come up the other street, the coaches rattling and groaning (if you closed your eyes they sounded like circus wagons which at some distant dawn you heard lumbering down streets lined with curious and sleepy-eyed small boys, from the railroad track to the empty lots where the big tent was to be erected).

And the King's carriage arrived just in time for the swing from the castle wall to bring the fugitive up against the vehicle. He hopped into the carriage.

There was a little screen magic used in filming that last swing, but I am pledged not to reveal it.

King Vidor handled the

crowd suavely and was very considerate in allowing them to rest whenever possible. But then he was used to crowds from "The Big Parade" days.

Speaking of "The Big Parade", King and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer are at odds over the profits from this phenomenal success. Vidor thinks he ought to get a greater percentage than was originally agreed upon, due to the unexpected hold the film took, but the company says no.

It has been freely rumored that Vidor will leave Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer following the completion of "Bardelys The Magnificent". But he denies this. His contract calls for four pictures and he says he must deliver them.

"I am going to take a vacation in Europe though, I hope," he said. "Here I've made all of my recent pictures with European settings, and I've never even been abroad." Vidor thinks "Bardelys" may equal "The Big Parade", and that it is much superior to "La Boheme". The director was not particularly happy with Lillian Gish, whose precision hampered an understanding between the two from an artistic stand-point.

Most of Vidor's work, as a matter of fact, is improvisation on the set. Such was the chewing gum love scene between John Gilbert and Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade". The sequence showing many hundred feet on the screen was covered by a phrase in the script. Vidor never minutely works out on paper his scenes as does, for instance, Ernst Lubitsch.

JOHN BARRYMORE's latest "bon mot" originated at the ground breaking ceremonies for Carter De Haven's "Hollywood Music Box" Theater, of which John and many other film people are stock-holders.

Barrymore, in costume for "Manon Lescaut", was to break the first ground. De Haven handed him the spade.

"What's this?" asked Barrymore.

"A spade."

"Don't hand it to me," said the actor, "I went into the movies to escape them."

It was my good fortune this month to be the first to secure an interview with little Charles Spencer Chaplin Jr., first born of the comedian.

Why Charlie has forbidden a picture to be published of his son to-date is hard to fathom. Little Spencer (he is known by his second name) is a handsome baby boy,

about a year old, with very dark hair and eyes and a head shaped much like Charlie's. He has a keen gleam of alert baby intelligence in his eyes, is master of a slow fascinating smile, and beyond doubt has inherited the ability to mimic in an amusing way.

We stood in the living room of the huge Chaplin house in Beverly Hills and watched him, his grandmother and I, while he lay in the arms of his great grandmother, whose hair, yet, is not entirely gray, and matched her expression for expression.

His girlish mother, Lita Grey Chaplin, still unable to come downstairs after the birth of her second son, leaned over the stair-railing on the second floor.

"He's a regular little



Colleen Moore and her private yacht.

actor," she called. "You ought to see him mock Charlie when they play together."

Charlie explained to me later at the studio that he intends to allow pictures to be taken of the baby soon, and that he will make motion pictures also, which will form a record of his son's childhood. His reason for waiting so long is that he thinks babies have no individuality, he says.

The second Chaplin heir is named Sydney Earl Chaplin, in part after Charlie's brother, Syd, and in part after a relative of Mrs. Chaplin's.

A SMALL dinner party given by Constance Talmadge this month took a load of curiosity off the mind of



The gypsy girl of "The Volga Boatman" turns aristocrat. Julia Faye will be a princess in "Meet the Prince"

Hollywood, which was busy conjecturing about Captain Alastair Mackintosh, the somewhat mysterious Englishman who rushed Connie right off her feet into marriage.

The captain has won immediate favor. "Lord, there's no mystery to me," he says. "My life's an open book if it is of interest to anybody. But I don't amount to anything. Some of my people in England were well known, but I don't cut much of a figure."

The Captain, however, has a very interesting biography. He is the nephew of the late Lord Kyllacwy, was born in Inverness, Scotland, December, 1889, attended school at Cargilfield, Edinburgh, became a second lieutenant in the Seaforth Highland Regiment Sept. 2, 1914, later was a staff officer with Sir Douglas Dawson, was in the Horse Guards in London in 1916, went to India as aide-de-camp to Lord Willingdon in the summer of 1918, returned to London the following January, and remained in the army until 1920. In the winter of 1921 he came to America as the house guest of Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and has divided his time



Graceful Olive Borden stars again in the Fox picture "Fig Leaves".

between here and there since that time. Every winter he has spent as a guest of J. S. Cosden of Palm Beach, Florida.

MAY MCAVOY and Bobby Agnew have decided to call it quits. On the very day when Hollywood heard they had been secretly married, Bobby revealed that their engagement, one of the longest romances the film colony has had, was at an end.

Bobby reluctantly ad-



Richard Dix is at work on "Say It Again"—he named the picture himself and will defend his title.

mitted, as May could not be found at the time, that he does not think May will ever marry him.

May confirms this. "Bobby and I just had a few words," she said, "and called the thing off. I hardly think I will ever marry him now."

Although this may be just a lover's quarrel, both Bobby and May assure me it isn't, that everything is all off.

REATA HOYT, a dancer, is the heroine of one of those Hollywood success stories which make it impossible to dissuade girls from flocking here in the face of widely publicized figures showing the infinitesimal percent of film aspirants who become successful.

Reata, a frail looking English girl, not unlike Dorothy Mackaill, with the same wistful appeal at least, came to Hollywood for a nine days' vacation from which she planned to return to Ziegfeld's Follies.

She bore a letter from Irving Berlin to Victor Schertzinger, composer and director for William Fox. But she didn't use it. The two, however, met at the home of a mutual friend, and Schertzinger was immediately struck with the possibilities of the dancer for the screen.

A test followed the next morning, and as a result Reata Hoyt has been signed on a five-year contract by Fox. She is now playing her first part, the sister of Belle Bennett in Schertzinger's production of "The Lily".

A SUMMER Saturday luncheon at the Montmartre reveals an interesting and informal side of Hollywood.

Today Norman Kerry appeared in correct white flannels and blue coat, but without a neck tie, his soft shirt flowing open at the neck. Johnny Walker also wore white flannels, but with a colored silk slip-over sweater.

Frankie Grandetta, the boxer, who has been rushing Shirley Mason since her sister Viola Dana was married to Lefty Flynn, wore white linen knickers.

Claire Windsor wore startling flame red crepe with white lace at the neck, a coat of red and white polka dotted georgette, and a huge draping red felt hat. (Marie Prevost owns the duplicate of this outfit in blue.)

And the most interesting figure of all was an automobile salesman of a very expensive make of car, who is a regular Saturday luncheon visitor at the Montmartre, and who goes in for sartorial excellence, and for movie stars. Today he wore riding clothes unchafed by saddle.

(Continued on page 86)

They Say—By Marion of Hollywood



YEP, it did stop raining and the sun did come out, just as I told Agnes it would! And she played her first day of "extra" work and came home with such pink cheeks and was so excited her mother couldn't get her to sleep for hours and hours. If she keeps trying and trying maybe some day she'll be a big star—who can tell? Funnier things than that have happened—particularly in Hollywood—where they make stars overnight and continue to open new theatres to show us their "finds". Last night ceremonies for the latest one were conducted, with Rudy acting as master of the occasion, the mayor on hand, and enough arc lights flooding the sky to satisfy even Carter de Haven, who's doing the building. I tell you, Hollywood's getting to be a great city, with only a few places like "John's" left to give a poor starving actor a square meal on account. Hollywood, our Hollywood, growing up to be a cocky, peppy, self-reliant young man!

* * *

AND if you came to Hollywood and saw a sign posted up on a board reading: "Doug's Wife; Mary's Husband", what would you think it meant? Of course, I knew that Sid Grauman is going to run Doug's and Mary's pictures together, on the same bill, but when I first saw the board it did puzzle me a bit. Cute idea,

In "Hungry Arms", Russell Ritchie had a hard time when he tried to adopt a young son.

wasn't it—kind of reminding us of a happy home perched up among the trees in Beverly Hills.

* * *

AFTER almost six months, my old friend Lois Wilson couldn't stand it another moment and took it upon herself to pay us a visit out here. She says she's been so all-fired busy in New York City making pictures that she hasn't had a chance to even shop around and buy herself some clothes. She was tickled to death to get out here and say 'hello' to all of us and all that, but she certainly did hurry back to that wicked New York with a vim and vigor that surprised me tremendously. Of course I had to kid her about it, and asked her what there is back there to rush her away from here so. Maybe I didn't find out the exact reason, or anything definite, but such a beautiful blush I got from the fair Lois! Oh, Lois, Lois, I fear you're saying me nay and keeping some interesting things from my romance-seeking soul. Write me a letter and tell me the truth.

* * *

MILDRED DAVIS LLOYD had a party the other day, ostensibly for cards, but it turned out to be a party for two-year-old Mildred Gloria. What a kid! As much at home as though she were twenty-two, giving her coming out party or something, and keeping her many guests

as amused and interested as if the whole thing rested on her tiny shoulders. And those two grandmothers who were there—Grandma Lloyd and Grandma Davis. How Mildred Gloria ever got to be two whole years old without being the “spoileddest young un” in the world is beyond me. She’s the queen on the throne, all righty, and no royalty ever had a greater number of loyal, dotting subjects.

* * *

TALKING about their babies, reminds me that Dick Barthelmess has fixed young Mary Hay up properly for the summertime months. Can you imagine a great big house at the beach being leased for a tiny chit of a girl like that? But that’s what Dick has done, and I suppose Mary will be brown as a berry and swim like a fish after the summer months are over and she comes back again to Hollywood. Maybe she’ll invite all the rest of our famous Hollywood babies down for a play in the sand, too, an’ let ’em use her water-wings, and everything.

* * *

I WAS perched up on Oscar’s shoe-shine bench the other day, bowing hello to a gentleman sitting on the stoop across from me, when all of a sudden a lady appeared and put her two hands over the eyes of the gentleman, who was just about to bow hello back to me. “Pretty bad,” says I to myself, “when a poor man can’t sit down for a bit of a rest without some vamping young lady rushing up and disturbing all concerned.” At that the gentleman, Lowell Sherman, turned around, smiled a bright smile, took the young lady in his arms and kissed her soundly. Whadda ya think of that? But it’s all right—because when the young lady turned around, who did I see standing before me but Lowell Sherman’s little bride, Pauline Garon. You see, I’m for brides kissing their grooms anywhere they want to and just as often!

* * *

WILLIAM POWELL limped up to me the other day. I don’t know why I had to laugh, for it really wasn’t a laughing matter! But he looked so forlorn and sad and kind of as if he’d lost his last friend that I had to laugh. You know, Bill Powell very, very seldom looks that way—he hasn’t the littlest sort of a grouch against this old world of ours at any time—and that’s why it looked so kind of funny to see him without a smile

on his face. Well, he’d had an automobile accident, and it’s the second time he’s had an accident, and it wouldn’t be half as bad if he could only blame it on himself, because he wasn’t driving in either accident. And that still wouldn’t be near as bad, as long as he can’t blame it



Q Ronald Colman makes an ideal Michael in “Beau Geste”.



Q Bracelets are the mode. Gone are necklaces on the Metro lot. Gwen Lee follows the fashion with nine bangles.

on himself, if it were somebody else’s car but his own which got all mussed up! Never mind, Bill. Think of how you can always be tacking things on to your accident. You know—“Well, just before my last automobile accident”, or “Right after my first automobile accident”. It comes in rather handy, after all.

* * *

MAYBE it’s because Doug Fairbanks, Jr., is such a nice boy that I’m interested in him and am tickled to death to see him boom ahead. He IS a nice boy, too! Anyway, the other night I saw his latest picture previewed. I mean, of course, the picture in which he has his latest part. It’s “Padlocked”, and Doug certainly shows that

he’s coming into his own. He does a comedy, flashy, silly kid, and he gets his stuff over with a regular bang. Every once in a while you turn to your escort and say—“Golly, didn’t he look like his Dad there?”—and I want everybody to watch out for him in this picture and see if you don’t agree with me that Doug, Jr., is coming into his own. Believe me, Doug hasn’t had as easy going as a lot of people may think he has, either. The silver lining is just beginning to show itself.

* * *

THE most fun I’ve had this month was on the “Hungry Arms” set where six-year-old Priscilla Moran is holding



Q When Ben Lyon’s mother visited him on “The Savage” set.



Ⓒ Dashing Jack Holt when he finishes his day of high adventure, goes home to this charming wife and two healthy kiddies.

forth with an old white horse, a talkative parrot and a good-natured, smiling little six-months old fellow. The horse, while he isn't working, just crosses his legs, blinks his eyes and goes to sleep; the baby never gets much chance to go to sleep because his six-year-old mother is much too busy with him, putting his bonnet on and taking it off, grabbing him to her and telling him what a sweet little thing he is and hugging him so hard you'd think he'd start in telling us all he'd had plenty of loving; and the parrot—well, when he wasn't waking the



Ⓒ Adolph Zukor, President, and Jesse L. Lasky, First Vice-President of Famous Players-Lasky Corp., look over the plans of the huge new West Coast Paramount studios.

horse up with his "gid-daps" or telling Priscilla to "put that child down", he had everybody else on the set scurrying around at his false orders. The other morning Emily Fitzroy was a little late on the set, and all the company was standing around waiting for her to arrive. Before anyone else had caught even a slight glimpse of Emily, the parrot started screeching: "Come on, there! Make it snappy; make it snappy! Hurry up!" And when Emily reached the set, the old nickanino was to pay, to think that anyone would call at her across the stage with such little dignity. Then, when poor Bozo received a good sound scolding for his thoughtlessly

I'd Be Bald Today

-but a sleepy telephone girl saved me

Sixty Days Ago I Hardly Had a Handful of Hair Left. Then One Night I Tried to Get a Number from a Drowsy Telephone Operator. I Didn't Get the Number—But I DID Get a Wonderful New Growth of Hair in the Most Unexpected Way!

"THERE'S no use trying to prevent it," I said to Mary. "There's another combful of hair gone, and—"

"Oh, stop talking about your hair," Mary replied! "You're worrying yourself into baldness, that's what you're doing."

"Worry or no worry," I exploded, "it's getting so now that I'm actually ashamed to take my hat off."

"Oh, forget about it and get Alice on the 'phone. She wants us to dinner tomorrow. Tell her we'll be there."

"Very well," I said, and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," came from the other end of the wire in a man's voice. And just as I was about to answer "Hello," another gruff voice replied: "Howdy, Jack."

Some sleepy operator had put me on a busy wire! I started to hang up when Jack, whoever he was, called out cheerfully:

"How's your old bald head?"

I could have sworn he meant me. But he didn't. For the other replied, just as cheerfully, "It isn't!"

This was good and I decided to listen.

"What do you mean—it isn't?"

"It isn't bald."

"What's happened—have you bought a wig?"

"No, I haven't bought a wig. But I've got a brand new growth of hair—and it's real, honest-to-goodness hair, too. I'll tell you about it."

And while I eavesdropped he explained how he had been using a wonderful new treatment perfected by Alois Merke—founder of the famous Merke Institute, Fifth Avenue, New York. This treatment, he said, got right down to the cause of baldness—the dormant roots themselves. In 30 days he could see new hair coming in, and in 60 days every bald spot was being rapidly covered.

That was enough for me. I remembered having seen an ad on the Merke Treatment in one of the magazines. So I immediately dug it up and read it carefully. To my surprise I learned that Merke not only agreed to grow new hair—but he positively guaranteed to bring results in 30 days or no cost! I told Mary about it and together we decided to send for the treatment.

The first two or three times I used the treatment I began to notice that my hair didn't fall out as much as it used to. But a little later I got the biggest surprise of my life. For I looked in the mirror—and there sprouting right up from my once scantily-covered scalp, was a fine, downy growth of healthy young hair.

Each evening I devoted 15 minutes to the treatment at home. And day after day I could see this new hair getting thicker and thicker. In a month's time there was the most surprising difference. And at the end of sixty days—well, I no longer worried about baldness. I had regained a wonderful new, healthy growth of hair. That sleepy telephone girl will never know what a wonderful thing she did for me.

Here's the Secret

According to Alois Merke, in most cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead, but merely dormant—temporarily asleep. Now to make a sickly tree grow you would not think of rubbing growing fluid on the leaves. Yet that is just what I had been doing when I used to douse my head with tonics, salves, etc. To make a tree grow you must nourish the roots. And it's exactly the same with the hair.

This new treatment which Merke perfected after 17 years' experience in treating baldness, is the first and only practical method of getting right down to the hair roots and nourishing them.

At the Merke Institute many have paid as high as \$500 for the same results that may now be secured in any home in which there is electricity—at a cost of only a few cents a day.

The thing I like most about Merke is that he



frankly admits that his treatment will not grow hair in every case. There are some cases of baldness that nothing in the world can help. But so many others have regained hair this new way, that he absolutely guarantees to produce an entirely new growth in 30 days—or the trial is free. And you are the sole judge of whether his method works or not.

Coupon Brings You Full Details

This story is typical of the results that great numbers of people are securing with the Merke Treatment.

"The New Way to Make Hair Grow," is the title of a vitally interesting 34-page book describing the treatment. It will be sent you entirely free, if you simply mail the coupon below.

This little book explains all about the treatment, shows what it has already done for countless others, and in addition contains much valuable information on the care of the hair and scalp. Remember, this book is yours free—to keep. And if you decide to take the treatment, you can do so without risking a penny. So mail the coupon now. Address Allied Merke Institute, Inc., Dept. 677, 512 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

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Please send me—without cost or obligation—a copy of your book, "The New Way to Make Hair Grow," describing the Merke System.

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Photograph by Melbourne Spurr

☞ Walter Pidgeon, new-comer to the screen, will have the leading rôle opposite Norma Talmadge in her next picture, after he finishes "Miss Nobody" with Anna Q. Nilsson.

spoken words, all he could say was "Spank the baby, there. Spank the baby!" Sure as you're born, you couldn't have the blues and keep 'em on a set like that!

* * *

It's a hard, hard life, this life of an actor's, because if you have a skeleton in the closet they'll find it, and if you haven't, they'll find it anyway. I'm thinking about what Robert Frazer told me the other day. It seems that in his latest picture there are flying scenes, and because Bob holds heavy life insurance which automatically would be cancelled if he ever decided he'd like to fly, he went to the studio officials to see if they couldn't fix it up for him. It was fixed, all right, with the officials taking over the responsibility of Bob's insurance policies while he did the flying. But, in spite of all that, somebody in some way figured here was a fine family skeleton, and printed a story in the local papers that Robert Fraser was afraid to go up in the air! Imagine Robert Fraser, who has a whole thousand hours of army flying to his credit, seeing a thing like that printed about himself in a newspaper. Golly, because I knew of Bob's flying record, I have to admit that I was the one who took the thing to heart and would have shot on sight. Bob just laughed and said that seeing it in the paper didn't bother him at all—that if seeing were believing, he'd be dead long ago. Just the same, don't you think you'd see red if you were in Bob's shoes?

THERE'S a little new club in Hollywood called "The Hollywood Drama Club". They have gotten together, and by their enthusiasm and dreams, have come through the hardest part of their struggle to "carry on" with very little means to so continue. The other night I was invited over to their club rooms to see four one-act plays that they were putting on. They didn't have an elaborate stage, and the stage wasn't set with beautiful draperies, scenery and properties, but they certainly did put over their idea. In their little program they say that they are "hoping to be able to grow to be a credit to Hollywood and to be recognized as one of the Little Theatre Group, "that they may prove to be an inspiration to ambitious actors and writers" and "will welcome any manuscripts of one-act plays". There, you folks who want a chance to have your works produced—why not try the Hollywood Drama Club? They may be young yet, but they're ambitious and full of energy and pep, and you all know that with that much at the start half the battle's already won.

* * *

OF course, it might not always work out this way, but look what happened to the girl over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio. Sounds just like a fairy-tale, to me, and I can't remember another single instance where it has ever happened before. Imagine being a hard-working little secretary at a studio for a whole year, and all of a sudden to have one of the heads of the place come up to you some bright morning and say:

"Miss So-and-So, I've been watching you for quite a few months now, and I've decided to take a screen test of you and see if you won't screen as well as I figure you will."

Just imagine that! And then imagine taking the test. Imagine waiting for the "front office" decision, and then once more imagine yourself signing on that dotted line to play in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer pictures for five years. Oh boy, wouldn't it be a grand and glorious feeling, and if you don't think the little girl to whom it happened over there isn't still pinching herself to see if she's awake or dreaming, you've just got another think coming!

* * *

A COUPLE of weeks ago I walked into a new furniture store on Hollywood Boulevard to buy a lamp-shade. While I was looking around—and feeling rather talkative, as usual—I casually asked the lady if business was pretty good. "Oh, yes," she answered. "We've had a fine month. Say, do you know Owen Moore? He was in last week and bought a whole house-full of things." I pricked up my ears. Of course I knew Owen Moore, and I began to wonder what the "whole house-full of things" was about. About a week later, here's what they told me over at the Fox studio: Kathryn Perry and Owen Moore have just been married, and they have bought a lovely home in Beverly Hills, and they have just finished furnishing it, and the bride and groom are basking in their happiness, and have made me, the real estate agents and the furniture store people all happy, too! See—

(Continued on page 80)

Let This Man Arouse The Mighty Powers Within YOU!

"There is genius asleep within YOU!"—says this man who has startled all America with his astounding psychological discoveries. Dr. Bush says: "There is a tremendous force hidden in your inner mind that will carry you to whatever happiness and success you seek—if you will only let it work for you as it has worked for me and for thousands of others to whom I revealed my secret. Will you let me show you—FREE—how YOU, too, can arouse the mighty power within you?"



DAVID V. BUSH
America's Foremost
Author-Lecturer on
Practical Psychology

WHAT do you want most in life? Do you want money, power, influence? Do you want to be proficient in your work? Would you banish fear, timidity, self-consciousness? Would you be popular? Would you be healthy?

No matter what your great desire in life may be, there is *within yourself* the power to achieve it.

There is nothing mysterious—nothing magical about this great power. Psychologists and scientists have long realized that there is a compelling force hidden in the walled crypts of the inner or subconscious mind which—once released—can sweep men to untold heights of glory and achievement.

But until now this mighty force has remained asleep within us—few know the secret of arousing it to action. David V. Bush, brilliant thinker and lecturer, was the first to discover a way to harness this elemental power and make it achieve our every desire.

By this tremendous power, David V. Bush himself rose from poverty. And then he startled America by bringing his messages to thousands that crowded the Nation's largest auditoriums in New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Boston and other large cities. He made this tremendous force so plain, so

simple and easily applied that he has astonished scientific bodies everywhere.

A Simple, Easy Process —That Always Works

Dr. Bush has made his mission in life helping others to have success, power, money, health. "Ten Thousand Dollars would not pay for the benefits I have received," James C. Smith of Somerville, Mass., writes him. Another says, "I was making no money, my health was bad and I was heavily in debt. Now I have a store of my own and am doing a good business." A Pittsburgh man who learned of this power—he had never earned more than \$25.00 per week—

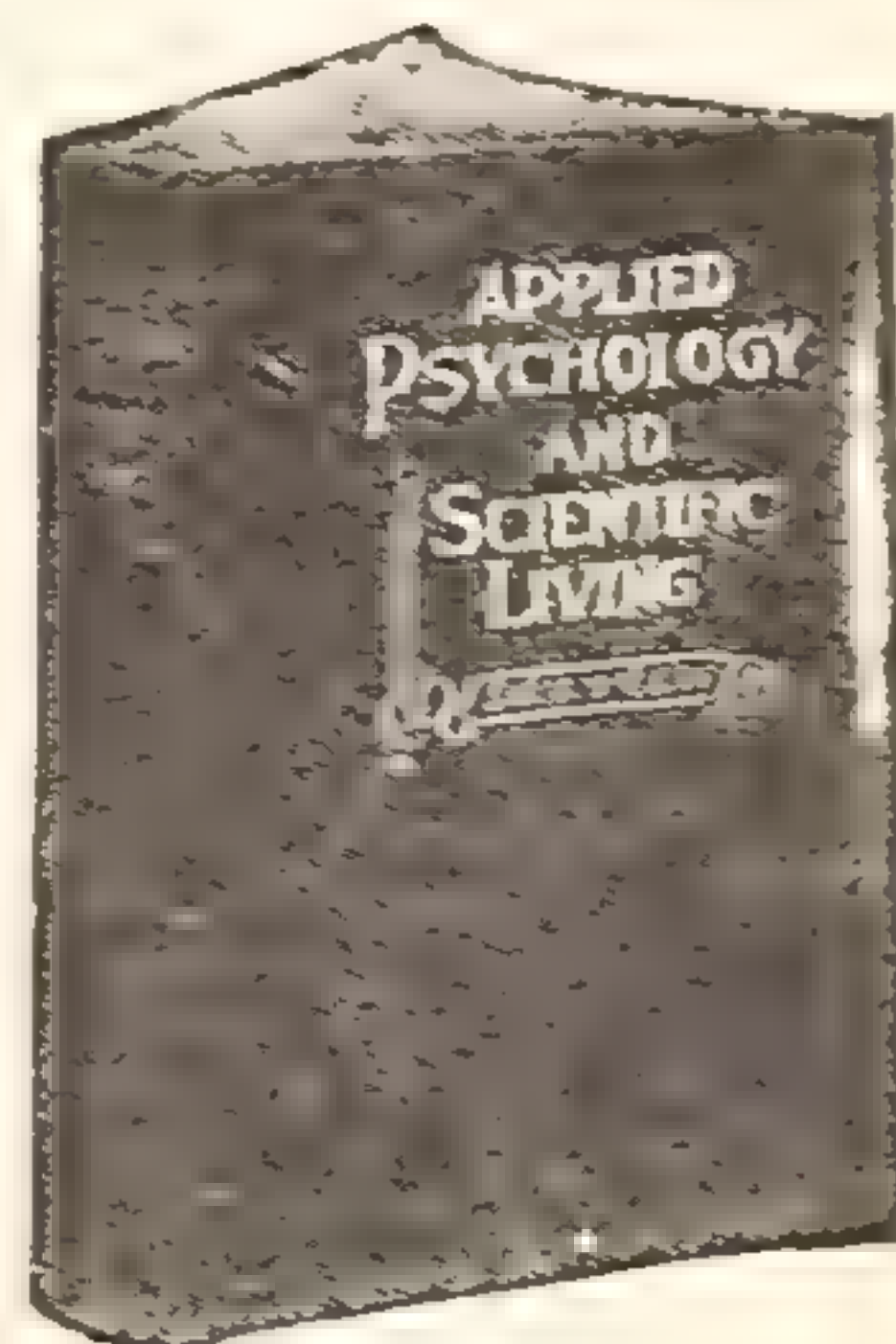
stepped out the first month and made over \$1,000. Another man said: "Made \$5,000 within three months." And a salesman reports: "As a Salesman I was just fair. After trying your method I made \$100 a day." Dr. Bush has thousands of letters like these. They are his proudest possessions.

This great psychologist has tried to carry the secret of this success to people everywhere. In the large cities, this wonderful power has brought success to failures, health to the sick, courage to the nervous and despondent, money to the poor. But there are countless people who cannot attend his lectures. So he now has put the full story of this amazing power into a fascinating book called "APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY AND SCIENTIFIC LIVING." The startling facts told in this remarkable 540-page book will be a revelation to you—a short cut to happiness and success. There is a simple

language is the whole secret and clear explanation of exactly how you—in your home—can arouse the hidden powers within you. Luther Burbank, plant wizard, said: "This book appears to me the most practical and useful work which has been published on this subject."

Make This Test 5 Days Free

And now here is Dr. Bush's special FREE test offer. Mail the coupon below today and this great book will be sent you. Read it five days. Then if you have aroused new powers, if you have acquired this great secret that has given wealth and health to many thousands, send only \$3.50 in full payment. Otherwise return the book and it will cost you nothing. But take the first step towards discovering the hidden powers within you today. Be successful. Know prosperity. This edition is limited. Fill in and mail coupon NOW. DAVID V. BUSH, Dept. 607, 225 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



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HOT *from* HOLLYWOOD

¶ *When publicity directors become confidential.*

AL. CHRISTIE has made quite a few outstanding feature length comedy pictures in the last two seasons but it looks as if he were going to try to top anything his organization has done so far with "The Nervous Wreck", judging by the cast which he has lined up. Here it is:

Harrison Ford as the "wreck" with Phyllis Haver opposite; Mack Swain, Chester Conklin, Hobart Bosworth, Paul Nicholson, Vera Steadman and Charles Gerrard. Scott Sidney of "Charley's Aunt" fame will direct.

—o—

A COMMISSION in title writing that may establish a world's record is awaiting Ralph Spence, internationally known as the author of "The Gorilla", mystery play, as well as for his screen authorship, on his arrival in New York.

En route to Manhattan from Hollywood, within seven days after his arrival in Manhattan, Spence expects to title four feature productions, including "The Old Army Game", with W. C. Fields in the leading rôle; "Say It Again", starring Richard



¶ Gay and laughing Marian Nixon, Universal Player, visited by her adoring family during the making of "Spangles".



¶ Little Mary Louise Miller is Mary Pickford's chief support in "Sparrows". They are enjoying a light luncheon between scenes.

Dix, and "The Palm Beach Girl", featuring Bebe Daniels, all for Lasky, and "The Savage", starring Ben Lyon with May McAvoy, for First National. On completing the strenuous task, Spence immediately expects to take the train back to Hollywood.

—o—

MARY PICKFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, making a personal appearance at the Capitol Theatre, Berlin, (Tuesday night, May 4th) after presentation of Miss Pickford's film, "Little Annie Rooney", were

signally honored by the representative German audience who stood while the orchestra played "The Star Spangled Banner" for the first time in Germany since the war.

Mary and Doug came up on the stage after the midnight premiere and the audience, composed of high officials and many of the old aristocracy of Germany, acclaimed them as they made short speeches in German. There was a pause and then the theatre filled with the tones of a stirring composition that had been discreetly omitted from German theatre programs for eight years, "The Star Spangled Banner". The orchestra played the entire selection, and then rendered "Deutschland Ueber Alles". There was no protest from any member of the old German nobility present, and on the contrary, the famous American couple were given generous applause.

—o—

THE novel situation of a father, who has been stage and film player, directing his own son in mounting the ladder to screen stardom may result from the hero worship of King Baggot, Jr., son of King Baggot, motion picture director.

The lad accompanied his father during his last vacation while the latter was on location directing Bill Hart in "Tumbleweeds". The famous two-gun man took a fancy to King, Jr., and started the lad's instruction in cowboy lore.

Since his return to military school, Baggot, Jr., is besieging his father with requests that he be permitted to work on studio lots

(Continued on page 84)



¶ June Marlowe as she appears in a costume scene in "The Old Soak".



M. J. MCGOWAN
Chief Chemist



Scientist discovers *fat solvent*

Now you can reduce any or every part of your figure with amazing new Reducine Cream which melts away excess fat—slenderizing the figure to perfect proportions without drugs, strenuous exercise, rubber suits or painful denial of any kind.

Milady! If you have a single ounce of unwelcome flesh on your figure—here's good news for you. Getting thin is now pleasurable simple and easy for anyone.

For I, M. J. McGowan, after five years of tireless research, have made the discovery you have all been waiting for. At last I can tell you how to reduce quickly, comfortably—without the bother of tiresome exercises, without the boredom of stupid diet, without resorting to enervating salt baths, without rubber suits or belts, or my advice isn't going to cost you one single penny.

My discovery I call Reducine—McGowan's Reducine. It is not a medicine, a bath salt or a course of useless gymnastics. No—Reducine is a pleasant Cream that you can

apply in the privacy of your own room, patting it gently onto the parts you want to slenderize and promptly you will notice a change. A harmless chemical reaction takes place, during which the excess fat is literally dissolved away, leaving the figure slim and properly rounded, giving the lithe grace to the body every man and woman desires.

Complete 21-Day Treatment Results Guaranteed or Money Back

No matter how much or how little overweight you are, I guarantee that my Reducine Cream will reduce any, or every part of your body, quickly, surely. I do not merely *promise* these results—I guarantee them.

Even one jar of Reducine often effects astonishing weight reduction. But the complete treatment consists of three jars—used over a period of 21 days.

In prescribing three jars of the McGowan Reducine, I am prescribing a complete reducing treatment for *permanent reducing*. You will see results from the outset—but three jars will make these results complete.

A Fresh Jar Sent Every 7 Days 3 Jars in All

I do not send all three jars at once—for Reducine, to be more efficient, should be used when it is fresh. That is why I will not sell it in drug or department stores. Because of the perishable nature of its reducing ingredient, I insist that you get only the freshly compounded product—put out under my direct and personal supervision. You need not pay in advance—each jar is sent C. O. D.

I Take All the Risk—You Are the Sole Judge

When you realize that many imitations of Reducine are now being sold at from \$3.50 to \$5 a jar, at retail, you will realize how astoundingly low is the price we ask. This price is made possible only by the fact that we supply you direct from the laboratory, cutting out the middleman's profit.

Send No Money—Just Sign the Coupon

I am not going to ask you to send one penny with your order. Just sign the coupon and mail it to me today. Your first one-pound jar of Reducine will go forward at once by return mail—and you can pay the postman \$2.47 (plus few cents postage). 7 days later, the second jar will be sent C. O. D. \$2.47 (plus postage), and 7 days later—the third jar—C. O. D. \$2.47 (plus postage).

IDEAL FIGURE CHART



12½"	A Slender neck
35"	Well proportioned bust
25"	A trim waist
36"	Slim hips
23½"	Perfectly modeled thighs
14½"	Graceful calf
8½"	Dainty ankles

THE MCGOWAN LABORATORIES,
710 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 3 Chicago, Ill.

Dear Mr. McGowan: I am willing to let you prove to me, at your expense, that your Reducine Cream will remove all surplus flesh from my figure—in 21 days' time. Please enroll me for your complete 21-day treatment—send me the first 1-pound jar of Reducine at once; the second, 7 days later, and the third, 14 days later. I will pay the postman \$2.47 (plus few cents postage) for each jar as it arrives. It is understood that the full amount will be refunded to me at the completion of the treatment, if it has not reduced my figure.

Name.....

Address.....

If you prefer to remit for the entire treatment in advance, you may enclose \$7 with coupon, and the three jars of Reducine will be sent postpaid—one every 7 days—for the 21-day treatment.

Hot from Hollywood

(Continued from page 82)

and fulfill his ambition to become a "western" star like his idol, Hart.

—o—

JOIN a stock company, you movie aspirants! The theatrical stock company has supplied more successful screen actors than any other professional endeavor.

This was the consensus of opinion of many well-known screen stars who attributed their own success to experience gained while members of small town repertoire and stock companies.

Some of those who graduated from stock into movies are Harry Langdon, Milton Sills, Leon Errol, Ben Lyon, Charlie Murray, Jack Mulhall, Lewis Stone and many more First National players.

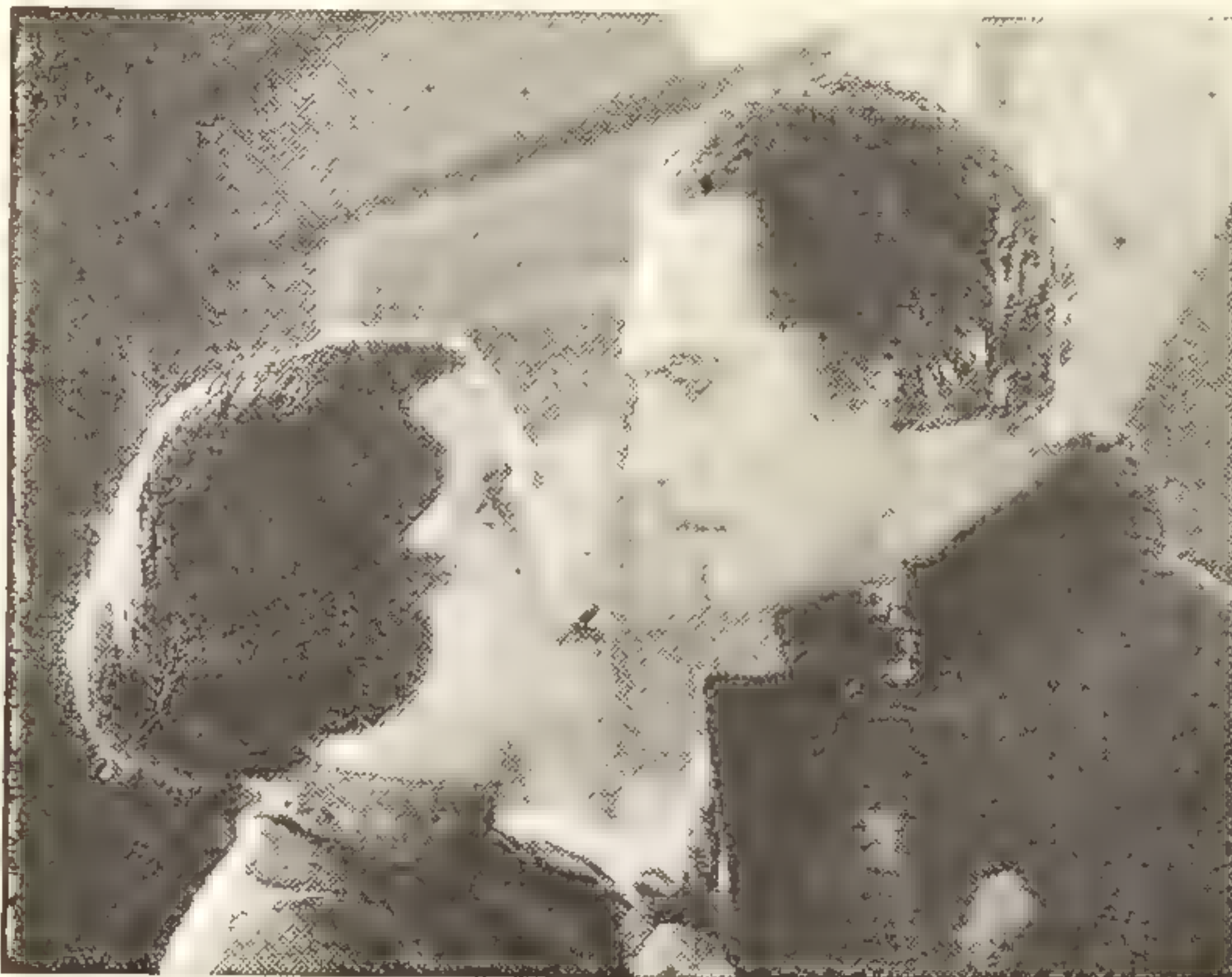
In explaining the value of stock training Harry Langdon, who is at present making "The Yes Man", a feature comedy for First National, stated that the necessity for emergency ability is the great factor which makes stock training invaluable to the motion picture artist.

"Many stock players have to learn three or more parts in order to be ready for any emergency," said Langdon. "This preparedness gives the player an alert air which is greatly appreciated by movie audiences."

Langdon's stock training was received several years ago in small town Mid-Western theatres.

—o—

J. G. BACHMANN has completed casting the principal rôles for the screen version of Wallace Irwin's novel, "Lew Tyler's Wives" which will be the first Preferred Picture to be released through the newly



Alma Rubens and Lou Tellegen in "Siberia".



Lya de Putti, Paramount's new imported "find" who will make her American debut in "The Sorrows of Satan".

formed Famous Attractions Corporation.

Frank Mayo has been selected for the character of Lew Tyler with Ruth Clifford playing Jessie, the first wife, and Hedda Hopper as Virginia, the second wife.

Camera work was started this week at the Tec-Art Studio in New York City where the production will be made with Harley Knoles directing and J. G. Bachmann personally supervising.

—o—

Are you a brunette?

Then you have a better chance for screen fame than a blonde.

Have you a round face?

Then you have a better physiognomy for screening than a girl with a thin face.

And if you have a round face and black hair, you have the best screen combination available.

This was the opinion of Edwin Carewe as expressed recently. Because of his long experience with screen stars, Carewe feels that he is capable of drawing an average of this sort.

Carewe is at present producing "Pals First" for First National. Lloyd Hughes and Dolores del Rio play the leading rôles.

They Say—Continued from page 80

that's how we all play in cahoots in Hollywood. Come West, young folks, come West!

* * *

ACCORDING to George O'Brien you don't have to be a little kid to have a birthday party, with a birthday cake, candles, "presents" and everything, because he happened to have a birthday when the Fox people were having a Convention in Hollywood, and everybody pitched right in and made it a regular time. I tried to find out how many candles stayed lighted when George took one breath to blow them all out, but nobody seemed to know. You know, George is one of the very most eligible bachelors in Hollywood, and I certainly would like to have known how many more years the candles give him for single blessedness. And maybe I'm not the only curious one around, either.

I WONDER if they have as much fun with us Americans when we go to Europe as we do with the European folks who come over here for our pictures. I can get more fun out of listening to Victor Varèse talk, or out of hearing Ernst Lubitsch direct, with his broad smile and his American-learned European expressions. But Victor and Ernst have been here in America quite a few years now, and the English language isn't near as much of a problem to them as it is to the just-arrived Maurice Stiller. "Such a troubles to him our English language is." The one word he at last is sure of is "hullo", so that no matter what he wants to say, it's plain "hullo, hullo". Over at Metro where he's directing his first American picture—"The Temptress"—everybody in the studio is saying it. Friend Stiller is a broad, tall gentleman, and it only makes his struggle with our tender little language



Make Your Skin Ivory-white in 3 Days!

I have the honor to announce the most important beauty discovery of the age . . . a wonderful new-type lotion that clears the skin of every blemish and makes it as smooth and white as ivory. Every woman who wants a glorious complexion can now have it in three to six days.

NOW... a New Kind of Lotion Skin Whitener

NOW you can have the smooth, flawless complexion you have always longed for . . . the exquisite white skin you see only in famous beauties. The kind of skin that powder cannot give! The skin itself must be soft, smooth and white. My marvelous discovery now gives you this striking complexion in just three to six days. It smooths the skin to soft, silky texture. It whitens the skin to ivory whiteness.

Freckles and Tan Vanish!

All trace of freckles, tan, blackheads, roughness and redness disappear almost as if you had wished them away. Never before have women had such a preparation! Mild, gentle and guaranteed safe and harmless! Apply it in just three minutes at bedtime. Every woman should have it. There is not one complexion in a thousand that will not be clearer, smoother, more radiant through its use.

Test It . . . Whiten Your Neck

Test this preparation on your arm, hands, or on your neck where the skin is usually much darker than on the face. See what an amazing improvement three days make. Use my Lotion Face Bleach any way you like for six days. Then, if you are not simply delighted, I ask you to let me refund your money.

Large Bottle . . . Low Price . . . Guaranteed!

Send no money—simply mail coupon. When package arrives pay postman only \$1.50 for the regular large-size bottle. Use this wonderful cosmetic six days. Then, if not delighted, return it, and I will refund your money without comment. Mail coupon at once to (Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

GERVAISE GRAHAM Lotion FACE BLEACH

(Mrs.) GERVAISE GRAHAM,
Dept. S-C-7, 25 W. Illinois St., Chicago.

Send me, postage paid, one Lotion Face Bleach. On arrival, I will pay postman only \$1.50. If not delighted after six days' use I will return it and you will at once refund my money.

Name

Address

Take advantage of the special beauty-offer below and receive, free, remarkable, new skin-cleansing aid. Retail value 50c. See coupon. *Send no money!*



(SPECIAL OFFER BY A FAMOUS BEAUTY-AUTHORITY)

at *any* time, despite daily tasks that rob hands of dainty, feminine charm.

But of them all, you will perhaps be most delighted with Miss Donnelly's **LOVELY COLD-CREAM FACE POWDER**. You have never known anything like it. Tints are exquisitely matched to types of natural coloring. It stays on, beautifully, through a whole evening of dancing.

There is no crude, artificial look. Just a satiny, *natural* loveliness! And, while it gives your skin new allure, it also *protects* the sensitive tissue.

All these beauty-aids, prepared by Miss Donnelly's own formulas, are now offered you—in a dainty golden "Box of BEAUTY." Seven articles (see list)—all full-size—charming packages. Use them. In a week or so the results, *increased loveliness*, will surprise you. If not, you pay *nothing*!

Simply fill in and mail the coupon. Don't send money. The golden "Box of Beauty" will be mailed—in plain, unmarked wrapping. When postman brings it, pay him \$2.97 (plus a few pennies postage). Money refunded unless results delight you.

The price is absurdly small—to introduce Miss Donnelly's own beauty aids to women throughout America. Therefore you must accept at once. Mail your coupon today.

By accepting this offer now, you receive—free—a remarkable, new beauty-aid. Retail value 50c. Assists greatly in keeping skin beautiful, clean, healthy. Not a cream, lotion, soap, tonic or anything of the sort. An entirely new principle. Aids in removing wrinkles, blemishes. *Send coupon now!*

Famous authority

These five unusual beauty-aids came from the knowledge and science of Antoinette Donnelly, America's most noted authority on beauty.

Millions of girls and women profit, daily, by her counsel. Her beauty advice appears in leading newspapers, in favorite magazines.

And these are Antoinette Donnelly's *own* beauty helps! Her own exact formulas, which have brought new loveliness to millions.

First, correct cleansing

Miss Donnelly bases everything upon

THE BOX OF BEAUTY

It is a ¹⁵⁵feeling at ¹⁵⁶golden
color—¹⁵⁷ It gently ¹⁵⁸and:
3 cakes of Arnette Donnelly's LOVELY
SKIN SOAP (a two-fold cleanser); LOVELY
HAIR SHAMPOO; LOVELY SKIN LOTION;
LOVELY COMPLEXION CREAM (for every
purpose); and a box of LOVELY COLD
CREAM FACE POWDER—in any of follow-
ing new tints preferred:

WHITE
FLESH
RACHEL

skin-cleanliness. *Thorough* cleanliness. She knows that exceptional soap, specially prepared for mildness, *must* be used. And *also* a cream that will *penetrate*.

Now she gives you *both*. Her exquisite LOVELY SKIN SOAP—which actually contains a scientific percentage of genuine cleansing cream! It is *most* thorough—yet amazingly mild and beneficial.

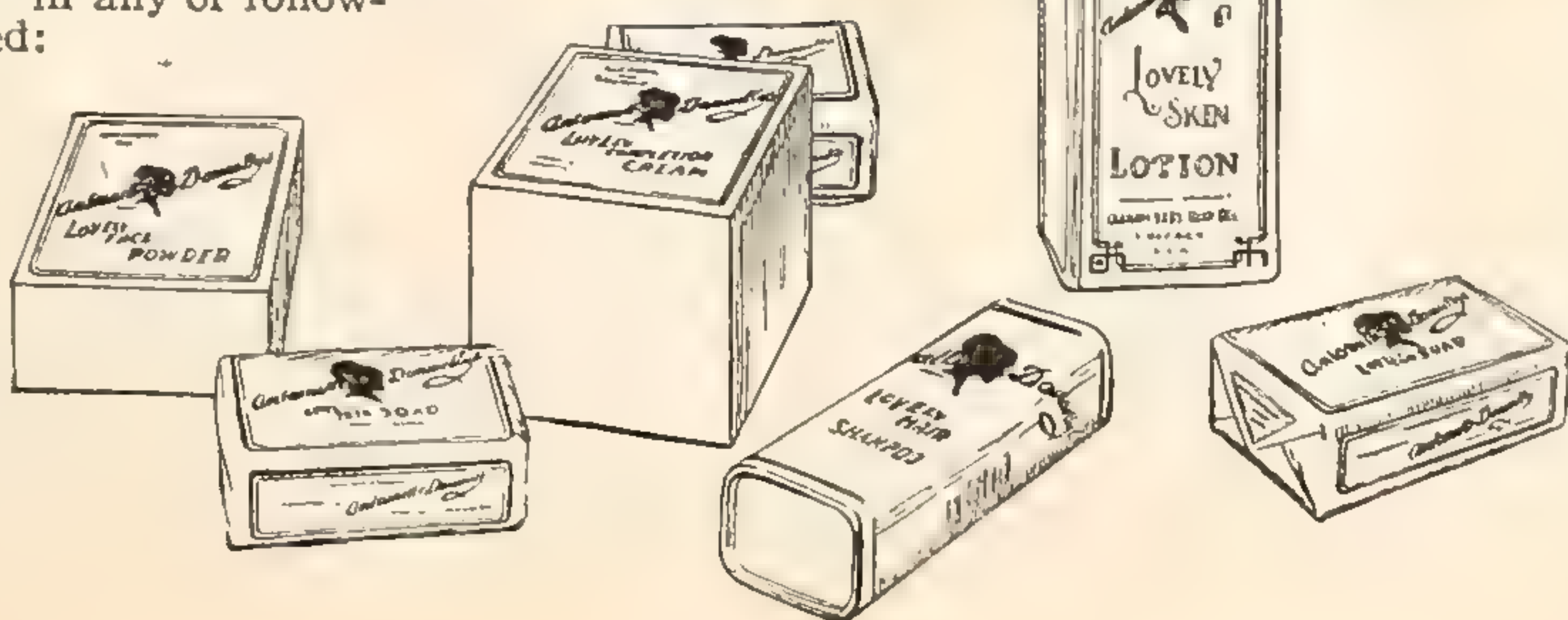
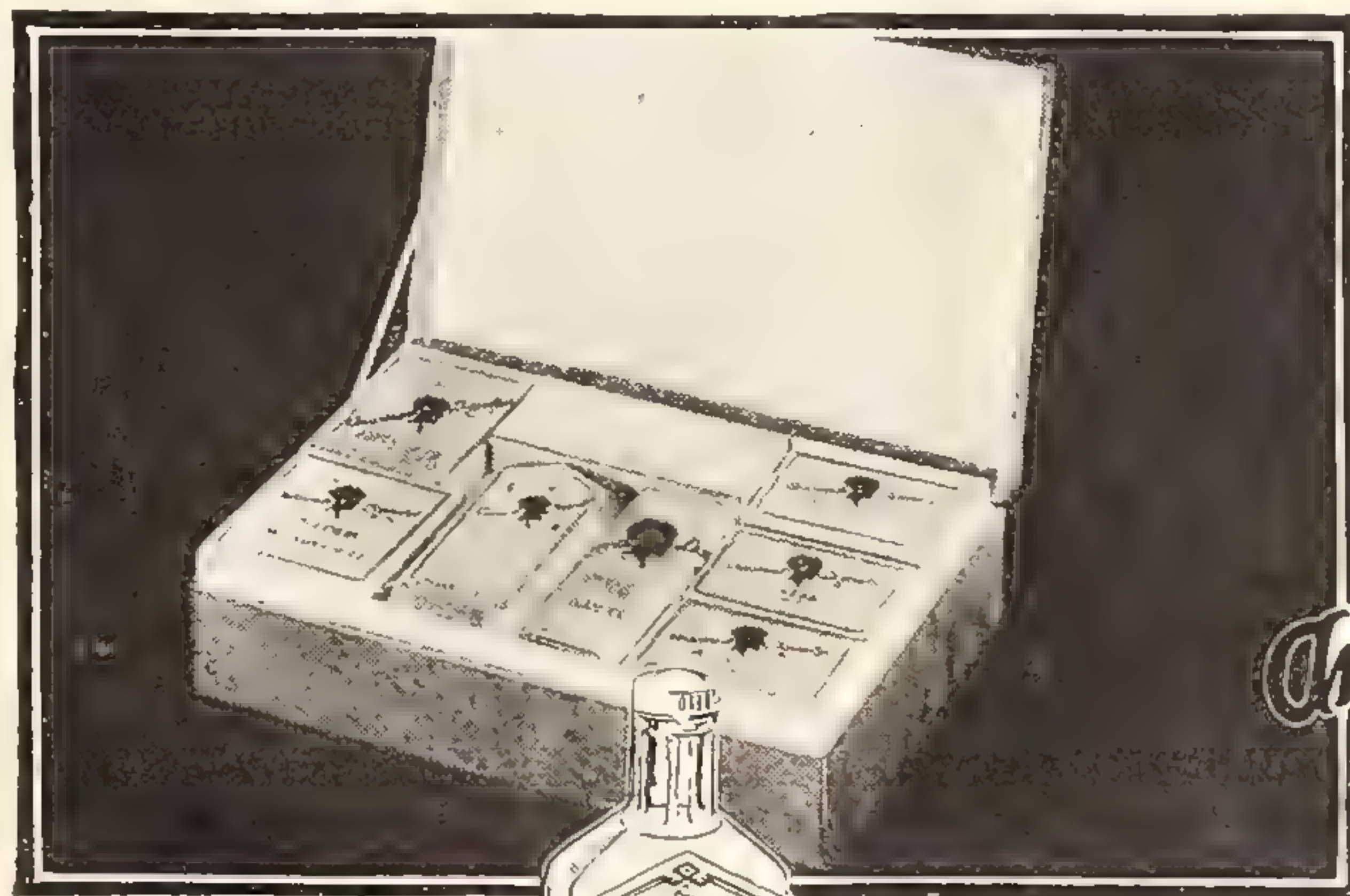
Then there is her own LOVELY COMPLEXION CREAM, Cleanses and clears the skin—*softens it to bewitching smoothness.* And, in addition, *nourishes* delicate tissues—*wards off* wrinkles. "This is all that any one needs" says Miss Donnelly. "More creams are useless, often harmful."

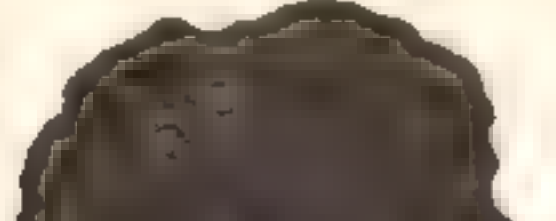
*For glorious hair;
for lovely hands:*

Miss Donnelly has also perfected a shampoo which *ends* oiliness of hair and scalp. Gives enchantingsheen and richness to *any* hair: blond, brunette, titian.

* * * *

In her LOVELY SKIN LOTION Miss Donnelly provides a new way to whiten and soften your hands. *Quickly,*



Antoinette  *Donnelly*

Ltd.
Chicago,
Ill.

FREE—SECRET GIFT

ANTOINETTE DONNELLY, Distributors
Dept. 1, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Dep't. 1, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Send me—in plain wrapping—ANTOINETTE DONNELLY'S golden BOX OF BEAUTY: containing the seven articles described in ad. I also receive, free, the Secret Gift (retail value 50c). I am to pay postman \$2.97, plus few cents postage. (Print name and address, please)

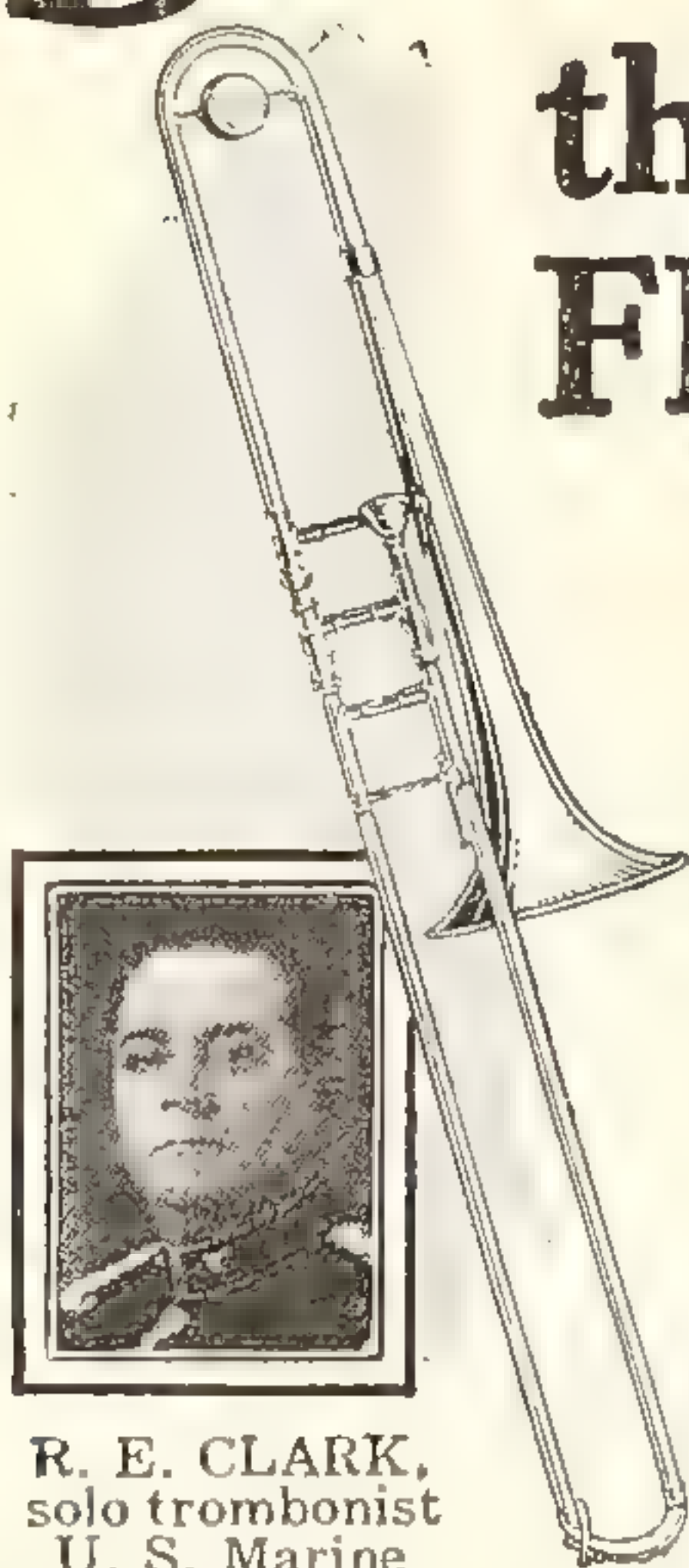
Name

Address.....

City.....State.....

Tint of Face Powder Wanted.....
(See list of tints given elsewhere)

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solo trombonist
U. S. Marine
Band, uses a
Conn.

EXCEPTIONALLY easy playing; beauty of tone; perfect scale; absolutely dependable mechanism, are features of every Conn instrument for band and orchestra. As world's largest builder of band instruments Conn has developed improvements and patented features which enable you to make faster progress, quick success in a big way. The world's foremost artists use Conns. And Conn features COST NO MORE!

Free Trial, Easy Payments on any Conn cornet, trombone, saxophone -- everything for band or orchestra. Write now for Free literature and details of trial offer; mention instrument.

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WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS



Water Marcel Wavers!

No Winding —
No Twisting —

No longer necessary to pay large sums to have your hair marcelled. Save time, save money, save your hair, by using the **Gay-Marr Water Marcel Wavers**, the new, convenient outfit for waving your hair. Will give a perfect marcel in fifteen minutes, and train a beautiful, natural, lasting wave that will not come out in damp or warm weather. No skill required. Waves quickly and easily. No winding — No twisting of hair. Put on in a second. Operates the same as Marcel Iron, but without heat. Nothing else like it.

Complete Set of 6—Only \$1.00 Post Paid

The greatest value on the market. Sold by mail only—send your order early, to

GAY-MARR CO., Dept. K
159 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.



The CRYSTAL CUP

By GERTRUDE ATHERTON
Author of "Black Oxen"

is the story of a woman, beautiful, healthy and young, yet incapable of love. With the scientific insight for which she is famous Mrs. Atherton tells her amazing story. All women—and men—will find this book a revelation.

Send \$2.00 to Dept. C., BONI & LIVE-RIGHT, 61 W. 48th St., N. Y., and the book will be sent you postpaid.

Play this
Ukulele
at once.
Strum all
the latest
hits.



SPECIAL
\$2.98

Newark Ukulele Mfrs.
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Made of White Maple
finish. Very Beautiful
This is a real in-
strument and re-
tails at least \$6.00.

Free Instructions—
Pick, etc.

Pay postman \$2.98 plus postage

all the more comical. Never mind, Herr Stiller, after you've been here as long as the rest of us have, you'll understand that it isn't quite the right thing to call a gentleman a "gink", or a lady a "dame", and even though it's a sort of mean trick to have so much fun at your expense, we're for you and hope your first picture is a humdinger.

* * *

OH, well, you have to admit that the women know their stuff! No sirree, nobody can argue that point with us feminine sex. All of which is deducted from a little happening on the John Gilbert set, where he and Robert Cautiero were duelling their lives away in "Bardelys, The Magnificent". I give you my word that it was no easy duel and that both Gilbert and Cautiero were not bleeding "prop" blood when it was all over. Then imagine, right out of a clear sky, hearing a voice pipe up—"Hugh! That wasn't so good! Let me show you how." If Jack Gilbert hadn't been able to see the blonde vision who spoke those cruel words, this might have been a sadder, shorter tale. But to be challenged, right on his own set, by a feminine Marion Davies, was too good to be true. Once again they took up the swords—this time Marion and Jack. Once again everybody was breathless. And you folks who are reading this—if you think I'm going to commit myself and say that Marion won, or if you think I'm going to commit myself and say that Jack was the victor—not on your life! As far as I'm concerned it was an absolute draw. As far as I know anything about it, it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. But—I'd have to admit that Marion *wasn't* dressed to do her very best on such an occasion, and although Jack is a very fine dueller, you know, well, I can't just say, but, anyway—we women aren't so bad, either!

* * *

TIM HOLT has bought a horse, and sure as the grass grows round the stump, it be-

longs to Tim; from the tip of that pinto tail to the whiskers on the good old fellow's chin! And if you think Tim didn't sweat honest blood and almost break a six-year-old back to earn that hundred dollars to pay for the nifty little animal, just listen to his story. In the first place, the pony caught Tim's inherited eye of knowing a good horse when he sees one while he watched them make some scenes for "The Vanishing American" and saw the piece of horse-flesh in action. "Such a beauty," thought young Tim. "I'll have to have my dad buy him for me." So Tim went to Dad, and Dad told him that the only way Tim could get enough money together to buy that pony would be to earn it himself! Well, that's six months ago, and since then Tim has been weeding so many weeds from the gardens of Ernest Torrence and Florence Vidor, and picking so many snails from their lawns that he figured it was about time the hundred dollars was in the bank. Dad called the bank, and sure enough, they told him that if Tim would go to the teller's window, he'd be able to get his hard-earned money without any trouble. They gave him five brand new twenty-dollar bills, but the man who gave him the money told him he'd better go over to another man with the money, and when Tim finally found himself at the door going out of the bank, all he had in his hand was a piece of paper. The man called it a "draft", but it didn't look so good to Mr. Holt, Jr., and back he went saying he'd decided he'd rather have the ready cash! O' course, there's nothing like being careful, and after you've worked so gol-derned hard for six months there's no use taking unnecessary chances! To make a long story short, the pinto is now rooming very elegantly in the Jack Holt stables, and almost any time of day you happen to pass the place, you can see a small boy standing in front of one particular stall, and you can hear a sure voice, with ownership ringing right through it, say: "Good old horse! Good old horse!"

Chatter from Hollywood—Continued from page 75

A COMEDY of errors, grammatical, technical and temperamental preceded the displacement of Maurice Stiller, lately from Sweden, as director of the Cosmopolitan Production, "The Temptress".

Stiller was not well enough acquainted with the English language to make himself understood and his methods worked like a nutmeg grater on the temper of Antonio Moreno who was being featured with Greta Garbo.

The Swedish director wanted Tony to pad his shoulders, draw in his waistline and pad his feet to fit number ten shoes. "You will not do; your feet are too small," he told Tony. Since that time all the directors at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio have been looking at Moreno's feet as he passed them on the lot, and Stiller's now famous phrase rings in his ears wherever he goes.

Stiller almost broke up an hour's work on the set by telling a hundred extras to "explode", meaning "applaud".

He will be given another picture, being doubly protected by the fact that Greta Garbo, already considered a find, is under personal contract to him.

A GOOD many letters of criticism have been received because of the re-filming of several old successes like "Stella Maris" and "The Sea Wolf".

I wonder what these people would think of the fact that every Japanese motion picture producing company of any size has on

its program each year the story of "The Forty-Seven Ronins".

This classic in Japanese literature is of never-failing interest to the fans there, and instead of making a second release of the film, the companies re-take it every year according to Tom D. Cochrane, general representative of Famous Players in the Orient.

Tom Cochrane tells me that in Japan American motion pictures are shown without written titles, their place being taken by announcers who are formed into such strong union that they have prevented the translation of the titles into Japanese.

In the Philippines, the titles are both in Spanish and English on the same form, he says. In China, they are in English, as the clientele of the few picture theaters there is purely English.

In Japan Gloria Swanson's "Madame Sans Gene" was known as "Napoleon". Cochrane says, because the Japanese people held him as an historical idol. Harold Lloyd's "The Freshman" was re-titled "The Boob".

JACQUELINE LOGAN and her husband Bob Gillespie deserted Hollywood for a trip to see the Kentucky Derby in Louisville this month. While in the East they will see the shows in New York and visit Jacqueline's relatives.

On the eve of their departure Jacquie and

Most Astounding Beauty Miracle of the Century!

"Marvelous!" "I cannot believe my eyes!" "It's the most astounding thing I've ever seen!" "How in the world is it possible!"

These are some of the exclamations that broke from the lips of onlookers who recently witnessed a demonstration of the new discovery that is hailed as the most amazing beauty miracle of the century.

Think of it! A new complexion while you wait! Your skin made young in fifteen minutes! Blackheads and enlarged pores entirely eliminated! Flabby, sagging muscles toned and restored to firm contours! Wrinkles erased! Was ever so wonderful a beauty treatment known before?

And what magical compound do you suppose brings these incredible results? MILK! Yes, the secret of a lovely skin has been discovered in the natural, beautifying properties of milk. Of course, milk in its ordinary liquid form is not concentrated enough to show marked results. Its special beautifying elements had to be extracted and put into concentrated form, combined with other ingredients. It was only after countless experiments that the true Magic Formula was found.



The MAGIC MILK MASK

Trade-Mark Applied For

Milk has always been known as a complexion beautifier. The famous actress, Lillian Russell, and other renowned beauties, used the milk bath treatment.

But never has it been possible to use the beautifying properties of milk in such marvelously effective form as in the Magic Milk Mask. Here in this fragrant, plastic compound is the very essence of beauty—a simple, healthful treatment whose miraculous powers are the marvel of all who behold.

Lovely Beyond Your Dreams in Fifteen Minutes!

How can words describe the wonder-working powers of the Magic Milk Mask! A single application absolutely transforms the skin! You simply cover your face with this delightful, pure-white, creamy compound. Then relax while it dries. You can actually feel it at work as it remakes the complexion. It gently draws blackheads, dirt and waste matter from the pores—lifts off and absorbs the dry, withered skin scales—closes and tightens the pores—erases wrinkles and firms the tissues. It whitens and purifies the complexion and brings a rosy bloom to the cheeks.

In fifteen minutes its work is done. Wash off your beauty mask and look in the mirror. You won't

Read This Sensational GUARANTEE

The Magic Milk Mask is absolutely guaranteed to help:

- 1—to give a lovely, milk-white skin in 15 minutes.
- 2—to make your skin look at least 10 years younger.
- 3—to lift out blackheads, all waste matter and impurities.
- 4—to close enlarged pores and refine the skin texture.
- 5—to absorb the outer, dry withered dermis and reveal the beautiful, young skin beneath.
- 6—to combat wrinkles, tone sagging muscles and firm the tissues.
- 7—to stimulate the capillary action and impart a radiant, rose-pink bloom to the cheeks.
- 8—to leave the skin velvety smooth, fresh and beautiful.

be able to believe that the radiantly lovely complexion you see before you is actually your own! And you will feel so refreshed and invigorated.

Even women of advanced years look young after a single application of the Magic Milk Mask.

But how can you appreciate this greatest of beauty miracles except by the evidence of your own eyes?

**Too Wonderful for Belief.
So See for Yourself—Not a Penny to Lose**

You are invited to try this startling new discovery, entirely without risk.

A limited number of packages of the Magic Milk Mask have been prepared to be sent to women direct from the laboratories, under a Special Introductory Offer.

These introductory packages are to be practically given away. The regular price will be \$5.00 (enough for twenty treatments, which would cost \$30.00 to \$40.00 in a beauty parlor). But you are asked to deposit with the postman, when he delivers your package, only \$1.95 to help defray the expense. Then try the Magic Milk Mask. If you are not absolutely delighted, your money will be returned at once. Could a fairer offer be made?

Send No Money

No, not a single penny in advance. Just write your name and address on the coupon and mail at once.

But you must act quickly. Only a limited number of packages are to be sent out under this amazing offer. Don't delay a minute. Rush the coupon.

Maison Madeleine,
Dept. C-257,
Ninth and
Spruce Sts.,
Philadelphia,
Penn.

Maison
Madeleine,
Dept. C-257,
Ninth and
Spruce Sts.,
Philadelphia, Pa.

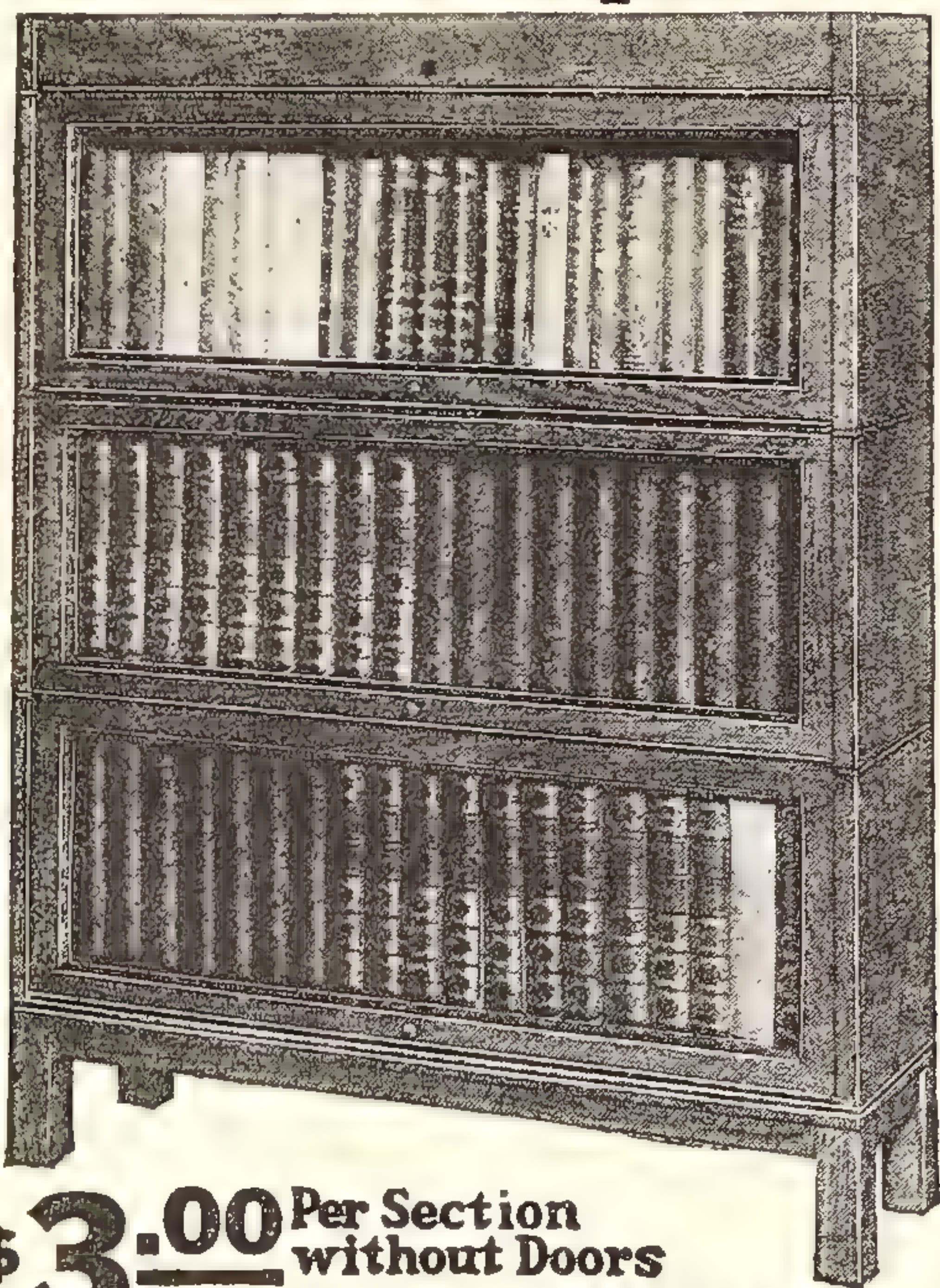
INTRODUCTORY COUPON — SAVE \$3.05
(Clip, address and mail)

Name

Address

Yes, send me one of the packages of the Magic Milk Mask in plain wrapper. I will deposit only \$1.95, plus the few cents postage, with the postman. My money will be returned if I am not delighted.

A Good Bookcase for the price of a good book!



\$3.00 Per Section
without Doors
With Disappearing **\$3.75**
Glass Doors Per Section

On Approval—Direct to User

Lundstrom
IT GROWS WITH YOUR LIBRARY
SECTIONAL BOOKCASE
Endorsed by Over 100,000 Users

Made for and universally used in the finest homes and offices throughout the country. Made in sections of different sizes, combining utility, economy and attractive appearance. Price complete as shown above, with top, base and three book sections with non-binding, disappearing, felt-cushioned glass doors, beautifully finished in plain golden oak, \$15.75; without doors, \$13.50. In quartered oak, or in imitation mahogany, with doors, \$18.25. In genuine mahogany, with doors, \$23.50. Other styles at correspondingly low prices. **Shipped direct from factory ON APPROVAL** at a considerable saving TO YOU.

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Manufacturers of Sectional Bookcases since 1899

Perfect Health means SUCCESS Make Yourself Fit — FREE CONSULTATION

Universal Health Service lifts weaklings into STRONG MEN and BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG
(A.B., M.A., M.D., Johns Hopkins University)

sends you absolutely confidential advice upon any subject.

— — — CLIP AND SEND THIS COUPON — — —

Universal Health Service, Dept. 808,
1482 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

Dear Dr. Hirschberg: Please tell me absolutely FREE how to cure myself of the subjects checked below.

...Appendicitis	...Heart Burn	...Blushing
...Asthma	...Insomnia	...Rupture
...Colds	...Nervousness	...Thinness
...Catarrh	...Pyorrhea	...Impotency
...Constipation	...Rheumatism	...Overweight
...Diabetes	...Skin Disease	...Despondency
...Brain Fag	...Stomach Disease	...Vital Losses
...Goiter	...Liver Complaint	...Poor Circulation
...Gastritis	...General Debility	...Increased Weight
...Eczema	...Gall Stones	...Muscular Development
...Eye Disease	...Hay Fever	...Fears
...Headache	...Tonsils and Adenoids	...Poor Memory
...Heart Disease	...Ulcer	...Poor Earning Capacity
...High Blood Pressure	...Pimples	
...Kidney Trouble	...Falling Hair	

Name

Address

Age City State

Bob gave a stag party to writers in their bungalow at the Ambassador.

Bob, by the way, continues with his phenomenal luck on the stock market. On the morning of the party he knocked off \$2,200 after an order to his broker over the bedside telephone.

I MET Dorothy Dunbar on the Boulevard just after she was selected to play opposite Dick Barthelmess in "The Amateur Gentleman" and we recalled how Dorothy met Dick.

It was at the party Inspiration Pictures and Dick gave to Dorothy Mackaill on her birthday.

The Stage Coach

(Continued from page 61)

feverishly preparing for the out-of-towner, are cuckoo. And they are not cuckoo.

Then the out-of-towner who is interested in things pertaining to satire and such may wander down to Grand Street and see the Neighborhood Players. And though he may miss the lovely triple bill they had, and not be able to see the much-heralded "The Dybbuk", he will be in time to see their annual "Follies". And he may drop not so far downtown and see the "Garrick Gaieties". Speaking of the latter, the civilized world is at present divided into armed camps: those who hold that the new "Gaieties" is not as good as last year's because your correspondent is not represented therein; and those who think it is better for the same reason.

Let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that you want to find out something about Belgian Congo and you haven't time to make a personal trip. You go right over to the Biltmore Theatre and see Walter Huston in "Kongo" and you know more about the place than the encyclopedia.

Where else but in this he-man's town can you see the loveliest presentation of "Iolanthe" ever made on land or sea? Where else has "Abie's Irish Rose" entered on its fifth year? Where else do the Marx boys go crazy nightly in "The Cocoanuts"?

Let us suppose that the weather, for no reason, turns warm. There is Coney Island, where the succulent frankfurter grows, and where the waves are gentler than those that kiss Tahiti's shore. There is Luna Park, where the roller coasters are all wool and a mile long. There is Central Park, where the grass would be green if the gasoline from passing cars didn't turn it yellow so soon.

And then there are always the cool movies, where one can be fanned by man-made breezes. The Rivoli and the Capitol make claims to having the coolest theatres in the world. Which is cooler we do not know. Last year, where we were press-agent for the Rivoli, we were sure that it was 10 degrees below the North Pole. This year, when Messrs. Metro, Goldwyn and Mayer are chipping in to pay our huge salary, we offer the practically unbiased opinion that the Capitol Theatre is the loveliest theatre in the world, winter and summer.

At night, when the rest of the country is sweltering from the heat, New York sits around at little cafes and sips long cooling drinks. All you have to do is to go to any deserted-looking house, show your SCREEN-

Dick and director Sydney Olcott were talking together when Dorothy came in. The first thing Dick said was: "Who's that girl?" They were introduced and the next question was: "How tall are you?" Dick is only of middle height, and Dorothy is tall for a girl. But when she took off her high heel shoes and they measured her back to back, it was plainly seen that Dorothy was not disqualified by her height anyway.

Some time later I saw Dorothy and she said Barthelmess was talking with her, but she couldn't wait and was hoping to sign a long-term contract with F. B. O. She did and Dick had to borrow her to play Charmian.

LAND subscription and mention our name.

Suppose, on the other hand, the weather turns back to normal summer weather and hits the freezing point. In that case, you go to Daly's 63rd Street Theatre and see a warm little thing called "Sex" with Ma West. If that fails to warm you, then you must reluctantly realize you are a cold-blooded animal and go back where you came from. Miss West herself, physicians have informed us, has a normal bodily temperature of 32.3 degrees Fahrenheit. A lot of critics have slammed the show, but scientists have shown tremendous interest. They expect to make use of Miss West if the sun ever cools off.

Naturally, in an article as brief as this we are compelled to touch but lightly upon events, so we will reluctantly leave Miss West and hurry on to some other points of interest. Uptown New York offers you Riverside Drive and Grant's Tomb. Grant's Tomb is of especial interest to out-of-towners, some of whom don't think that Grant is really buried there. Several have mistaken it for the Ritz.

Riverside Drive offers definite advantages after sundown, depending on who is occupying the bench seat next to you. At the Yankee Stadium Babe Ruth will be hitting them over the fence. At the Polo Grounds, Frankie Frisch will be stealing second base and Harry Stevens' men will sell you the coldest roasted peanuts in the world.

And the subways! Those of you who have never ridden in the New York subways of a summer rush hour have not lived. Many of those who have so ridden have not lived to tell of it.

Mayor Walker has just issued an edict that the cabarets must close at 3 a. m., but up to 2:59, Texas Guinan will offer you an entertainment that can not be duplicated even by the Knights of Pythias. At the colored section in Harlem you can see the Charleston at its best or worst, depending on how you look at it, and you can hear jazz that is rivaled only by Maestro Gershwin, whose "Tip-Toes" is one of the shows you can not afford to miss.

In short and brief, then, New York offers you what it takes the rest of the world to offer you. There is nothing of beauty or charm that can not be duplicated in that dream city. It has everything that the human heart could desire; it has—

But you must really pardon us now. We've got to make a train that is taking us to Maine, where we are going to loaf, swim, fish, hunt, and read for a month. Otherwise, we could really go on and prove to you that there is no summer resort in the world to equal New York. Gentlemen, I give you New York! And for one month, you are entirely welcome to her.

There, beneath the tropic, moon, they met again --

She had been trying for two years to forget—but he—had he ever seen this ravishing creature before?

By Dorothy Winton

TWO years before, he had come into my life—the Prince Charming of my dreams—the one man for whom I had longed all my girlhood years. And had as promptly gone out again.

It was in gay San Francisco that we met—at the Army and Navy Ball. He was a First Lieutenant then, tall, dashing, handsome—almost too handsome I thought, at least for a plain girl like me. But “a cat may look at a king,” I told myself, and how I did try to impress him!

You can imagine how I felt when, after a glorious tete-a-tete in the conservatory, he left me to dance with Betty Harrison. I could hardly keep from showing my disappointment. In fact, I really hated Betty for the moment. But in spite of my resentment, I had to admit that she was simply stunning. Never had I seen her look more beautiful—and never had I seen such marvelous hair. It framed her face like a halo—rich, silky, lustrous locks, marcelled to make any girl turn green with envy; marcelled to lay any man at her feet!

At that very instant, by some streak of fate, I happened to glance in a mirror—and what a shock I had! Compared with Betty's, my hair was a fright. Never before had I realized just how straight and straggly my hair really was; how dull and lifeless. Yes, how downright ugly!

It was all I could do to keep back the tears. My Prince Charming had come and gone. My evening was ruined. In a little while I asked my escort to take me home—and only my pillow knows how many tears I shed that night as I cried myself to sleep!

“Why can't I have glorious, wavy hair like Betty Harrison's?” I asked myself, time and again.

I often went to beauty parlors for marcel, and while my hair usually looked good for a day or two, the marcel wouldn't last any time. And I could see that the heat from the iron was making my hair coarse and brittle, worse looking all the time.

So a little later, when my father, who was a Major in the Army, was transferred to the Philippines, I was really glad, for I looked upon it as an escape from my embarrassment. Soon I lost myself in the outdoor life of the post and had almost forgotten the fascinating Lieutenant when, on the very day of the biggest Military Ball of the season, I learned that he had been transferred to Corregidor, too, and would be present at the dance that night. And he was a Captain now!

I was in a panic. My hair looked worse than ever—and the nearest beauty parlor was in Manila, thirty miles away. Too late to go there for a marcel. Something must be done. I couldn't face my “Prince Charming” again with that horrid, straggly mop of hair!

Marge saves the day

“Oh, what shall I do!” I exclaimed that afternoon to Marge Elliott, my best friend and confident. “He's coming to the dance tonight, and my hair just looks terrible!”

Then I noticed for the first time what a beautiful marcel she had.

“Why Marjorie Elliott!—What have you been doing to your hair—it looks perfectly marvelous!”

Marge went over to her dresser and took out a little box. In it was a bottle of liquid and about a dozen queer looking little contraptions, from three to six inches long.

“Actions speak louder than words,” she replied. “Sit down in that chair a few moments and I'll give you the finest marcel you ever had in your life.”

First she moistened my hair slightly with the liquid. Then she began fixing the little marcellers in my hair. It

didn't take her long to get them all in place. In about fifteen minutes the liquid had dried and when she took the wavers out, I could hardly believe my eyes!

There was the loveliest marcel I had ever had! Here was an effect that even the most skilled beauty specialist had never obtained—and, moreover, the curling fluid had brought new life and luster to my dull, listless hair. It seemed too good to be true!

I could hardly wait for the dance to begin. My lovely marcel had renewed my self-confidence and made a different girl of me entirely. Something just seemed to bring out every bit of my personality and I was simply glowing with vibrant enthusiasm and vitality.

And later in the evening, when I met my “Prince Charming” again, it was a triumph from the start. He could hardly believe I was the same drab, tousle-haired girl he had met in 'Frisco two years before. He more than made up for his former indifference—for how he did rave about my hair!

He didn't leave me after the first dance this time. Nor the second. Nor the tenth. And that evening as we watched the tropic moon paint a rippling, silvery path across the China Sea, he told me—well, I suspect he will soon be my Captain for life!

* * *

You can bet I didn't lose any time ordering a set of these Marvelous Marcellers for myself. Until they came, I used Margie's outfit every few days and I didn't have a bit of trouble keeping my hair beautifully marcelled all the time. By putting the waves in the same place every time, my hair soon became trained and then I didn't have to marcel it nearly so often. It is really remarkable what results one can get with this marcelling outfit and how inexpensive it is, too. Here is the solution of the marcelling problem for every girl, rich and poor.

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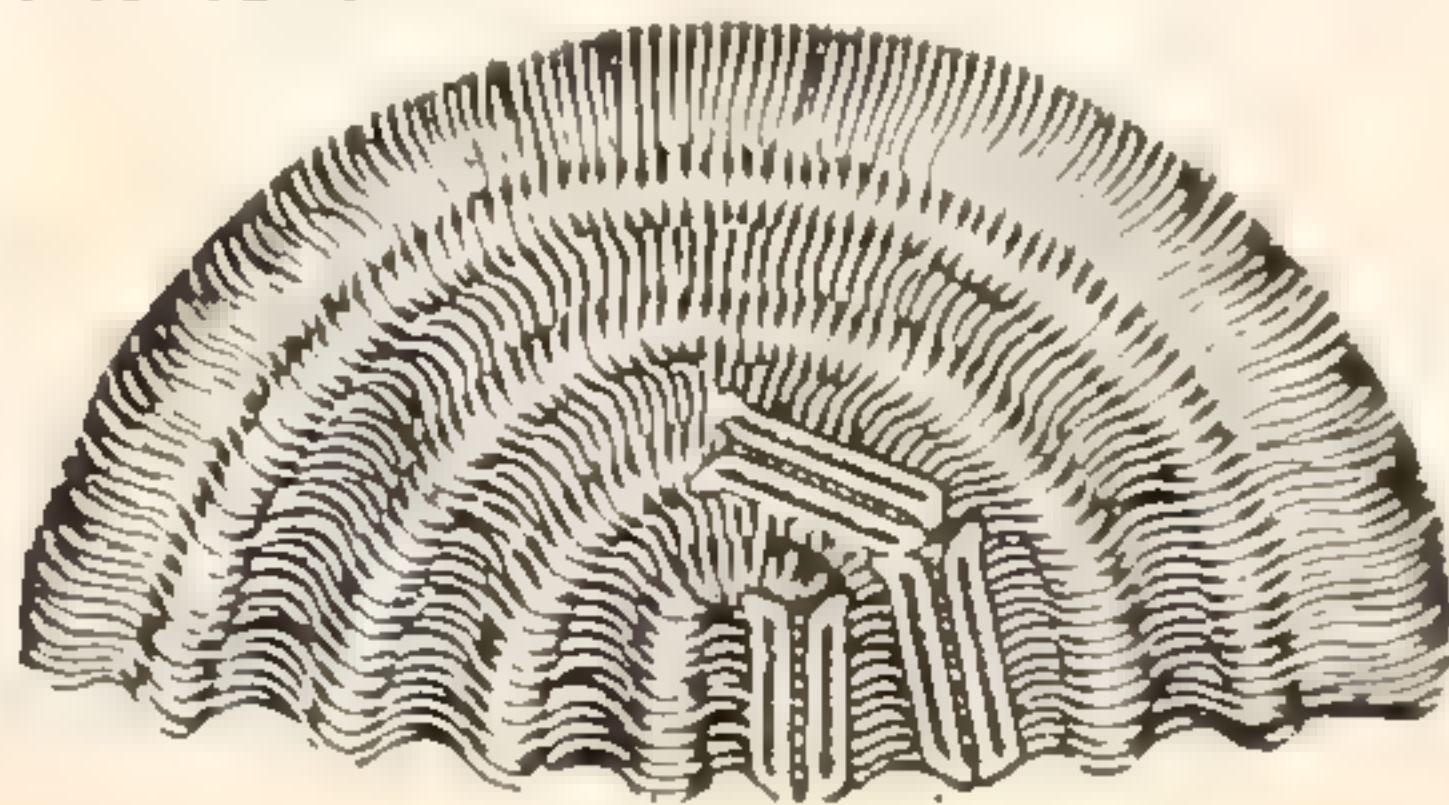
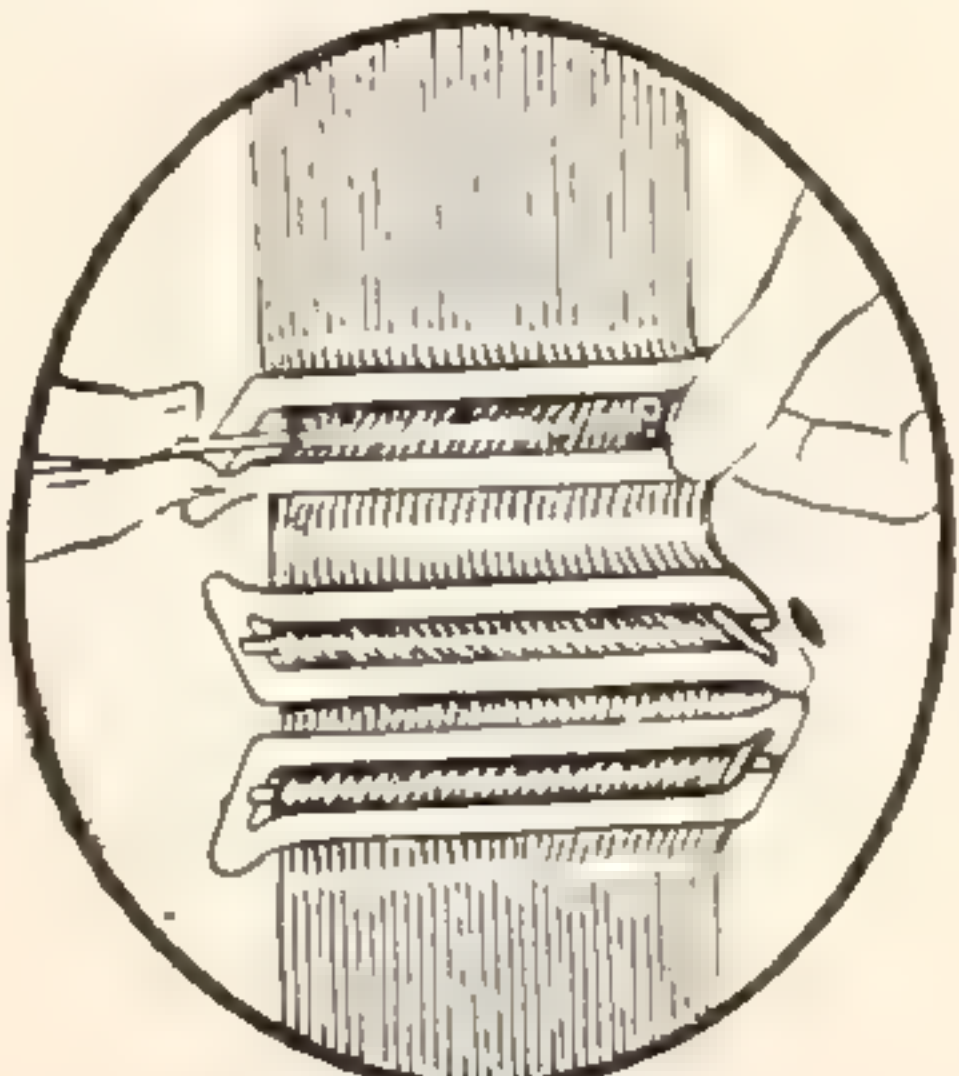
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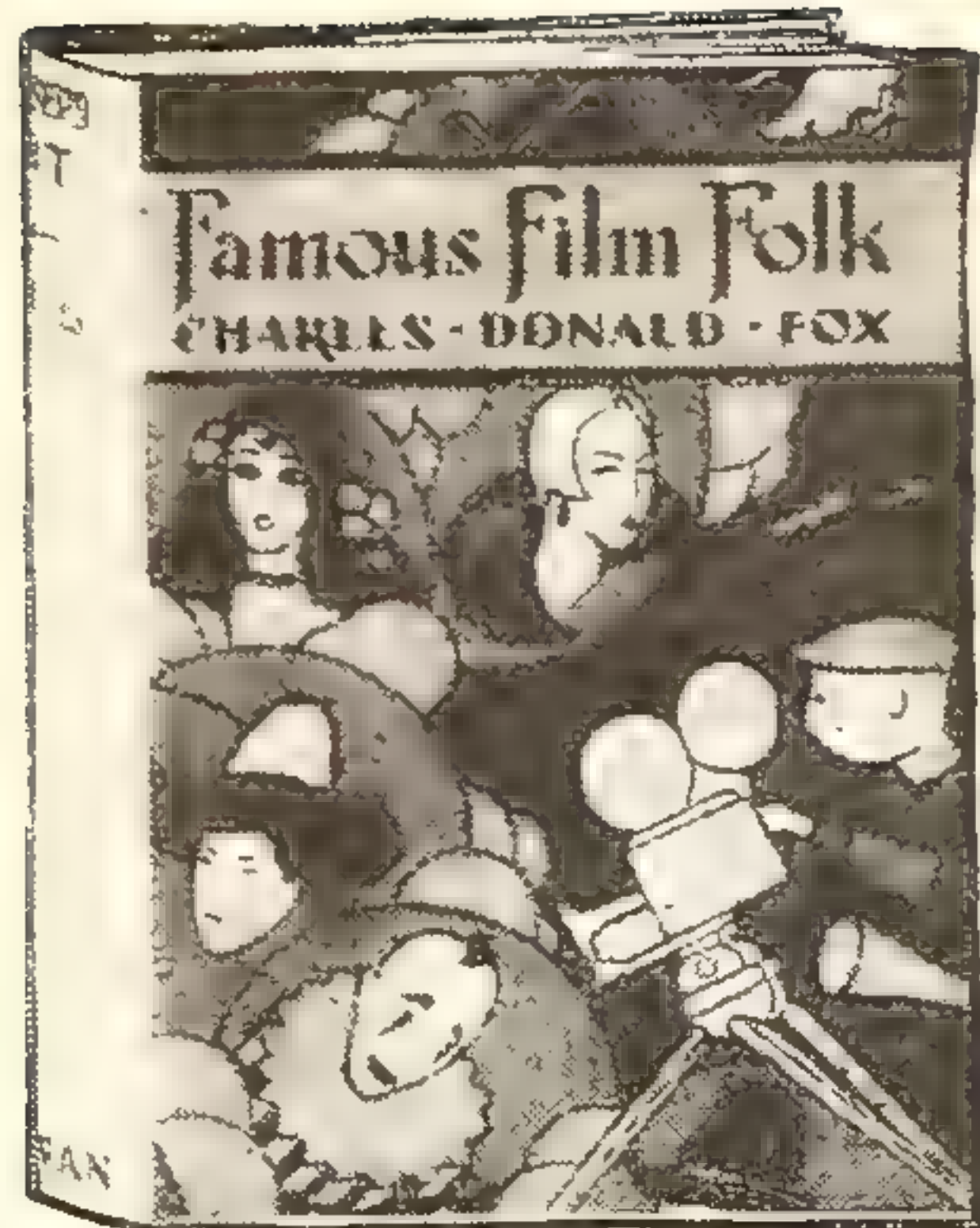
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Famous Film Folks

By
C. D. FOX

"HOW old is Gloria Swanson?" "What color hair has Corinne Griffith?" "How tall is Thomas Meighan?" "Who is Percy Marmont's wife, if any?" "Where was Pola Negri born?" "Where did Mae Murray go to school?" These are a few of the countless questions that movie fans constantly asked about film favorites.

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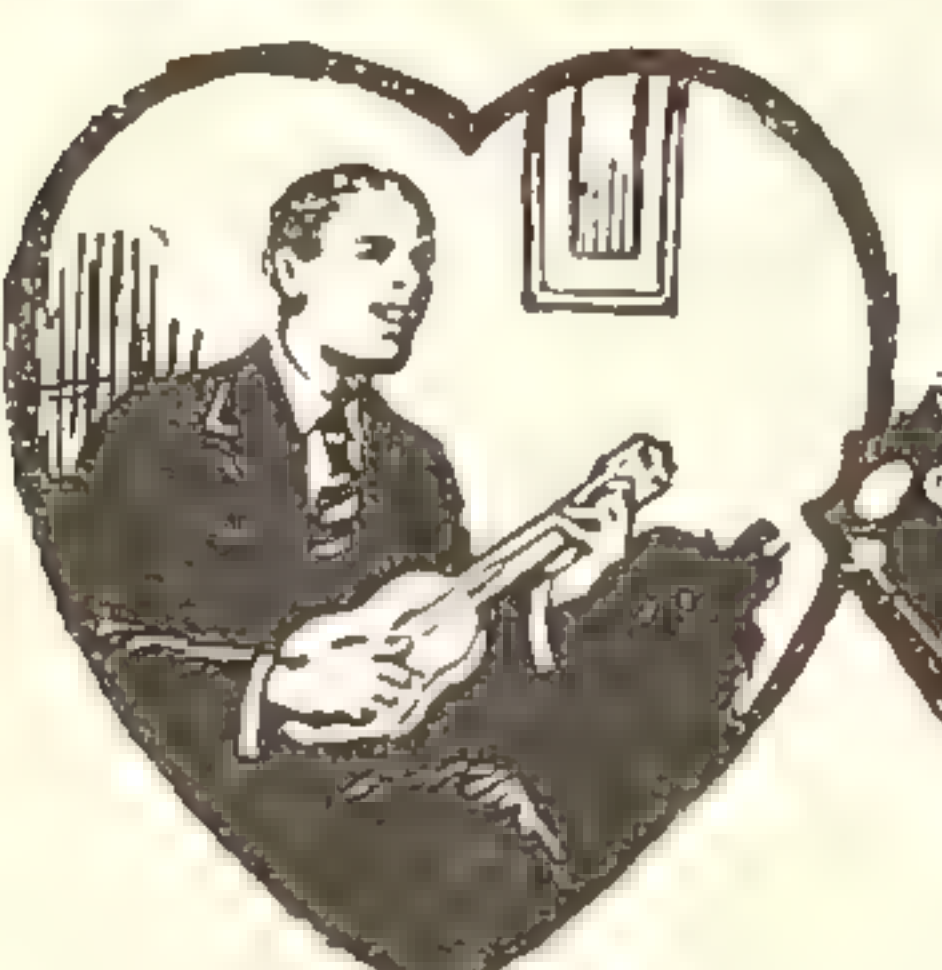
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BEFORE AFTER

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A Film Is As Good As Its Villain — Cont. from page 55

Here you have Old England with its pleasant countryside and its frowning baronial halls. The great room of the mansion, with its armor and its tapestries, is a dead ringer for what you'd have to pay two bits to see if you were touring a la Cook and the castle and its grounds look just like those listed under special "points of interest" in the guide books. This little opus may not be advertised on the posters outside the theatres, but I hope you're lucky enough to run into it on some program. Miss Johnston has been seen all too infrequently since she appeared in "The Thief of Bagdad", and it's nice to see her again in such a delightful film.

And just while we're in England we might take a short side-trip into Scotland—it'll only cost us two bits more, and we'll have a chance to get a glimpse of the home of a Scottish laird before taking the boat for the land of liberty, chewing gum and baseball.

This estate in the Highlands seems as big as the State of Rhode Island and the mansion, from the outside, is a fair imitation of the Metropolitan Museum. Unfortunately, our sightseeing tour is marred by a driving rain, but we can see enough of the place to wonder how a Scotchman ever loosened up enough to build such a costly residence.

In this expansive and expensive place lives a young man and his mother. Father isn't mentioned—maybe he died from the shock when he got the bills. Anyhow, the young man, who, gentle reader, is none other than Rod La Rocque, is engaged to an American girl, who is visiting them. He brings home the family jools—and then things begin to happen. Various mysterious persons drop in out of the Scotch mist, including a detective and a body-less furry hand which keeps creeping up over the tops of tables and chairs. The jools disappear and one after another of the characters goes through thrilling adventures, all of which are couched in terms of the most hilarious burlesque. In the end, the furry hand is shown to belong to a detective who follows the best traditions of Sherlock Holmes, both in method and appearance. The jools are restored, the girl's father is reconciled to having her marry the Scotch dude, and all is well. Even the villains are left to find their way out into the rain.

This opus, known as "Bachelor's Brides" (a title which, like the plot, has nothing to do with the case), is extremely funny. It kids the mystery movie to death and makes you feel kinda sheepish about the shivers you shivved at "The Bat". Eddie Gribbon helps things along by kidding himself—he was the real, though dumb, detective in "The Bat", you may remember, and in "Bachelor's Brides" he acts just the same as he did in the former film, which is our idea of satire made perfect. You're going to enjoy this picture—that is, if you don't get tired of the fooling before the film is finished. At any rate, you get a glimpse of Scotland and you can get on with your tour.

Assuming that your pocketbook won't stand the European strain (which isn't a pun), you might be satisfied with a little jaunt down into the picturesque mountains of old Kentucky. If so, you'll find mountains and mountains in a picture called "The Earth Woman", which Associated Exhibitors are offering to the summer tourists.

And right here I want to say a word in favor of villains, though there's no connection between this thought and the word "tourists". As I watched "The Earth

Woman" unfold, it struck me that we haven't been giving the lowly villain his due. If you stop to think about it, you'll find that no picture is stronger than its villain. If the bad man isn't bad enough to make you tremble for the safety of the fair and innocent heroine, you don't get much of a kick out of the picture. But if he's strong and sufficiently dastardly—oooh! how you do keep your eyes glued on the screen when he's around.

With that thought in mind, let's take a look at those Kentucky villain-infested mountains. The earth woman is our old friend Mary Alden, all dressed up in homespun and gingham, a pioneer who follows the plow and helps carve out civilization in the wilderness. She has a son and a daughter—and there, of course, is the rub. The gal is loved by the manly young sheriff—oh, yes, sheriffs aren't found only in the great open spaces—but there's a city slicker who means no good to our Nell. He infatuates her with his fine way, or maybe it's his Hart, Schaffner and Marx clothes; but at any rate she forgets the sheriff and goes to the villain's cabin—to marry him, censorially speaking.

He tries to steal a kiss, which so horrifies her that she faints and he is left to wreak his will upon her. But a friend of the family, a nature-loving half-wit, has followed them and he brings word to the earth woman of the situation. She drops her plow and hastens to the cabin and shoots the dirty dog.

But her husband hasn't much of a reputation around those parts and the citizens, lacking much chance for amusement, decide that he killed the villain, and start to lynch him. Then comes the woman to confess her crime, which the noble mountaineers don't credit. They proceed with the hanging, but just at the well known psychological moment the nit-wit appears, dying from injuries received in a fall, and says that he, and not the woman, fired the fatal shot. So all is well, the girl is saved for the sheriff, the villain is full of buckshot, and the earth woman is free to return to the waiting plow.

On the whole, this is a satisfying picture, particularly if you are at all sentimentally inclined. It is full of pathos, which is often dragged to the point of bathos, and has much of mother love, sacrifice, and just oodles of villainy. The parts showing the home life of the mountaineers were by far the most interesting to this reviewer, having a simple, wholesome tone which was very welcome in these days of Paris dancers and like flora and fauna.

From the standpoint of seeing America first, the picture is real money in your pocket. For two bits you can see stretches of Kentucky hills and valleys which, even if they are in California, are beautiful and majestic. Miles on miles of rolling ranges, with deep, soft valleys between, should be a sight to warm the blood of any tourist, and when you're taken into the lowly hut of the mountaineers, you get right to the heart of America.

And when it comes to villains, you'll make no mistake in "The Earth Woman". This desperate character is a cross between a bulldog with rabies and a banker foreclosing the mortgage on the old homestead. He not only shoots the girl's brother in cold blood and horse-whips the half-wit friend of the family, but he tricks the simple maiden so suavely that you can fairly see the scarlet letter trembling on her forehead. And when he gets his'n, how good you feel—a warm glow steals over you at the thought of righteousness triumphing.

"GO"—Cont. from page 45

"I wish I were dead!" Mary Louise said one day, coming away from a casting agency without even hope to sustain her.

A tall redhead with a chronic cough, who had been pushed from "bits" to the very last row in mob scenes, regarded Mary Louise with a thoughtful smile.

"Well, that's one way of looking at it, of course," observed the young woman. "Another is . . . lick them before they lick you. How would you like to run down to the beach this afternoon for chow?"

"With—you?" asked Mary Louise dubiously. "Because—you know I'm stony, Lauretta."

The other's laugh ended in a spasm of coughing. "Say, you're the original *Peter Pan*, aren't you? I mean you believe in fairies. And miracles, presumably. We can both of us get a damn fine dinner, if you'll come along. I mean," Lauretta added hastily, "that I'm not going by myself and I don't believe you're that sort of girl, either. But the two of us—chaperoning each other, dearie—— The much-discussed Madam Grundy couldn't find fault with that herself."

Mary Louise thought for a moment of the family dinners at the Delaware Hotel which daily were becoming more difficult to swallow and she decided in favor of Lauretta's plan. Thereupon Lauretta borrowed a nickel and rushed for the nearest telephone booth.

"Yes, I know I'm the original girl that men forget, Tommy," she breezed over the wire, "but I've got something in tow that looks like Santa's gift to the Harold Lloyd baby. The most bee-you-tiful sweetie I've ever glimpsed. Fact—she's a sight for Kleig eyes! New to Hollywood, cinema struck, of course, and staying with me until Jimmy Cruze discovers her for another 'Covered Wagon'. Better ask us for dinner. And for Pete's sake dig up something in pants for me. I do like to exchange airy persiflage with a member of the unfair sex once in a blue moon, you know."

Popping out of the booth, she greeted Mary Louise with a radiant smile. "We're on, babe! Tommy Baroni is going to spend another million. No, not a sheik; Tommy's one of the first old Latin families in California, but whether coming in or going out, he's never said. He's got the jack, though—made it out of prunes. God bless 'em! Whoever imagined a prune could be so good!"

Mary Louise didn't fancy Tom Baroni somehow. Probably she was out of tune with laughter and song and oodles of money which never found its way into her hands. He was generous and considerate, careful not to offend the girl at the very beginning of their acquaintance. Mary Louise hadn't a fault to find with his behavior, but . . . she didn't care two pins whether she ever saw him again or not.

"Didn't you get a good dinner?" Lauretta inquired, rolling her eyes and smacking her lips.

"I didn't know a girl could eat so much," Mary Louise replied. "It should carry me over the week-end at least."

"Nonsense!" scoffed the red-haired girl, who seemed in excellent spirits. "Plenty more where that came from. And Tommy wants to take us down to Tijuana on Sunday. To the races, you know. Wonderful! Tommy'll bet for you and if you win he'll give you all the money."

"But suppose I lose?" asked Mary Louise, frowning.

"Be your age, dearie. Gentlemen never



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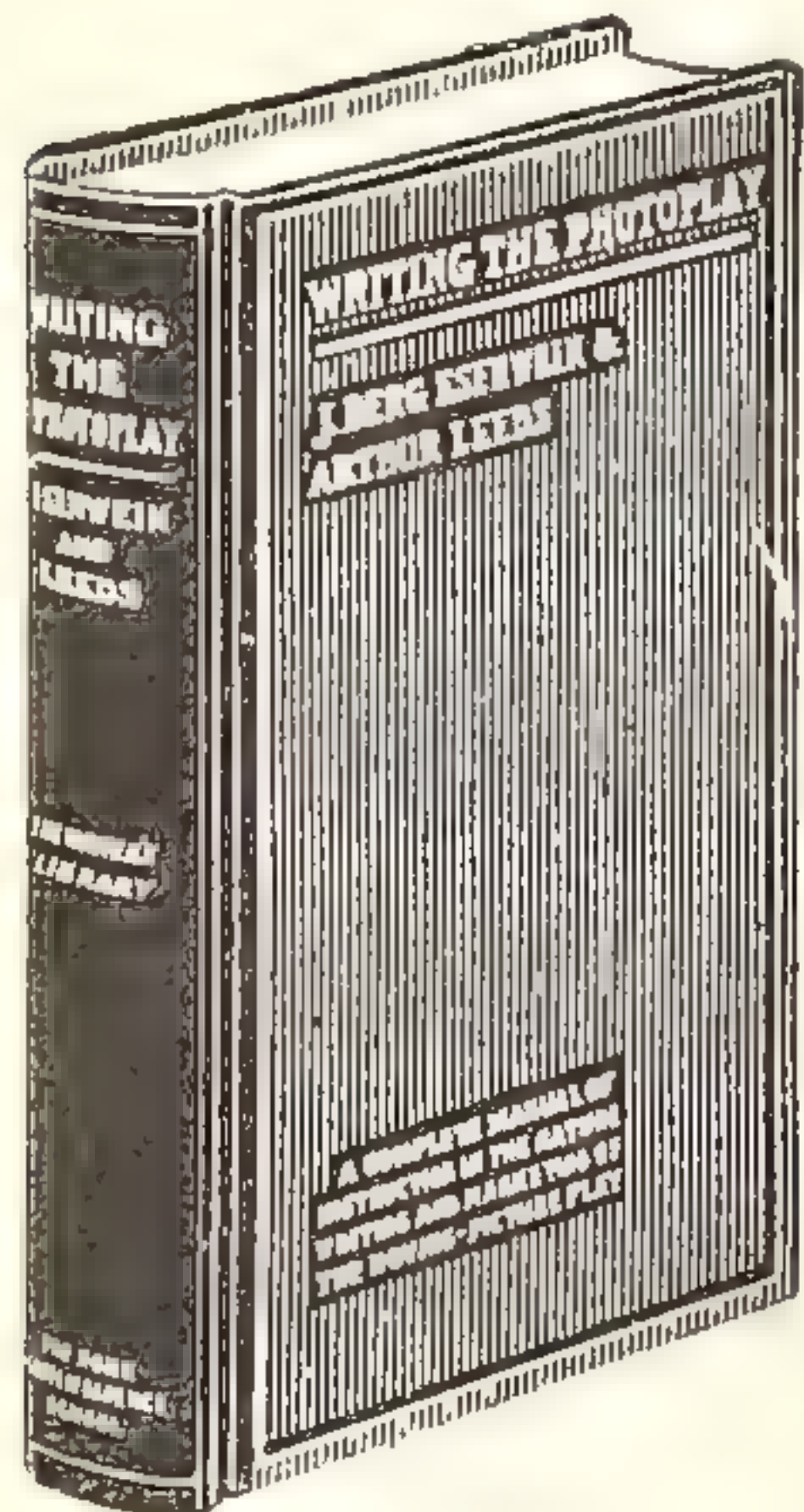
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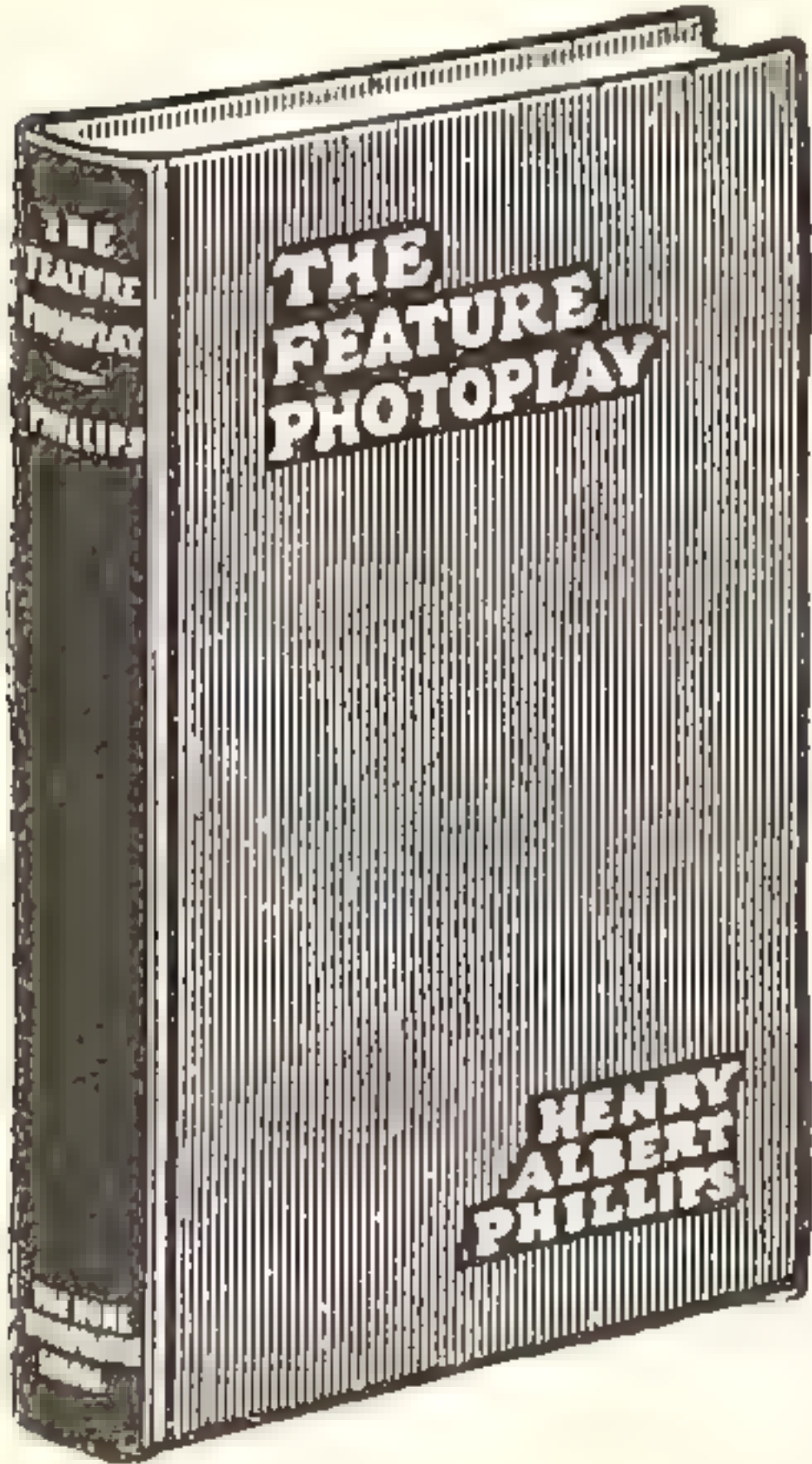
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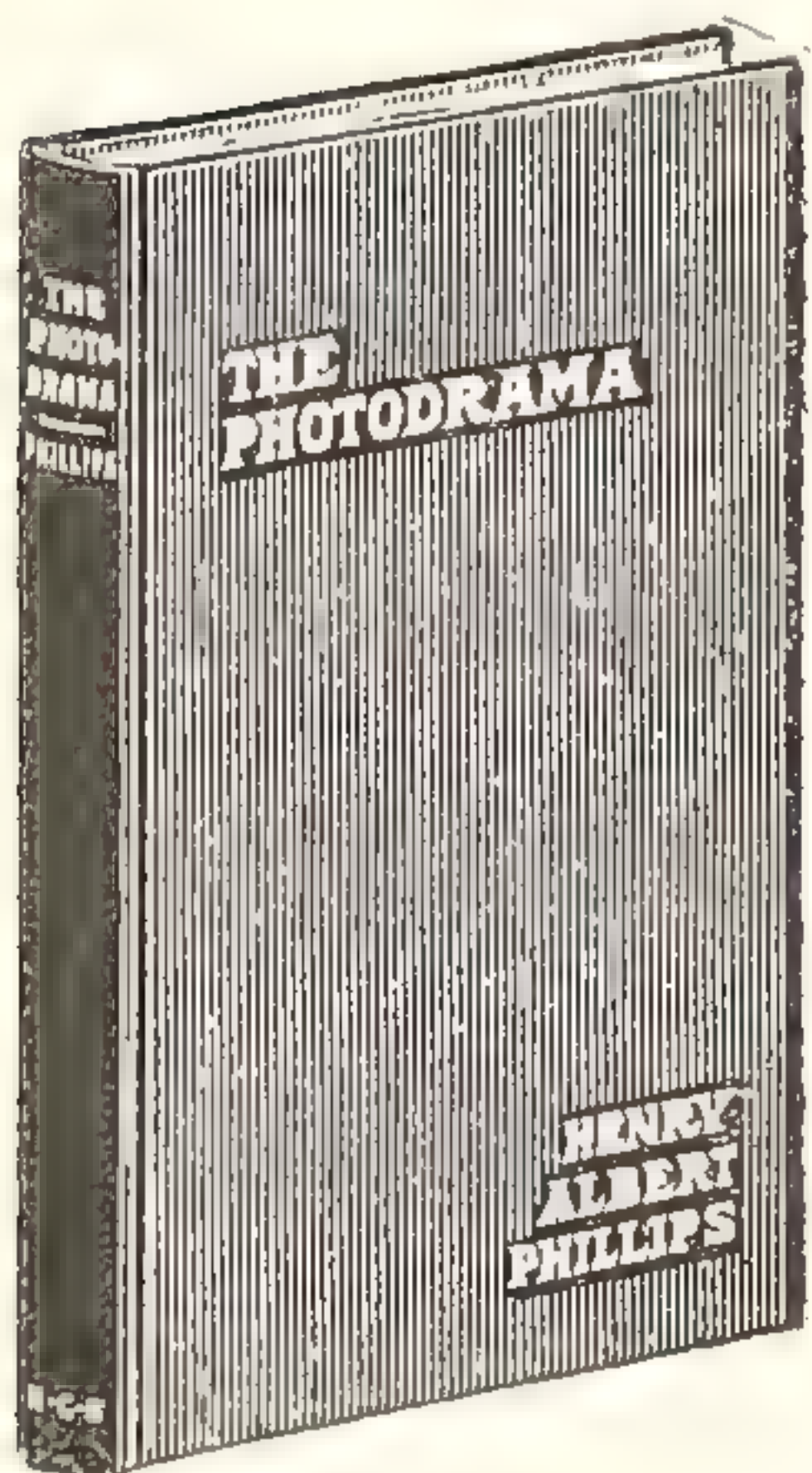
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mention a lady's debt to her. We should worry if it takes a hundred years to screen 'Ben Hur'—Tommy's the answer to a maiden's prayers."

On Sunday they motored across the border to the races at Tijuana—Baroni and Mary Louise, and Lauretta and her escort named Satterfield. The redhead wondered where Tommy found such males as fell to her, but admitted that any man was better than none at all. She was in excellent spirits and kept the party in high until they arrived at the course.

It was here the Great Director took a hand and brought the Principal Actors together for an early scene in His long-planned Production.

An earnest young camera-man, one lone actor, and a director who occasionally stepped into the action himself, were shooting scenes around the racetrack. They had taken shots of the crowd in the grandstand and made a few good close-ups of Sun Pal, who was to win the celluloid derby and of Jockey Mortenson, who was to ride the horse to victory. A small gallery watched the picture-making, but it was a slim audience at best. As Lauretta pointed out, this was no treat to the natives and Walter Page Hubbard wasn't paying out good money for extras.

Mary Louise watched him for several minutes and then, breaking away from her friends, went to speak to Walter Page. He didn't know her at once, for while she was still beautiful, and only a few months older, Mary Louise had changed. There was character written on her face and suffering in her eyes; she was a woman, where before she had been a Dresden doll.

"Don't you remember?" she persisted. "I'm the girl who signed the contract that day with Luxor which wasn't worth the paper it was written on. I'm the girl who was shown into the August Presence before you."

Now he remembered, but time was money with Walter Page and he begrudged every second which was spent away from his work, even a second spent talking to Mary Louise.

"I see the gods have smiled on you, at least," she ventured, after a little silence. "I mean you have sold your story," she added, meeting his surprised eyes.

He frowned darkly. "Not so's you could notice it," he told her. "I'm producing my story myself—making my own production."

"How wonderful!" cried Mary Louise softly, clasping her hands to her agitated breast.

The red-haired Lauretta ambled over, curiosity in her heart and a jest on her lips.

"What's the scandal?" she wanted to know. "Does the wicked movie man want to take the beautiful lady's picture? . . . What? . . . Stand beside that man and let him hold my hand—? Is he an actor? . . . Oh, mamma, he's an actor! Must I? Shall I? Well, kin I, then? . . . Do your stuff, Mister Director. She was a butterfly's daughter. Pretty? I wanna make another movie, mister."

Walter Page Hubbard looked at Mary Louise. "I wonder," he said at last, while the blood crept into his cheeks, "if you'd like to appear in a couple of shots—just for a lark, of course—"

"Oh, of course!" mimicked Lauretta. "'Cause 'larks' don't draw salaries, do they?"

Mary Louise paid no attention and young Hubbard appeared not to have heard her.

"Anything—anything," said the girl, her eyes bright with eagerness. "And those gentlemen—" She nodded towards Baroni

and Satterfield. "Please use us if we can be of any help—"

Walter Page gazed at her long and earnestly. "You're just the type," he said at last; "but—no, I can't—"

"Oh, mister, look at me! I kin act, honest I kin," interposed Lauretta, striking a tragic pose. "I've just lost the crown jewels on the beaten favorite and I don't know where my next tiara is coming from. Great Peter!" A fit of coughing seized her and she was breathless for the next few minutes. But smiling. "I've got rose fever," she told Walter Page. "If you believe that, I'll hand you another."

Young Hubbard never even smiled, but Mary Louise noticed that the camera-man was on the job, working overtime.

A bugle called the thoroughbreds to the post for the first race and Tommy Baroni hustled his party away to the Club House enclosure. But all afternoon Mary Louise kept thinking of Hubbard and his picture-making, wondering what he was doing now, and if the shots he had taken of her would prove worthwhile. Fields of thoroughbreds paraded to the post and then dashed through the home lane to victory or defeat; Tommy cheered himself hoarse and there were two bright red spots on Lauretta's cheeks; twice Mary Louise found goodly sums of money in her hand. But it was all like a dream, less real even than Hubbard's picture whose title or story she didn't even know. Not until the sun had dropped behind the hills, and the distant Pacific was a riot of glorious colors did she come back to earth. For then it was too dark to shoot scenes any longer.

When the afternoon's sport was over and it was time to return home, Lauretta and Satterfield were nowhere to be found. The red-haired girl and her escort had left the grandstand together and that was the last of them Mary Louise saw that day. For the next fifteen minutes Baroni hung around waiting for them, but when they failed to show up, he declared it was time to start if they didn't want to be all night getting back.

"Be a sport, give your friend a chance," Tommy grinned at Mary Louise. Tommy Baroni was tight and Mary Louise hardly fancied a long drive tete-a-tete with the man in his present condition.

She offered every excuse she could think of for delaying their departure, but at last she had run out of excuses just as Baroni had reached the limit to his patience. He became ugly, threatening, trying to pull Mary Louise after him as he searched in the dusk for his car. The girl was grateful even for this brief respite, although by this time it was evident that Lauretta had deliberately gone off and left her alone with Tommy. The thought wasn't pleasant, but it gave her the courage to resist him. When he ordered her into an automobile which she knew wasn't theirs, Mary Louise refused to budge.

"It isn't our car," she pointed out, but Baroni was beyond reasoning with.

So the Great Director called young Hubbard upon the scene and Walter Page girded on the Hero's armor and went to rescue the Heroine from the hands of the Villain.

Tommy Baroni was a bigger man, but as events proved he wasn't a better one. When the curtain was ready to ring down Baroni was sprawling in the roadway and Hubbard had vanished with Mary Louise. It was a climax that warmed the hearts of the Great Common People and they cheered from the sidelines.

Mary Louise rode home in a second-hand flivver with Walter Page and his camera-man and the lone actor. Everybody was

very tired but only the two men on the back seat fell asleep. Mary Louise and young Hubbard, driving, had too much to talk about.

First hot, then cold, soaring to the heights and dropping back in the pit of despair, Walter Page told the girl about the picture he was making. No one had believed in it or him and so he was producing with his own money—and he had painfully little currency. Every foot of film counted and he had resorted to all kinds of subterfuges in order to shoot his masterpiece, an example of which Mary Louise had just witnessed at the Tijuana track. Salaries were the most important item on the expense sheet; Hubbard simply couldn't pay them. The actor on the back seat, for instance, demanded a hundred dollars a day cash. Fortunately they wouldn't require him longer than two days, but Walter Page confessed that the very thought of engaging a heroine made his blood run cold. Fifth-rate stars demanded daily settlements and raised their salaries sky-high when he approached them. Everybody in Hollywood seemed to know he was working on a shoe-string and so far he had failed to find a single soul who was willing to take a chance and string along with him.

A dozen times during his story Mary Louise opened her mouth to offer her services and each time the actual words failed her. She wasn't even a fifth-rate star. Yet the character he explained to her got under her skin; Mary Louise saw the *Girl*, understood her temptations and sympathized with her efforts to climb back. It was almost as if Hubbard's heroine were someone she knew. "Any Day", he called his picture; well, such things were happening every day, not only in Hollywood, but all over the world.

"That's what makes it worth while," Mary Louise told him, letting her fingers rest momentarily on his hand. "I believe in you."

"Do you?" asked Walter Page, with a curious little note in his voice. "How much. I wonder?"

"Well, if I were even a—a fifth-rate star, I'd work for 'cakes,'" Mary Louise said tremulously. "Just enough for bread and bed—"

Young Hubbard, in his excitement, took his hands from the wheel to embrace Mary Louise, and the flivver darted off the road with a suddenness which brought the actor and the camera-man unceremoniously out of the land of Nod.

"What is your name?" he asked her eagerly.

"Marise Sutherland."

"I mean . . . your real name."

"Mary Louise Walker."

Young Hubbard shouted the good news across his shoulder to the two weary individuals on the back seat.

"Miss Walker has agreed to play the *Girl* for us. Coleridge said this afternoon you were exactly the type we needed for the part, but none of us thought then we'd be so lucky—— You're sure you understand about the salary?" he questioned Mary Louise. "It won't be much, but I'll pay you all I can."

She smiled happily. "I thought you was going to say you'd pay me all I'm worth. My landlady won't give me a little hall-room for that, I'm afraid."

But she was flushed and gay when she said good-night and she could hardly wait to tell Mrs. Delaware of her good fortune.

They finished the picture in exactly seven days, paying for what they had to, borrowing when they could, and using public property where they could do no better. Thus the beach at Venice became a European sea-

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side resort and the Von Hutton mansion became a Casino on the Riviera. It was the interiors of course that bothered young Hubbard the most; these cost real money.

After waiting two days for Mary Louise to call her, Lauretta decided to inquire for Mary Louise. Mrs. Delaware merely told the red-haired girl that "Miss Walker was working," which brought her back a half-dozen times until she found Mary Louise at home.

Lauretta spoke first in order to guide the conversation in channels to her own advantage.

"I've been laid up for repairs, ducky," cried the redhead, with mock tragedy. "You'd never suspect Satterfield of being a cave-man, would you? He says he wants to marry me, but his wife won't let him. I've written her a note of thanks. But what happened to you and Tommy? He's as glum as Buster Keaton! All I can get out of him is you must be suffering with galloping consumption—all you do is eat and run. That's no way to treat Baroni, babe. He's got more money than Carter's got pills."

"I don't need his money," Mary Louise said, meeting Lauretta's chatter with a calm smile. "I'm working and——"

"For that bird we met at Tijuana?" demanded the red-haired girl. "Oh, *sola mio* and a pack o' Pies! Somebody said he's making a picture about an orphan—he couldn't afford to use the original Two. Look out for your gold fillings, I've seen these unappreciated geniuses before."

When the picture was finished the problem was what to do with it. Walter Page had no way of distributing it and the big corporations, with pictures of their own to sell, showed no inclination to take it over. He had exactly eleven dollars left when "Any Girl" was pronounced ready for the screen—and no screen to throw it on!

Young Hubbard tried to interest the big fellows, and then the little ones. Mary Louise herself went out to the Luxor studios, seeking an audience with Roger Norton. But Luxor was Great Artists now and nobody around the place knew what had become of Norton. Mary Louise returned to town with weary limbs and aching heart, her very expression saying plainer than words that they had suffered defeat once more.

"It's all right, dear," Walter Page whispered, repeating platitudes he no longer believed himself. "The darkest hour is just before the dawn, you know. Every cloud has a silvery lining, Sally. Cheer up, the worst is yet to come."

"Don't joke about it, Walter," she said, sighing.

"I'd throw myself in the ocean if it weren't for you and the fact I can swim," Hubbard said seriously. "Whatever comes or doesn't come, whether I win a fortune or lose my soul, dearest, I—I've known you. Nothing can take that from me. Your friendship, your—say it, Mary Louise."

"My—love," repeated Mary Louise. "Oh, Walter, now there's so much to live for, we've just got to see this thing through. Beat the game, boy. It's a good picture!"

"Yes, it is," acceded Hubbard. "You know it and I know it and Coleridge knows it, but that's about all. If I could arrange for a showing at once of the big houses, with a musical program and everything—But I can't, Mary Louise. Pigs can't fly."

"Eagles can, and do," said the girl. "You're an eagle, Walter. At least you're not a quitter. And that darkest hour stuff isn't bad dope although the smarties may smile."

She left him and went first to the bank

and then to the office of the newspaper in whose columns she had advertised the loss of her legacy. Nobody had heard from the money. It had disappeared, gone forever, and there remained small hope of seeing it ever again.

On the Boulevard she ran into Lauretta, hectic, threadbare, but smiling. "Found the pot of gold at the rainbow's end?" mocked the red-haired girl. "A word with thee, ducky—there ain't no such animal. You dig for gold. Believe me, I know one of the richest mines in this dizzy old county."

Mary Louise sighed. "We—I need money desperately, Lauretta."

"Follow me, babe. All you've got to do is to mention a three letter word meaning 'yea, bo.' Honest, Tommy Baroni's got one of the sweetest dispositions in the world. He's so willing to forgive and forget that he'll let you pick his pocket while he's doing it. What do you say to an afternoon at the beach, dinner at Carlotta's and Satterfield—Satterfield for me, of course."

"Sorry," answered Mary Louise, shaking her head, "but you see, there's Walter. I guess I'm not very big and brave and self-sacrificing; at least I can't buy success for the man I love at the price of dishonor. Don't bother any more, Lauretta——"

The red-haired girl commenced to cough. When she was able to speak again she said, "Baroni will be furious! He swears he can never forget you, just like a subtitle. He's going to look up Hubbard's record."

"It's one knock-out so far," Mary Louise reminded her, and hurried home.

Then Luck knocked at their door and found them ready. Somebody or other had promised Hubbard to show a reel or two of "Any Day" at the Junior Arts Club the next night. Of course if the picture promised anything the other reels would be thrown on the screen and if Walter Page was very lucky a director or a star or an official of one of the important companies would see it. That was all Walter Page asked—a showing, to get his picture before the right people.

Mary Louise and young Hubbard crept in the club that night and sat down far in the rear, waiting. If the scattered audience, drifting in and out all the time, had suddenly burst into cheers, neither of them would have been very much surprised. "Any Day" was a good picture. . . . Which is just what one of the greatest comedians in the business thought, when he sent out for a couple of friends and then asked to have it run all over again. He wanted that girl—what was her name? . . . Mary Louise Walker. Well, he wanted her for his leading woman. And if his friends were the intelligent souls he thought they were, why, they'd grab that young director, Hubbard, instant.

About "Any Day"—well, the three of them bought a half interest in the picture for fifty thousand dollars. Walter Hubbard admitted it had cost around five, but nobody cared. He and Mary Louise slipped away from all the honors and contracts and money for a few minutes of happiness alone.

"I'm glad," said Walter Page, "that you're going to get a big salary as leading lady and I'm to be paid even more than I'm worth for directing pictures. You see, Mary Louise, that fifty thousand doesn't belong to me. I can never touch a penny of it. One of the very first things I do must be to insert an advertisement in the Lost and Found columns of the Los Angeles newspapers."

It seemed as if someone tugged at the girl's heartstrings. "I'm afraid I don't understand you, dear," she faltered.

"The money I used to make 'Any Day'

with——"

"Yes?" Mary Louise could scarcely pronounce the word.

"I found it."

"Thank God!" she breathed, and clung heavily to his arm.

"I found it on the street, in an envelope, where somebody had dropped it. Five thousand dollars! I was desperate, honey, and I wanted to show the world that I had written a good story and could make a good picture from it. No one believed it—or me, Mary Louise. If I hadn't found that money I believe I would have gone mad. I was penniless, friendless. . . . After I found the money I stubbornly refused to look for its owner. I shunned the Lost and Found columns as if they were the Old Boy and all his fiends. I refused to look, to ascertain if the money was advertised for——"

"Yes, it was advertised, Walter," Mary Louise said softly.

"Eh? You mean you know who——? Of course I'm going to turn over the fifty thousand to the person who can prove that my original capital came from them. The profit don't belong to me, dearest."

Mary Louise gave his arm an affectionate squeeze. "The profits belong to—us, Walter," she said.

The Great Director sat back, not ill-pleased with His work as the girl commenced her story of Great-aunt Charlotte's legacy.

The Nifties They Pull In Hollywood

(Continued from page 37)

trip across the continent.

While the train was passing through Colorado Menjou pointed to a high snow-capped mountain in the distance and said: "That's Pike's Peak. It was discovered in 1806 by Gen. Z. M. Pike."

"That's funny," remarked the boy after a moment's meditation.

"What's funny?" asked Menjou.

"Why General Pike discovering a mountain with the same name as his own."

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One morning he took his stand directly in front of Noah Beery's tent and blew his own adaptation of reveille.

As the last squawking note died away among the sand dunes Beery bellowed:

"No, we don't want any fish to-day."

It's Your Move

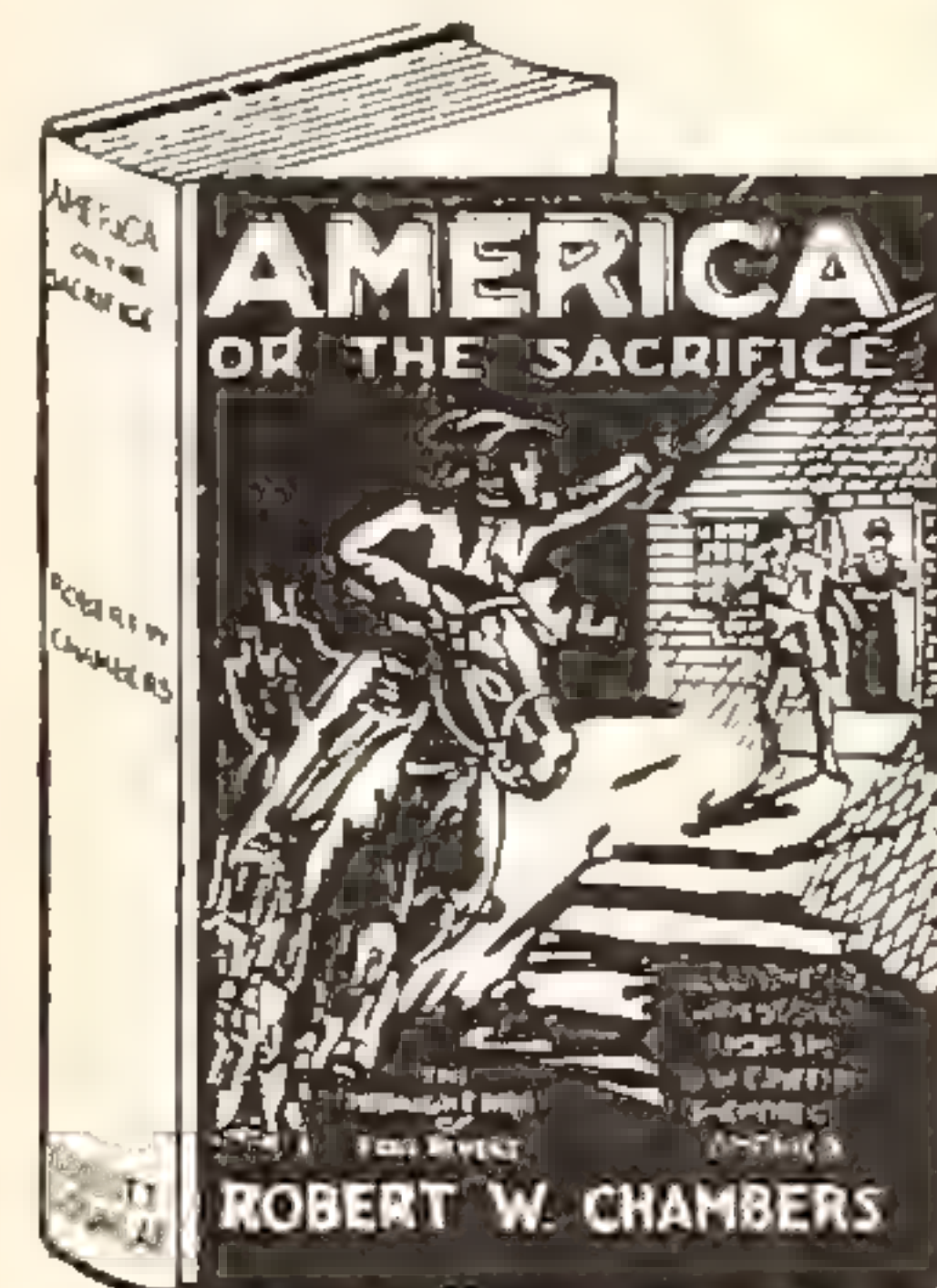
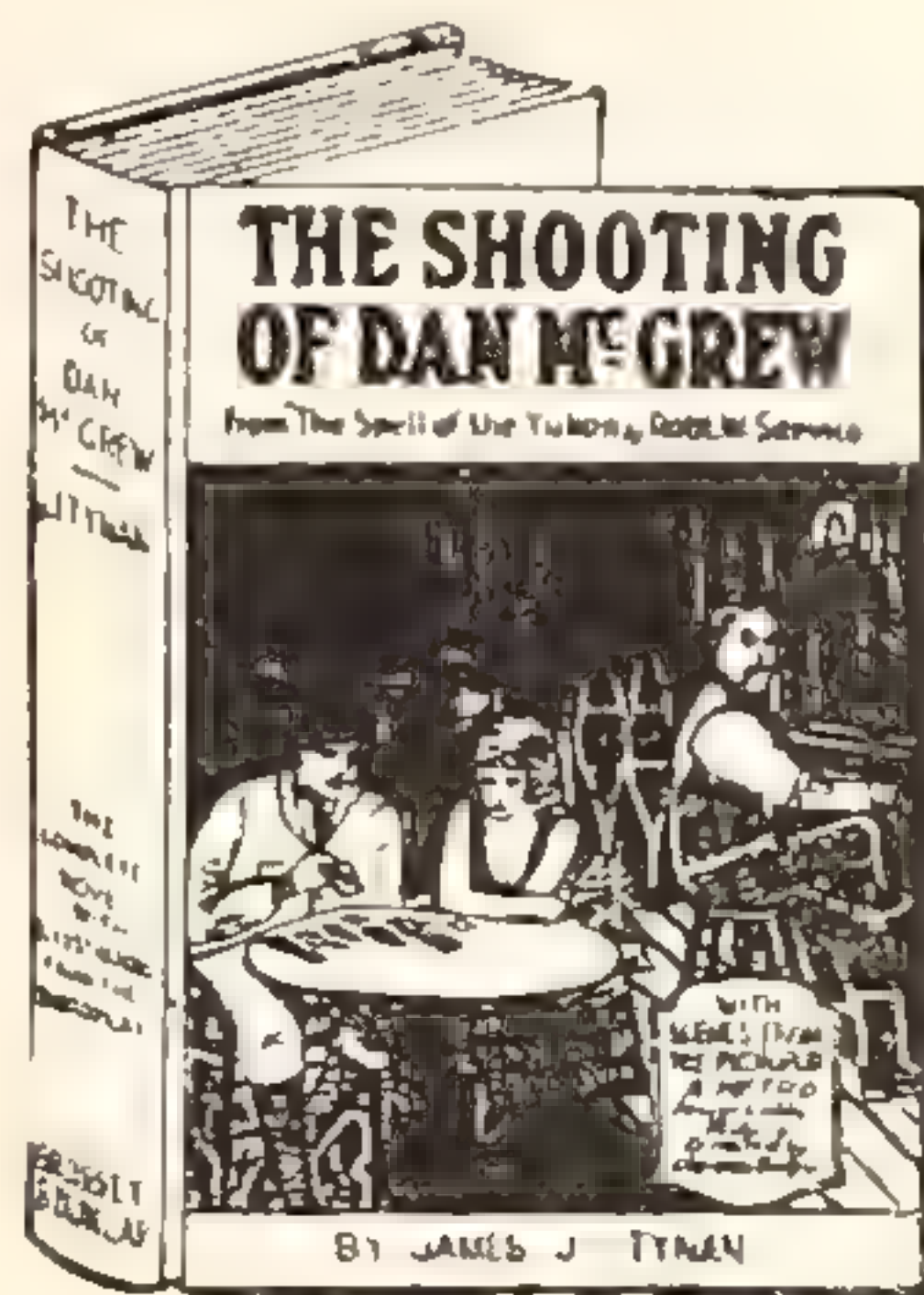
(Continued from page 35)

come to that praise-worthy decision if Miss Vidor had not put her small but firm foot down on the necks of the spineless heroines she used to play. A long line of pale and colorless beauties had been her lot. She was acknowledged a "sweet" personality, and that was all. Now every girl will tell you that "sweet" is about the last adjective in the world she wants to hear applied to herself. Florence was no exception. Sweetness is all right in its place but there's no future in it. She shook off her shackles, bobbed off her hair, and emerged as "The

The Book of Yesterday The Picture of To-day

—O—

Just recall the ten best moving pictures you have either seen or expect to see. Nine chances out of ten, you will find that a famous novel supplied the title, plot, action and characters of each one of them. Eight chances out of nine, you will find their names listed. Not every good book gets onto the screen, but nearly every successful picture is produced from a good book. A moving picture, fascinating as it is, supplies a passing pleasure. The book from which it came is yours to keep—to give you new delight every time you read it. Any of these books can be obtained from SCREENLAND Book Dept.



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Grand Duchess", with a waiter. Scandalous? Sure; but wasn't it fun? To see the stately Vidor sparkle so? And she may soon play "*Helen of Troy*" in a picture version exposing that reckless lady's private life—if she really had any.

Of all the stars in pictures there was none more misunderstood than Marion Davies. Everything was against that girl—extreme youth, blonde hair and blue eyes, a baby chin, and a general air of appealing helplessness. It takes a strong character to rise above a makeup like that! Marion was accepted as a conventional blonde beauty when all the time she was hiding a rare sense of good old-fashioned gingham comedy under the crepe-de-chine wrapping. Because she was shy and really modest, it never occurred to Miss Davies to be herself on the screen. There was something about facing the camera that turned her into another girl—smothered her individuality. It was actually shyness she had to face, and conquer, before she could show her stuff. One day Marion walked up to Old Man Camera and said, in her charming half-lisp, "Look here, old thing, I'm not going to stand this any longer. Stop scowling at me and let me be myself." Well, look at her today! She's a special pet of the camera now, and she isn't happy until she has made herself completely funny and grotesque. The beauty has given way to the comedienne—see "*Zander*" and "*Beverly of Graustark*". Marion even clipped off the beauty's curls in the cause of art. She says she hates to dress up and would much rather play a fresh kid all the time!

"Kiki" introduced a new Norma Talmadge—free from the suppression of old-fashioned romance with trains and tiaras. Who ever expected our Norma to kick up her heels like that? What ever possessed the girl? I'll tell you. It was that urge in Norma herself that kept pestering her to let herself go and have fun. She was misunderstood for years—the camera made her tall and regal when she's really little and girlish. In "*Kiki*", for the first time since her old Vitagraph days, she gives us a glimpse of the Norma her friends know—the Norma who flashes and scintillates as brilliantly as her own big diamond.

"Well, what about it?" asked Dorothy Gish after the first showing of "*Nell Gwyn*". "Have I sex appeal, or haven't I?" The answer was a ringing affirmative, fit to split your eardrums. The littlest Gish had it in abundance—has always had it, but nobody would believe it until she burst forth as "*Nell*". Dorothy had been a victim of misunderstanding ever since "*Hearts of the World*". She played the Little Disturber in the Griffith war picture, with sister Lillian copping all the romantic honors. It was Dorothy's business to be cute. She qualified, and then some, as the little French gamin who jazzed things up in the war zone. Right after her success in this picture, she was pushed into stardom to play Little Disturbers over and over. She became a sort of feminine Chaplin; and the real Dorothy—the seductive, quite irresistible girl—was obscured. Dorothy, herself, fell in love, eloped, married, became a popular hostess and acquired a metropolitan reputation for smartness and charm. But on the screen she remained the Little Disturber. Producers wouldn't accept her any other way. Just the same old gamin part, again and again. Suppression? Dorothy knows. When a company signed Dorothy for a picture, it signed the Gish reputation for cuteness and naturally expected to cash in on same. There was not a single producer, in other words, to give Dorothy Gish another chance. Then a call came from

England. Apparently the British has discerned in Dorothy something more than an impish child. They amazed American film-dom by handing her the dynamic rôle of Nell, a King's sweetheart, famous in song and story for it. When you see it you'll agree that Dorothy was suppressed, all right, all these years—but that she makes up for it in this one picture. And now she's doing Madame Pompadour—whew!

Would you turn down one hundred thousand dollars for fear of being misunderstood? No, this isn't a joke. Tommy Meighan really did it the other day. Just like that—without a sigh or a tremor, he snapped his fingers at a perfectly good check for that princely sum. Tom had his reasons. You know, he has not had very good stories for the past several years. The parts didn't suit him. It wasn't anybody's fault, particularly; it just happened. Tom, being a good business man as well as a good actor, decided something must be done. He had to have better stories, and the sooner the better. He enlisted the talents of such authors as George Ade, Ring Lardner, and Paul Dickey, and began to hope for results. About that time, an offer came from Joseph Schenck, Norma's husband and manager. The offer was for one hundred thousand dollars, if Tom would co-star with Norma in one picture! Tom had been her leading man some years before, and both were eager to renew the combination which had proved so popular. Tommy and the Schencks are the best of friends; altogether, it looked as if the projected picture would be a great success. Then Tommy read the script. And then Tommy turned down the one hundred thousand!

There are people who may tell you that he found his part was smaller than that written for Norma Talmadge and that his stellar pride prevented his going on. But there are others—and I believe them—who insist that the parts were as equal in acting opportunity as two parts could possibly be; and that Meighan turned down the offer simply because the story wasn't one of the bigger and better ones he was looking for.

"I want to play men, not heroes," stormed John Gilbert. "Give me an acting part every time. I don't care if people don't remember my name if they only like my work." I remember Jack when he played a crippled boy in Enid Bennett's first picture for the old Ince-Triangle, called "*The Light in the Dark*". Jack enjoyed that part. To hear him tell it, you'd think it was better than Prince Danilo!

Richard Dix is another idol who wants to be loved—not for himself alone, but for his acting. You can say what you please about Richard's personality, his manners, his smile. But he would far rather hear a word about the Dix technique. He has even been objecting to the frothy farces they have been giving him lately. He was scheduled for the part in Griffith's "*Sorrows of Satan*" which Cortez is now playing; but Dix is a valuable box-office attraction in his own right, and was obliged to stay with his own company and be a good boy. Richard complied but it is said he was disappointed to lose a good acting chance. If "*Let's Get Married*" is an example of misunderstood Richard, then I'm for suppression in his case.

Aileen Pringle was a highly repressed Elinor Glyn heroine for a long time. It looked as if Aileen would never play anything else. That haughty head with its coronet of braids; that slinky figure that lent itself so superbly to Glynish gowns—Aileen was indeed Exhibit A as a discreet vamp. Which is not Miss Pringle's personal style. "I want to play what you say the woman."

humorous. And she broke away from the old tiger-rug at the first chance, and now try to get her back to it!

Jean Hersholt is such a good actor he hurts himself. Time was when Jean had his troubles getting a job. He would find an engagement playing an old man, and he would play that old man so well that the casting directors were convinced he could not play anything else. He would hear about a fat part he knew he could play, go after it, and find that his last portrayal had left such a deep impression that he was branded with the mark of that type. He had to prove to Sam Goldwyn that he was a master of make-up before he got the job in "Stella Dallas"—the rôle of the drunkard which turned out to be one of the finest performances in picture history. He had to disguise himself and appear incognito before von Stroheim before that director would engage him for "Greed". He has had to fight for his parts. All because he's such a splendid actor he was misunderstood! Once in a part, he has always astonished everyone by his mastery of make-up and emotions. Today, he is of course recognized as a great character actor and Universal did not demand even a test before giving him the coveted rôle of "The Old Soak".

If you like the deft satiric touches which are evident in Adolphe Menjou's latest pictures, you can thank A. Menjou himself. For Adolph is another example of a motion picture rebel. He was going strong as a sophisticated, cynical man-of-the-world in stories made to order to fit his personality. He looked ahead and saw what would happen to him and his characters in a few years if his pictures continued in the same vein. Nothing tires audiences so much as deliberate sophistication. Menjou was for injecting a little humor into the proceedings—making his character less of a clubman and more of a man. Adolph made an issue of it. In fact, there was talk of his leaving the company and taking himself and his silk hat elsewhere, if his stories weren't changed. The result of his rebellion is satisfactory to all concerned. If you've seen "The Grand Duchess and the Waiter" and "A Social Celebrity" you have seen the emancipated Menjou; and have probably noticed that the story always pokes a little good, clean fun at Menjou's character of the immaculate man-about-town. And Menjou likes it.

Estelle Taylor had the strength of will to decide not to make pictures until she could make the kind she wanted. And she stuck to it. Until Warners offered her the part of Lucrezi-Borgia with Barrymore in "Don Juan", she stayed away from the studios. Here's a part she loves, and it was worth waiting for. Estelle's husband wants her to stay at home all the time and just be Mrs. Jack Dempsey. That is, he was of that opinion until, on the Barrymore set one day, Jack Barrymore waylaid Jack Dempsey and said, "You shouldn't try to make your wife leave the screen. She'll do big things when she has the opportunity. Let her go ahead." Now Jack is as eager for his wife to find the right part as she is.

Sometimes the movie mutineers get the worst of it. They can't always win. Dix and Gilbert will probably never get that coveted chance to act up. Rudy Valentino swore off sheiking for acting, but by popular demand has returned to the desert as the son of the sheik. Mary Pickford wanted to grow up; you wouldn't let her. Lya de Putti, that gorgeous German star recently imported by Paramount to play the vamp in Griffith's new picture, confides that she wants to play peasants.

"I want to play—what you say—the

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How Beauty Breaks In—Continued from page 33

famous masterpiece, but much more probable is this; if she has true beauty and grace of body and posture she has taken the first brave step toward developing these precious gifts. The successful artist's model has talents which will bloom in many other fields, but beauty is rare and scattered in this careless age, and the studio is the garden in which it is most abundantly found and cultivated. It is not surprising, then, that the movie producer comes to this garden to seek its choicest flowers. He does not even wait until he is sure that the beautiful girl he picks is a potential star. Perhaps she will never be more than an extra. As everybody knows, many a charming girl cannot act, but he is willing to take a chance, and here he has his best chance of finding young women with that elusive and inexplicable magic that makes you want to look at them and not at others who may be just as lovely. You may call it personality, but even that is not enough. Rather it is the power to enchant. And a beautiful face is not the only secret of this spell. Especially on the screen, it is movement, expression and grace of bearing that fascinates the eye and awakens the imagination. The loveliest features in the world are not more desirable than a classic figure. A pretty smile is not more enticing than a lithe figure, and no vampire makeup can compete with the curving line of a slim waist.

In the records of the Art Workers Club on 57th Street you can find names of now famous ladies of the cinema who once came to rest in these secluded rooms between long hours of posing for sculptor or painter. Simple attractive furnishings and the refinement and charm of the lady in charge give the club a tranquil and artistic atmosphere. You would envy the model member who spends her time here and in the studios where she works, continually surrounded by beauty, herself a living instrument of art. But the model is not satisfied. She longs to leap from the pedestal on which the artist has so carefully posed her. She wants to create her own moods. She is tired of standing still and yearns to act in the mov-

ing drama of life, to put her own personality "over", not through the medium of clay or oils but with beautiful clothes and costumes; to be admired not only in a few exquisite attitudes, but in all the graceful movements of her young body. Made to interpret the quick sparkling emotions of photodrama. So it is no wonder that with the eager casting director waiting outside the door the truly gifted model will not linger long in the studio.

Consider the stars who have risen out of the artist's workshop. Haskell Coffin remembers many a shy girl who came to pose for his inimitable magazine covers before she had publicity to label her "beautiful". He painted Anna Q. Nilsson for a Red Book Cover when she was hardly more than a child and gentle as the flowers she wears. A young girl now posing for him, Zoe Page, has already been a court beauty in "A Kiss for Cinderella", and so attracted the attention of Allan Dwan. And who can tell but that five years from now she may be in the front ranks of movie aristocracy.

Take the case of Josephine Norman. She first posed for Neysa McMein, the famous illustrator, who painted her in this delightfully informal costume on the beach. She typifies the fresh charm and health of an American girl. Any young man would be tempted to look over the rim of her parasol, and even a weary director would feel inspired to bring his camera down on to the sand in front of her. The same young model posed for the statue which the sculptress Sally Farnum made as a memorial for Vernon Castle. It is indeed appropriate that this ideal feminine form should express something of the rhythm and grace that was in his dancing. Look at the sensitive muscles of her back. It is bowed in repose, but still quivering with life and youth. You can feel rhythm in the moving curves of thigh and leg. The languid, delicate arms fall like long, soft notes of music. Her whole body breathes with emotion, suddenly hypnotizing the casual glance, so that we stop, filled with wonder, longing for more

of this beauty. — And we are glad to know that Josephine Norman has just signed a contract with De Mille.

Another artist who can offer the fair voyager a passage to the glamorous land of Films is the photographer. Men such as Baron de Meyer, Arnold Genthe or Alfred Cheney Johnston take pictures that are really works of art and enterprising advertisers are looking more and more to these magicians of the camera to carry out their startling ideas. Mr. Johnston is famous for his film portraits of beautiful women who allow themselves to be photographed in Dobbs hats or Bergdorf Goodman gowns for purposes of advertisement. His pictures are really "stills" of some pleasant incident in social life. An elegantly tailored lady is caught by the lense as she raises a tea-cup to her lips. Or a handsome girl in evening dress lets her wrap slip off one shoulder as she turns to talk to her escort. Obviously the girl who "takes" well in these miniature scenes has already more than promise of success "on location". Mr. Johnston, appreciating the ability of his charming subjects often personally introduces them to directors who know that his studio is a rendez-vous of beauty. Billie Dove and Jacqueline Logan both started their careers in the movies after having qualified before Mr. Johnston's camera. He proudly considers them his "finds". Norma Shearer also came to pose for him and found encouragement for her first successful flight in the star-bright sky of the cinema.

And so there is a harvest of beautiful girls to be reaped in these many fields of art. The movies not only offer the young model a chance to develop the many facets of her charm, but give her the promise of eternal youth. The camera can in an instant crystallize her young grace. Just as Victor Records or Reproducing Pianos have been developed to the point where they can immortalize the touch and tone of the Masters of Music, so the art of the cinema can today recreate the inimitable lure and loveliness of a woman and make her live a thousand lives to delight a thousand hearts.



© Douglas Fairbanks partakes of the sacred rite of tea with Elinor Glyn and John Francis Dillon.

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See

"The Young Lovers"



© Dorothy Devore and her husband
from Hawaii, Wylie Mather.

Leatrice Joy's Hawaiian Party

(Continued from page 27)

of his verses, and danced the Hula for us. He interpreted the dance as he went along, or at least he was supposed to, but Patsy said she was sure he was holding out on us.

Lila Lee and James Kirkwood were there. Lila still wears her hair long, and when we asked her why she persisted in remaining in the horse-and-buggy period, she explained that it was because "Jim" wouldn't let her cut her long locks. But as Lila usually does pretty much as she pleases, it occurs to us that maybe she really doesn't want to cut it. Lila's hair is gloriously long and thick.

Mabel Normand was to have been one of the guests of honor, but was working that night and couldn't come, which was a great disappointment to everybody.

Constance Talmadge, Earl Williams and Mrs. Williams came in for a little while, but had another party, so left early.

Constance's husband was away on business out of town, but she was looking for his early return. She says she can hardly wait for the time to come when she and her husband, Captain Wm. Alastair Macintosh, visit his old home in Scotland. She wants to make a picture over there, too.

Virginia Valli came in her own Hawaiian costume, with a tiare flower over her ear. She looked very lovely, but as the costume was rather brief and cut quite low in the back, she exclaimed: "This is a decent party. I ought to go home!"

Anna Q. Nilsson came early, sat down on a cushion on the floor, and refused to budge. She looked awfully pretty and cute, curled up there like a kid, and we had a lot of fun.

"Everybody who comes to the door looks around as if to ask, 'Is this the right house?'" she remarked.

Lila Lee—with her husband right there

not looking a bit worried! — and Anna Nilsson pretended to quarrel over Walter Pidgeon, who is as handsome as he can be. Walter looked on grinning.

"Just for Walter's protection, I won't let you have him," Lila told Anna, whereat Anna retorted: "Oh, I'm quite done with him. I'll get your Jimmie!"

Everybody is quite sure that Ruth Roland is engaged to Ben Bard. In fact Ben has been known to swear people to secrecy about it. They are both such delightful people that everybody hopes they will be happy. Ben is making awfully good in pictures.

Two very interesting guests were Mrs. John McCormack, wife of the famous tenor, and their daughter, or at least one of their daughters. They have, I believe, ten children, including many adopted ones!

She is a nice, quiet, sensible sort of woman — just the wife for a genius. The daughter with her was not yet out, but was to be given her coming out party when the family returned from Italy where they are going on vacation, following a professional trip to China and Japan.

There was some dancing on the grass floor in the living room, with Lila Lee and Walter Pidgeon winning the endurance contest, but any progressive dancing is difficult on that sort of floor, so only the Charleston and the indestructible hula dancers were able to persist.

Patsy Ruth Miller won the Charleston contest. Pat has lately bobbed her hair for the first time. She said she had just lately come from some sulphur baths, where you remained until faint, when the Indian attendants dragged the body out.

Mildred Lloyd came alone, as Harold was working. Mildred is shortly going to join the ranks of the star comedienues along with Bebe Daniels and the rest. Harold is to supervise her pictures.

Peggy Joyce was quite resplendent in her jewels and a white gown, but was too languid to join in the dancing apparently. Anyhow we saw her refuse three partners.

Tom Mix and his wife were there, Vicky Mix looking sweet as usual in a beautiful party gown. Somebody asked Tom to Charleston, and he said,

"Well, I might if I had my hoss here!"

Just to be different, Helen Ferguson wore a Chinese suit, very beautifully embroidered, and Billie Russell came in later.

Looking as pretty as ever, Billie Dove came with her husband, Irving Willat; and there were Al Roscoe and Barbara Bedford, his wife. Al pulled a baby shoe from his pocket, remarking it was his little daughter's birthday, and that that baby shoe never left him.

"I'm sure I shall have luck as long as I carry it," he remarked with conviction.



© Ruth Roland wore a big
black curly wig.



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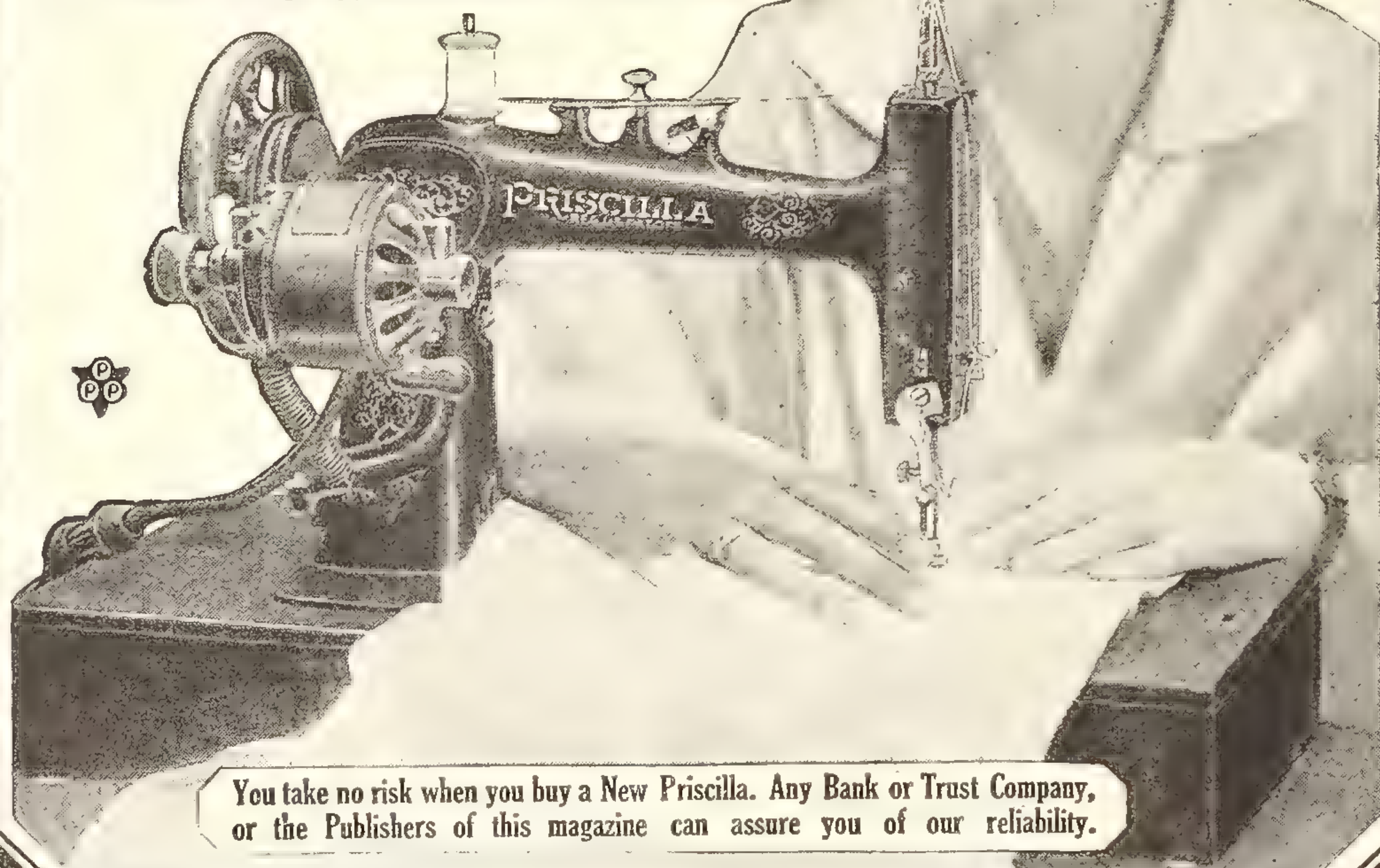
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Matt Moore came alone, and there were Billie Joy, Leatrice's nice brother, who helped her entertain, and her sweet, charming mother. Emmett Flynn came late, bringing his wife, and Bess Meredyth, clad in a Chinese suit.

"I know why you are giving this party," Bess, who is plump, said enviously to Leatrice. "It is because you want to show off how nice and thin you are!"

Monty Banks was there, looking not natural at all without his funny make-up, but very nice and charming.

"Now that's what I call a party!" remarked Patsy, the party expert, as we departed for home.

PATSY RUTH MILLER'S AT HOME

"If a person couldn't have a good time at Patsy Ruth Miller's Sunday parties, that person had better stay at home and knit!" exclaimed my friend Patsy, the party hound, as we powdered our noses in the seclusion of Patsy Ruth's dressing room, midway of the festivities taking place on that delightful Easter Sunday afternoon and evening.

My friend Patsy is a sort of third cousin of Patsy Ruth's, but I do hope you won't get the two confused in reading this account of the way in which Patsy Ruth entertained us.

Patsy Ruth's parents are regular people, who want their children to find their fun at home, and Patsy Ruth and her little brother surely must enjoy themselves. Certainly their guests do.

There are such a lot of nice things to do at Patsy Ruth's. You can play games indoors or out-of-doors, or you can just sit and chatter or dance or play the radio. The whole house is wide open to the young people's guests, with Papa and Mamma Miller always seeing to it that everybody has a wonderful time.

Charlie Ray and some of the others had come over in the morning to play tennis, and they played though it was raining! Charlie, I am told, wears a pretty and different new sweater every Sunday when he plays tennis, which is nearly always.

Anita Stewart came over, wearing a lovely new Easter hat even if it was raining. She said she had expected to go swimming in Patsy Ruth's swimming pool, but of course the rain had changed all that.

"That swimming pool is no treat today," Anita remarked.

She played the piano and sang in that clear, wonderful, bell-like soprano voice of hers, which would make her fortune if she cared to go in for musical comedy.

Buster Collier is a regular wiz on the banjo, and he was playing in an inner room, that is, until Anita began to sing and play, when he came out to listen attentively.

If you wanted to play bridge, you could, and a lot of the guests did, in a nice little card-room near Patsy Ruth's conservatory.

Patsy Ruth looked lovely and sylph-like. She said she was living on a sort of refined dog-biscuit!

A crowd of young people were working hard in another room at learning the St. Louis Hop, which looks easy enough, but is really difficult. It looks merely like a rollicking sort of gay little romp, but just try it!

We asked Irving Thalberg if he could dance it, and he said No, he had just caught up with the Charleston!

A number of the men, including Charlie Ray and Douglas MacLean, went home early in the afternoon to change their tennis clothes and escort their wives to the party.

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An Easter egg hunt was one of the gaieties of the day. Doug MacLean found an egg-shaped jade paperweight on the piano, and pretended he thought it was one of the prizes.

"And nobody seemed to see it but me!" he said with that blank innocence that convulses you when you see him do one of those nobody-home gags on the screen.

"He really ought to save that for a picture!" Patsy remarked.

Jack Pickford was there and told us how he had played a trick on a fellow actor.

"He was always going after and reading his mail," Jack related. "So I thought I'd fix him up. I filled out coupons cut from magazines, and he has been receiving about a hundred samples a day besides advertising stuff!"

Gardner James was there with Miss Blackton, daughter of J. Stuart Blackton. They say Gardner and Miss Blackton are engaged. She is a clever girl—writes scenarios.

Jason Robards, who is making a hit ever since he left the stage for pictures, was as happy as he could be. His wife had just presented him with a daughter—his second child.

Johnny Harron and Kathleen Key danced a little together, but Johnny is awfully old-fashioned—just loves to glide about dreamily in a waltz, while Kathleen Key dotes on hopping!

If you wanted a game of coffee-pot, seated on the floor, why, there you were, with Carmel Myers starting the thing off with a pop.

"Goodness, did I behave all right?" demanded Patsy, as we left. "I hope I did, because I want them to invite me again!"

Merna Kennedy—Lita's Friend

(Continued from page 25)

which radiated over the footlights.

Photographic tests were made, and while Miss Kennedy had never appeared before the movie camera—she screened remarkably well. A contract was arranged, and now under actual working conditions acting before the camera seems an easy matter for Merna Kennedy.

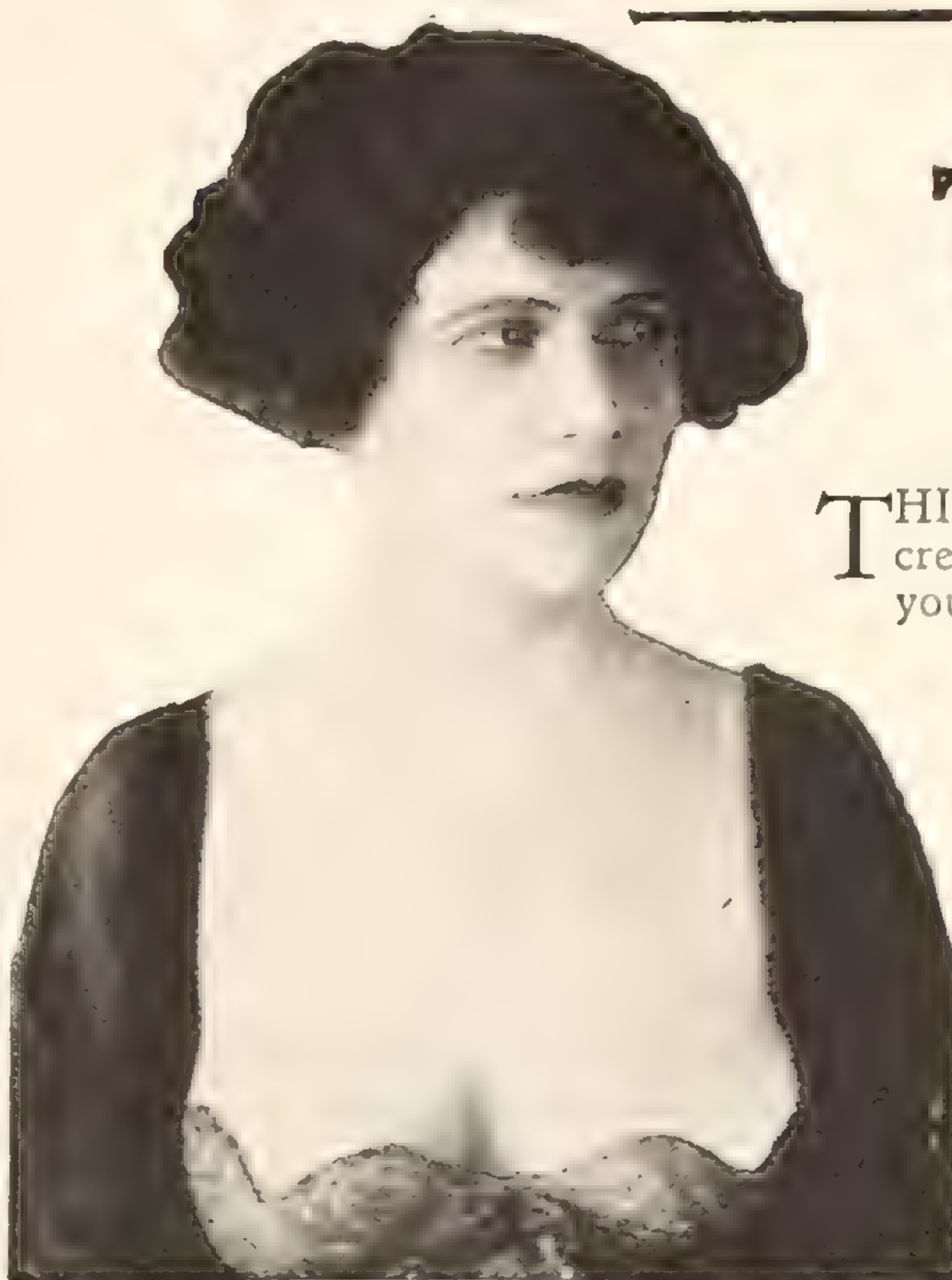
She gives promise of being really a great discovery in the search for new screen faces.

Her vivaciousness and adorable charm seem to register on the screen—she has lost nothing of her stage coloring and personality which identified her as a very clever footlight comedienne of rare ability.

Her red hair and flashing green eyes would make her an ideal subject for color photography. They seem to clearly express her Irish parentage—of which she is proud. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs about one hundred pounds—rather more of the "tomboy" type, with a charming freshness, she is not the so-called flapper type. In fact she does not like flappers.

Merna Kennedy is being hailed by those who have seen her on the screen as a really great discovery with every promise of a brilliant career before her.

Her engagement to appear opposite the little comedian in "The Circus" will be her first appearance in pictures. Charlie says, "Miss Kennedy is a very clever girl"—which is the Chaplin way of saying a great deal.



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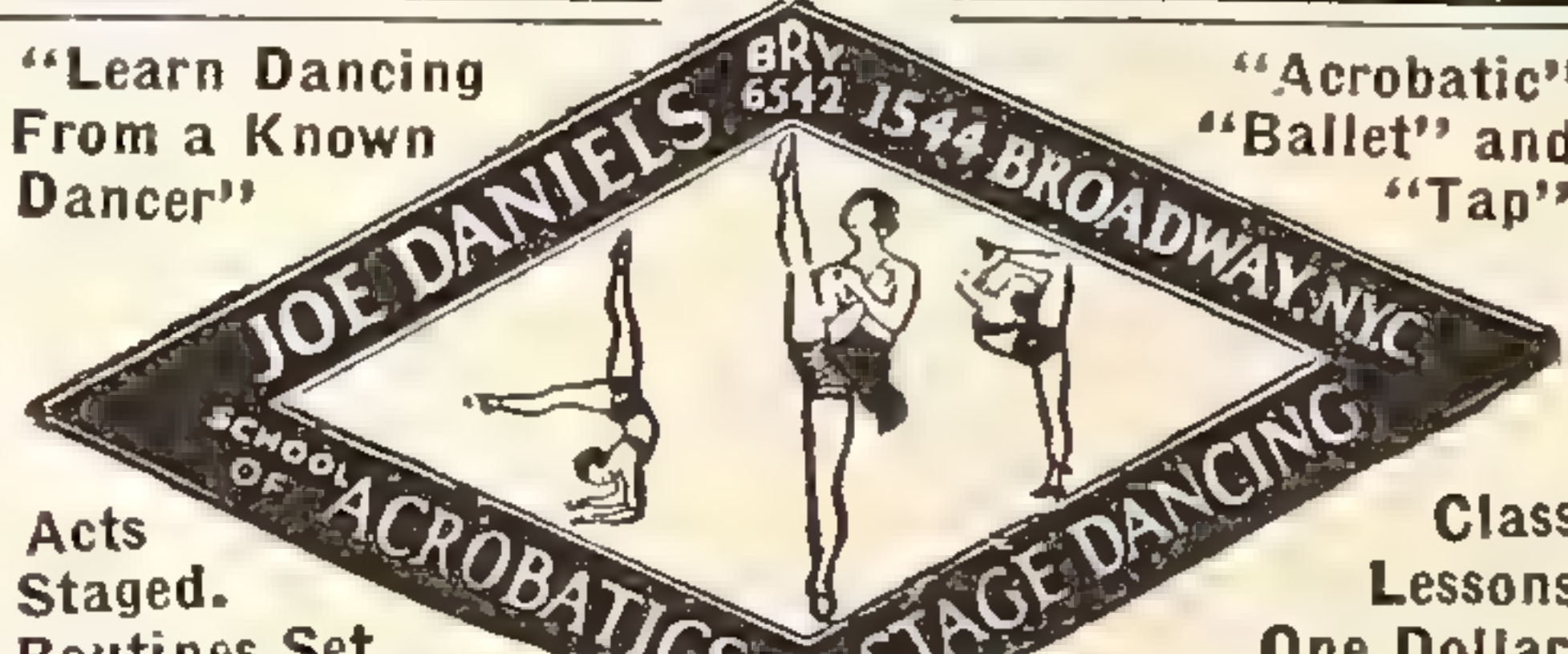
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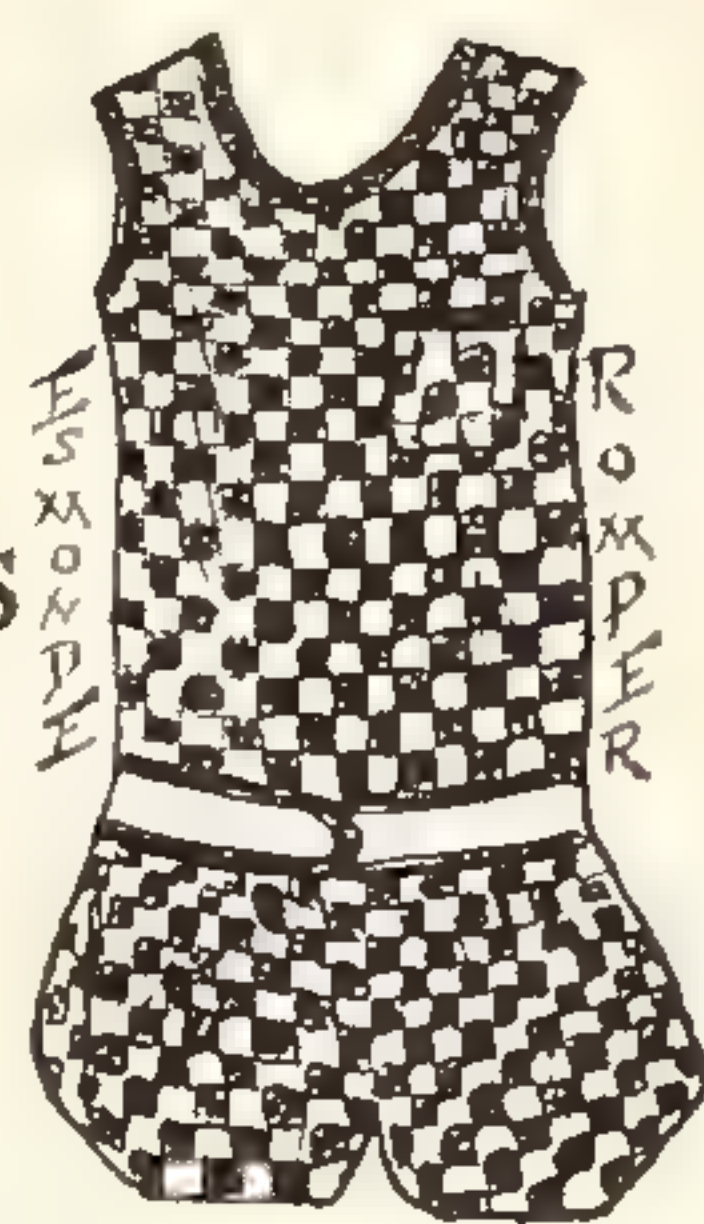
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Passing the Torch

(Continued from page 23)

the wand and magic name are there the same. It's Myrtle Stedman and that fat boy of hers. She named him 'Lincoln', and ever since he's been a little boy she's let him catch her thrilling movie wand. But Myrtle is afraid that he can't hold on without her help, and a fall might break her heart in two. So Lincoln smiles, and humors Mother Myrtle, and when she isn't looking takes the silly wand and twists it through the air to teach the world just how he stands. The movies are his. He has them firmly in his grasp, showing us how; that he can carry on, alone—his right to sit upon the throne absolutely earned. From generation to generation; the movies, going on!

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I could name so many more—the carrying on of us. Remember, there's Mary Carr, with all the boys and girls to follow her. They are getting there so fast, even though some of them still are merely infants. Francis Bushman has a great boy Ralph, who's been given the magic wand, has opened the mighty gates and is now riding along on his own, showing us how it's done. Stuart Blackton's two daughters have started—watching their chance to build a kingdom of their own.

But wait. I almost might have forgotten! It's Tim Holt, I hear, reminding me of a promise I made some time ago.

Tim's right name, you know, is Jack Holt, Jr., and that's been his name for six whole years. He's in the movies now, perhaps you've heard, but strangely enough, doesn't appear on the screen. He bought his horse, his sombrero and chaps. For two whole weeks he labored in front of the camera, tired and worn when the end of the day came round. He worked as only a small lad of six can work. And then, when the final deadly print was made, Tim found his face among those many others had slipped under the table—the face on the cutting-room floor.

Do you think Tim is discouraged? Not at all. He only has to hold on to the magic wand a short time longer. He'll make the grade some day—it's in the cards. The first generation have that proved. And soon, even before we know it, he'll be playing gallant knight to little Suzanne Vidor. We'll see young Bill Hart, Jr., too, clasping fair lady Tomasina Mix in his strong arms. I can almost hear the "Ohs" and the "Ahs" from the audience now. And Billy Windsor—he'll most likely be manhandling little Leatrice Joy. Sure, I can see them all, grasping the magic wand, holding it tight till one fine day they're standing on their own, taking that parting gift and carrying on the torch.—The finest compliment they can pay to dad and the talent he gave with his famous name.

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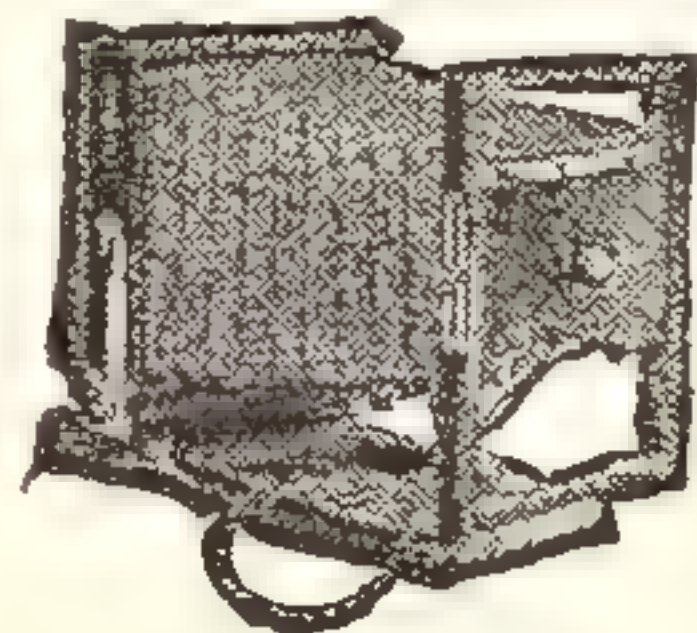
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Ethel Doherty Climbs to Success

(Continued from page 21)

something which perhaps you haven't, and which may be the very thing that's keeping you in the rut out of which she has climbed. That was determination. She set her mind on breaking into the movies via the scenario path, and hell and high water couldn't—but here's how it happened.

Like many others, Ethel had been adding to the troubles of studio scenario editors by sending in dozens of quite unsolicited manuscripts. The fact that they always came back made Uncle Sam several dollars richer and Miss Doherty several degrees more determined. Realizing that she was assaulting the citadel from the wrong angle, like a good general she changed her tactics and planned an attack from within. While still keeping on with her teaching, she studied shorthand o' nights and, not having a husband to dictate to her, she pressed her mother into that service. At the end of the school year she felt herself qualified to disfigure anybody's letters, so she looked up the addresses of several film companies in the phone book and hied her forth on her new attempt to conquer the enemy.

And now Lady Luck, who has a fondness for grit, saw to it that there should be a vacancy in the stenographic department of the big Lasky studio in Hollywood; and Ethel grabbed it quick. Six months she toiled there, and hard months they were, too. As she herself admits, she wasn't a very good stenographer, but she could spell and she knew what the writers were talking about when they used big words.

"And here's something else that was hard," she reminisced, while I held my pencil poised, waiting to know the worst. "Some ill-bred people enjoy making a stenographer feel that she is in a menial position—do you know what I mean? I had never experienced anything like it in my life, and of course it hurt. I tell you this because you are going to write a story directed to ambitious girls, and it's just as well to know ahead of time what you're going to be up against. There is no royal road to success in the movies—unless you have a pull, which I never had."

She paused for a moment, and I silently wished that the "ambitious girls" could catch the spirit of DO which was expressed in her wide-set, fearless eyes and the strong line of her chin.

Then she told how a friend in the cutting department had let her help cut a picture on nights and Sundays. At first she just rolled up the film after the cutter had pulled it apart, taken out the necessary scenes, and patched it together again. Later she was entrusted with cutting whole episodes "on her own", under the cutter's supervision.

"So, six months after I entered the studio," she went on, "when they were looking about for somebody to go with Penrhyn Stanlaws as his cutter and script assistant, I drew the place, because I was prepared. Then began an intensive course lasting nearly five years in the best place of all to study the method of making pictures. I was on the set on every picture, doing the mechanical work of keeping the script, giving the camera boys numbers, keeping my eye on a million and one details of costume and matching action from the long shot to the close-up, keeping track of props, in which hand they were carried by the players, and so on. All the time I was studying the director's methods, for my own benefit—seeing how he used business to bring out the drama in action instead of words. I cut the

picture in my own time off the set—nights and Sundays while we were shooting—and finished it after we were through with the actual camera work and before the next picture began.

"It was a strenuous, absorbing, intensive five years. No one could stand the strain unless she loved it; but I am in better health today than when I was teaching school. My friend and I have often laughed at ourselves when we caught each other singing and whistling about the silent laboratory on Sundays, working while the rest of the world played. We had to admit that it was more fun cutting a picture than going to see a football game or throwing a party.

"But that's the thing every girl isn't willing to do. It is singleness of purpose and interest that gets you anywhere. If a 'beau' is of more importance than getting the picture done on time—well, of course! Many an engagement I have had to break at the last minute, because I would have to work at night. And some friends I have lost, because they were unwilling to believe that it was true that I had to work.

"While doing all this, I never lost sight of the ambition to write. Whenever I had a breathing spell between pictures—waiting for titles to come through, or perhaps a few precious days when the starting date of a picture was delayed for some reason—I turned instantly to my stories. I had my portable typewriter in the cutting-room and I could lose myself in a story in no time."

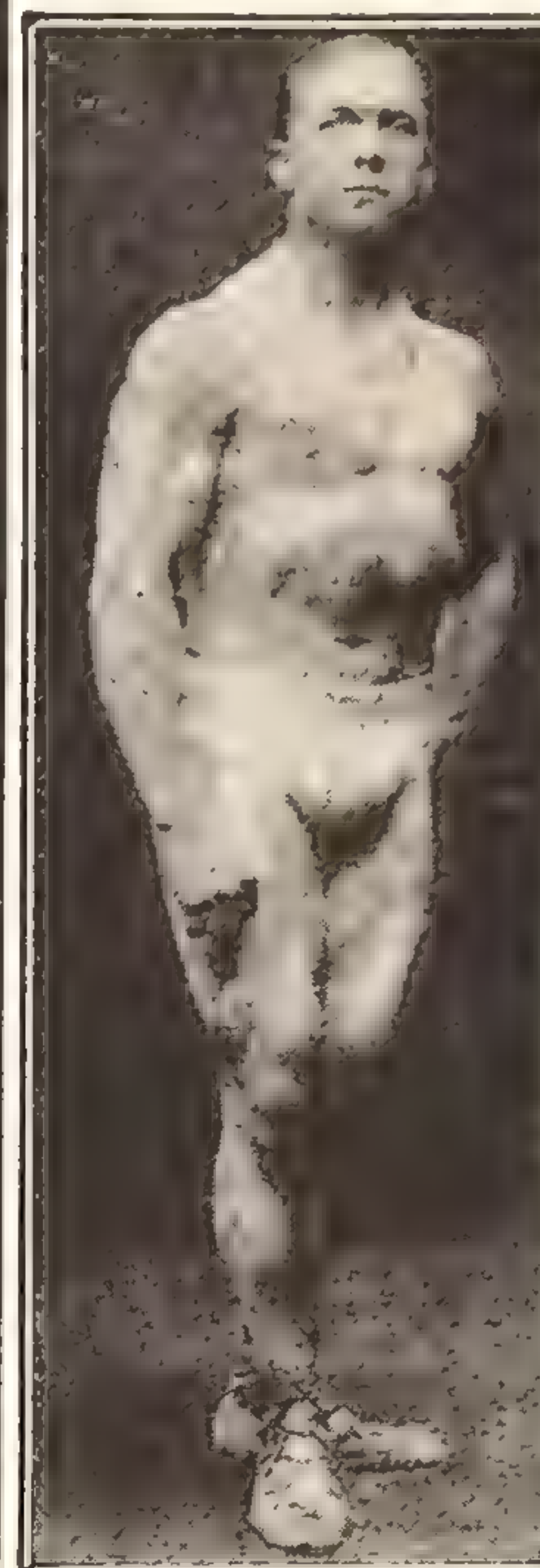
After cutting and acting as script clerk for a number of Paramount directors, Ethel was assigned to the James Cruze unit, and did this work for him for a year and a half, cutting ten of his big films. By this time she felt that she was making good headway in her fight for recognition, but she wasn't satisfied to remain a film cutter, so she decided to make a frontal attack, as they say in West Point. Cornering one of the production supervisors one day, she told him she wanted a chance to prove that she had "story sense". Apparently she told him the idea, or else he was impressed by the set of her aw when she had him in the corner; but whatever the reason, the fact remains that soon afterwards this supervisor asked her casually one day if she would like to write the screen adaptation of "The Vanishing American".

You can imagine whether or not she wanted to do it! This picture was one of the big plums of the year, a story which many of the experts would have given their eye teeth to do; and here she was, a comparative unknown, asked if she would "like" to do it! That day is marked with red ink on Ethel's life calendar!

Well, she fixed up Zane Grey's tale of the noble red man so that Richard Dix and Lois Wilson could make it into a beautiful and successful motion picture "special"—and she helped them do it, too. She went on location with the company, out into the desert of Arizona, nearly two hundred miles from a railroad. If she had worked hard before, in the days when she was just a script clerk and cutter, she did it twice over out there—surrounded by heat, dust and injuns. Why? Because at last she had found her niche in pictures; she had forced the citadel to make terms. After five long years of the hardest kind of detail work, at last she had succeeded in breaking through into the ranks of the successful.

Incidentally, Ethel acted in "The Vanishing American", too, but that was due to an accident. A man in the company broke his leg while they were on location, and the

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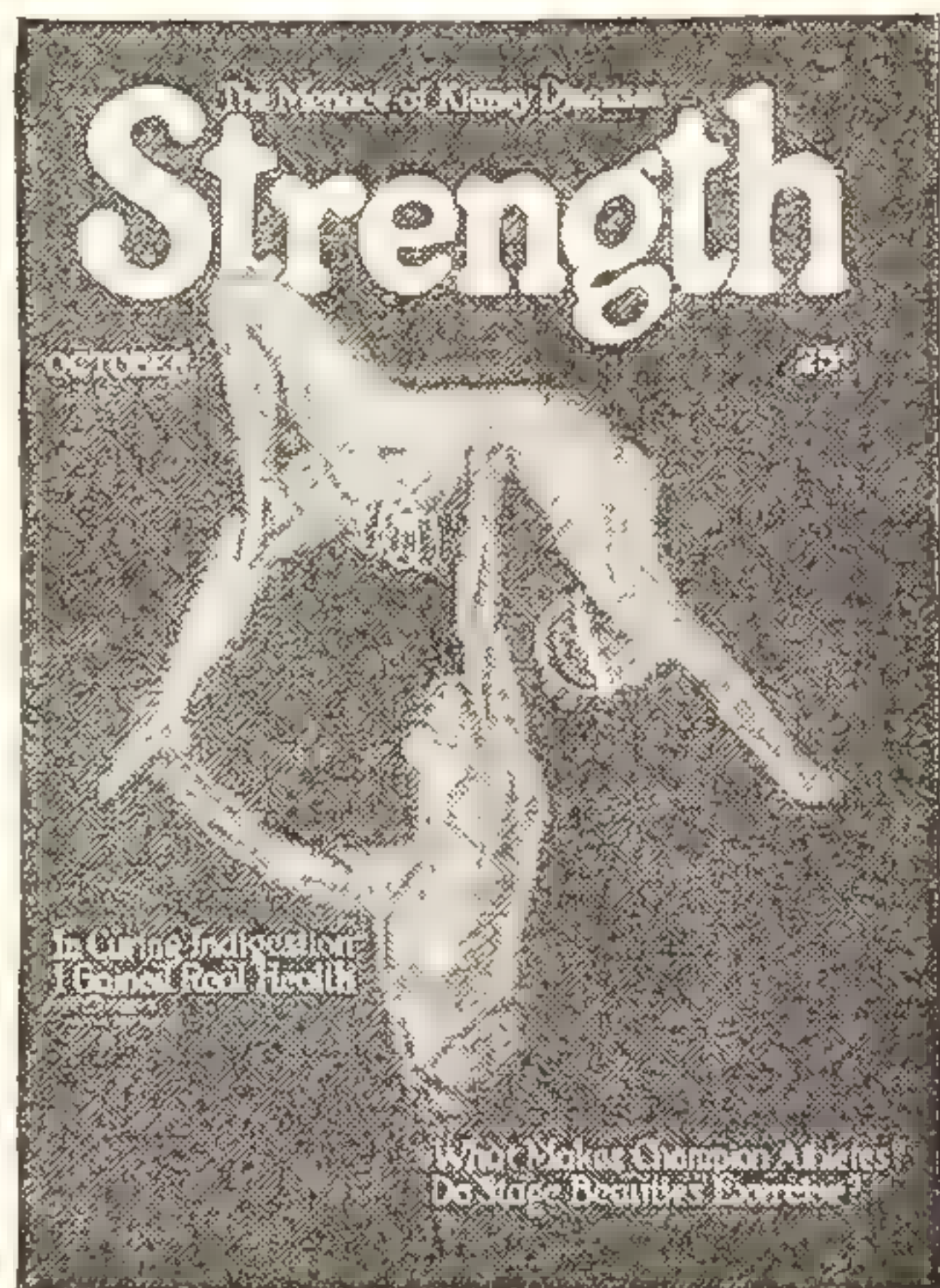
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actress who was to play a small part was also the nurse for the outfit and had to stay with her patient. So Ethel donned make-up, acted for a few minutes, rushed back to the cameras to check up on detail work, then flew back into focus. When you see the picture, you'll get a glimpse of Miss Doherty, who is the girl reading a newspaper which tells of the Lusitania disaster.

Since then she has done the "Runaway" in which Clara Bow made her success.

Now then, what's the reward for all this work? Money, of course; but if any of the "ambitious girls" who are reading this haven't as much grit as Ethel has, they'd better heed what she says about money before ordering new furs on the strength of what they're going to make:

"I mustn't forget the matter of salary. Contrary to popular ideas, the technical peo-

ple in motion pictures aren't extravagantly paid. The big salaries go to the actors and directors. I began at eighteen dollars a week, and as it was in the time of high prices just after the war, I couldn't live on it, and used up my savings for necessities. It took me four years to get back to the salary I left teaching school. And of course, if I had stayed on teaching, my salary would have increased automatically each year. However, finally I have arrived at the place of comfortable salary, and the increases from now on bid fair to be worth while."

And why shouldn't they? Seems to me that Ethel Doherty has earned her \$10,000 a year. And so will any girl who has the courage and perseverance to follow in her footsteps. Backbone is the best substitute for wishbone, and Ethel Doherty has proved it.

Books for Fans—Continued from page 8

All of us are in sympathy with Bohemians, no matter how drab and dull our own lives may be. We are fascinated with their recklessness and wish that we could throw discretion to the four winds and take a chance with life.

And, many critics to the contrary, the people who live between the two covers of "La Vie de Boheme" are real. They are drawn from life. Nor are they peculiar to Paris at that period. In every country, in every city, there are a group of Bohemians—those careless reckless people who feel life more intensely, than do their more cautious

brothers.

No matter how small the community may be some people of this type will have gathered together. They interpret life differently from others. Their emotions are not as lasting, but they are more intense while they do last. The characters in Murger's book are real!

That is why the book has an appeal. That is why the picture "La Boheme" has the same appeal. That is why I am glad that the book is popular again and will be read and enjoyed by the people of this generation.

Screen News from Broadway—Continued from page 7

"Sandy", a shingled heroine. Funny—Dorothy Mackaill bobbed her blonde hair for "Chickie", which was written by the lady who wrote "Sandy". If you don't like Madge and Dorothy bobbed, blame her.

* * *

A lot of people were glad to welcome Billie Dove back to Manhattan. She was just a kid when she left to win film fame and fortune on the west coast; and she isn't much more than a kid now, even though she has attained the dignity of becoming Mrs. Irvin Willat and Doug Fairbanks' favorite leading lady. Billie is the same, sweet, unspoiled girl she was when we used to see her in Alfred Cheney Johnston's portrait studio. Johnston, incidentally, was instrumental in bringing about her screen debut. She was one of the prettiest and youngest girls in the Follies then, and the photographer saw her film possibilities and arranged for her to meet the right people to bring about a picture appearance. Billie made good on her own, though; and has been going strong ever since. She has sponsored a new vogue in handkerchiefs—a smart and sporty Doug Fairbanks "Black Pirate" affair, which looks very dashing in the pocket of her sports suit. There's an idea—the picture and autograph of your film favorite on your handkerchiefs. Girls who have kept quiet about their ability as embroiderers will now have a chance to shine in a perfectly modern fashion.

* * *

Laura La Plante, after greeting her audiences at the Broadway opening of "The Midnight Sun", went back to California and to work. She left scores of new friends behind her. Everyone was fascinated by the little star's unspoiled blonde beauty and charming, unaffected manners. When she is congratulated on her "sudden rise to fame", Laura invariably recalls that six years ago she was playing "atmosphere" in the Hal Roach comedies. The publishing

house of Doubleday Page and Company recently selected twenty-five motion picture stars for a Hall of Fame, and Laura was one of the twenty-five. A lot can happen in six years!

Hedda Hopper, Laura's friend and chaperone, remained behind in Manhattan, where she will make at least one picture before returning to the coast. Her handsome young son is keeping house while she's away.

Mary and Doug and their retinue sailed for Europe on one of their indefinite vacations. The famous Fairbankses change their plans so often it's hard to keep up with them. One report had it that they would be gone two years. Another, six weeks. Take your choice. While abroad, they may film parts of the picture in which they plan to co-star. This has long been a pet plan of Mary's and Doug's but they have never got around to it; individual business interests have interfered. Now it is said they have decided to make an eight-reel feature, most of it in a European setting, built around a story which will keep the two principals apart for six reels, leaving each to do his own "stuff", and then bring them together for a meeting along about the sixth or seventh part, with an ensuing romance. According to report, Mary means this mutual production to mark her film swan-song. If that's true, we hope it never happens.

Mary's niece, Mary Pickford Rupp, daughter of Lottie, is quite a big girl now—as tall as her famous auntie, actually. She sailed with Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks. Her name, by the way, has been changed to Gwynne. It is said Miss Pickford thought it would be better for the child to have her own name instead of going through life as "Mary Pickford the Second". Wise Auntie!

* * *

Lucky Tom Meighan! He has shown his good taste by selecting for the two leading

feminine rôles in "Tin Gods" none other than Renee Adoree and Aileen Pringle, two of Metro-Goldwyn's prides and joys. Aileen will play Tom's wife in the picture; Renee is announced as "leading lady". One used to mean the other in the good old days!

* * *

Diana Kane is coming right along these days. Time was when she was pointed out as "Lois Wilson's little sister". Then Bebe Daniels, her best chum, stopped all that by urging her to change her name to the present decorative one. And Diana began to step out for herself, getting bigger parts every time. The latest is opposite Johnny Hines in "The Brown Derby". It seems to be lucky to be chosen to play with this comedian. Among the unknowns he picked who have since risen to fame are numbered Dorothy Mackaill, Jacqueline Logan, Jobyna Ralston, Billie Dove, and Sigrid Holmquist.

Thyra Samter Winslow has sold the screen rights of her popular novel, "Show-Business", to Metro-Goldwyn. This story of a chorus girl who marries a millionaire after many adventures should make a corking movie. The picture folk in the east are tickled at the transaction as Mrs. Winslow is always an attractive and sought-after figure at the motion picture gatherings around New York City. Now the question as to the actress to be selected to play her "Helen" is being as much discussed as the choice of stars for Lorelei Lee in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes".

* * *

Morris Gest, theatrical impresario, has been signed to make one picture a year for six years for United Artists, at \$250,000 per picture. Mr. Gest, the man responsible for the stage spectacle, "The Miracle", will make Belasco's "Darling of the Gods" as his first film offering.

Ask Me—Continued from page 5

N. Y., and Conway Tearle and Constance Talmadge can both be found at the United Studios, Hollywood, Cal.

Joseph Thomas. Can't tell you how long Shirley Mason is likely to be in any one place; doubt if Shirley knows herself. You might be able to reach her at the Famous-Players Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood.

Black-eyed Susan ("A true Southern Beauty.")—You certainly don't seem to suffer from an inferiority complex, Sue! Leatrice Joy, Cecil de Mille Studios, Culver City, Cal. Claire Windsor, Norma Shearer, Eleanor Boardman and Bert Lytell at the Metro-Goldwyn Mayer Studios, Culver City, Cal. Norma and Constance Talmadge, May McAvoy and Ben Lyon at the First National, United Studios, Hollywood. Dolores Costello with Warner Bros., Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, and her sister Helene with Famous Players-Lasky, Vine Street. Florence Vidor and Betty Compson are also at this address. Clive Brooks at the Tec-Art Studios, 318 E. 48th Street, New York City. For other addresses read down this column.

Jerry Zampino. You'll have to write Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford direct if you want their photographs. I don't supply pictures of any description.

L. Brown. George Walsh can be reached at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mrs. Coleman. Ronald Colman married Thelma Raye about seven years ago. Thelma was on the stage in England but as far as I know she has not had any screen experience.

Anna M. Ross. Utterly impossible for me to give you addresses of all the players on the screen, but just watch this department from time to time and you'll be surprised the number you will get.

Three Young Men from College. Sounds like an ancient song about "Three Young Maids are We"—maybe that isn't quite right, but it was something like that. You aren't bothering me, old timers, and I ups and tells you that Pola Negri was born in Poland—some say forty years ago, some say twenty-eight. Whatever year it was, Pola doesn't look her age, does she? Conway Tearle will next be seen in "The Sporting Lover" and did you know Conway played "Ben Hur" on the stage in Australia, many years ago! Vilma Banky was born in Buda-

pest in 1903. Don't know what hobbies Ricardo Cortez has, but no matter what they were, he seems to have forsaken them all for the new Mrs. Cortez, nee Alma Rubens.

Lefty. Eleanor Boardman was born in August, 1898, and while she isn't married yet, there's a rumour that Eleanor and King Vidor have come to some arrangement with Dan Cupid. Address her at the Metro-Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal. Reginald Denny is with Universal Studios, Universal City, Cal.

A. W. Neil Hamilton was born September 9th, 1899 and Harrison Ford was born 1892. Ford was married to Beatrice Prentice. Neil Hamilton in "Old Ironsides" and Ford in "Up in Mabel's Room".

Viote C. Write me again, enclosing stamped addressed envelope and I'll answer your last lot of questions direct.

Anna Anderson. Impossible to answer in "next issue". We go to press several weeks before publication date of magazine. Ronald Colman is 35 and you will see all about him if you read elsewhere on this page. Madge Bellamy and George O'Brien in "Iron Horse". Billie Dove was the girl who played opposite Douglas Fairbanks.

Beatrice C. Dorothy Mackaill is with First National, so address her at the First National Studios, 807 East 175th Street, New York. Got a great kick out of all the lovely things you say about this department.

Julia David of 98 Waltham Street, Boston, Mass., announces the Helen Ferguson Friendship Club. Over 300 members belong to this club and forty of them are stars.

Frenchy. John Gilbert who hails from Logan, Utah was born in 1895. Watch out next year for a series of big productions co-starring Ronald Colman and Vilma Banky—at least this is the plan on foot at the moment. Carl Dane isn't telling his age to anyone. Jetta Goudal's next picture will be "Paris at Midnight".

Pola-ite, London, S. E. Thanks for the clipping; I bet you cut that out of the "Daily Mirror"! The new Paramount theatre in London certainly sounds wonderful. Address Pola Negri at the Famous Players-Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, Cal. Pola is leaving for Europe soon, so who knows but she may "look up London".

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How a Discovery That Stunned Me Brought Me a Ravishing Complexion

The story of a girl with an unattractive skin who almost lost her sweetheart, but suddenly became radiant and beautiful.

IT was the night of the big party, and my cousin Marian and I were upstairs taking a last hasty peek in the mirror.

"Hurry!" Marian whispered. "The guests are beginning to arrive."

"Do I look all right?"

"Your new dress is adorable. I'm sure Jim will propose to you tonight."

"Why, Marian! He won't do anything of the sort! You know he just likes me—a little."

She laughed at my confusion, and I felt myself blushing. She had guessed what was in my heart and mind. Jim had been so sweet to me these last few weeks. We had gone to the theatre together and to dances—and I began to feel that he cared for me as I cared for him. Tonight, perhaps, I would know. Tonight he might tell me what I was aching to hear.

"Jim's in the library," Marian said. "Let's surprise him."

We tiptoed downstairs. Cautiously we peered into the library—and my heart stood still! There, in the shadowed privacy of that room, Jim was embracing Peggy Lang!

I turned quickly and dashed upstairs, Marian followed me.

"Now, look here!" she said. "You mustn't let this upset you. You know that Peggy is just a silly little vamp—and no doubt she flirted with Jim as she flirts with everyone."

I was utterly wretched, and I couldn't hold back the tears that came flooding to my eyes. Marian took my hand in hers. "Let this be a warning, dear," she said. "I know Jim likes you, but you'll lose him unless you try harder to keep him."

"I've lost him already!" I cried bitterly.

"No, you haven't," she answered. "And you will never lose him if—if . . ."

"If what?" I demanded.

"It's not easy to say, but I mean if you

make yourself look more dainty and attractive. Your complexion is not—well, wholesome-looking. How can you expect to compete with pretty girls like Peggy Lang when you let your complexion get so—unsightly?"

I felt humiliated. But she was right, of course. I knew only too well how unattractive my skin was. Not only was it coarse and blemished, but tiny crow's feet were beginning to show around the eyes—the skin was oily—the pores enlarged. I turned to her helplessly.

"What can I do? I've spent a fortune on creams and lotions and massages. Nothing seems to help. You once had a poor complexion, Marian. What did you do to get your skin so clear and smooth?"

Marian told me; and I listened in amazement. Like a pair of conspirators, we planned to try her secret on my complexion; and with a much lighter heart I went down again to join the party.

* * *

Two weeks later Peggy gave a party at her house. I went with a singing heart and a joyous new confidence in myself. My mirror told me that I now had a clear, beautiful, unblemished complexion—that I looked younger, fresher, prettier. All the blemishes were gone, the crow's feet had vanished, the texture of the skin was soft and smooth and firm. Marian's secret had actually given me a new complexion for the old, and I was no longer afraid of Peggy or any one!

I shall never forget how astonished Jim was when he saw me. "You look wonderful!" he whispered, as soon as we were alone. "I never realized before how beautiful you are!"

But I'm not beautiful, of course. It's just my beautiful new complexion that makes Jim think so! A clear, fresh, attractive skin makes even the plainest girl look pretty.

Full Details on Request.

What Marian told her cousin is not really a secret. Already thousands of women have profited by the remarkable overnight way to a new complexion. This unique overnight treatment, discovered by the famous health specialist, Susanna Cocroft, acts on the skin-pores while you sleep.

The reason ordinary methods fail to produce results is because they treat only the surface skin—not the underneath skin, where the real trouble lies. But this new treatment gets right to the very cause of most skin blemishes. It quickly draws out all the glorious charm, freshness and beauty that lies hidden beneath even the most unattractive outer skin. The clogged pores are cleansed, purged of their poisons. Even after the first night a wonderful difference is seen. Tired lines, oiliness, enlarged pores, sallowness, blemishes, sagging muscles—all should quickly vanish.

A New Skin in 15 Days or No Cost!

Susanna Cocroft's amazing overnight treatment is positively guaranteed to convince you in only 15 days that even a blemished, sallow, muddy complexion can be made as smooth and clear as a child's—or your money is instantly refunded on request, with no questions or red tape of any kind.

If your skin is rough, coarse, leathery, dull or sallow; if it is disfigured by humiliating skin eruptions such as pimples and blackheads; if the texture of your skin is spoiled by enlarged pores; if your skin is dry and scaly; if it is excessively oily, then send at once for the interesting, illustrated 32-page booklet called "The Overnight Way to a New Complexion." It will tell all about this new quick method to beauty. No obligation. Mail coupon TODAY, Thompson-Barlow Company, Dept. F-363, 130 West 31st St., New York City.

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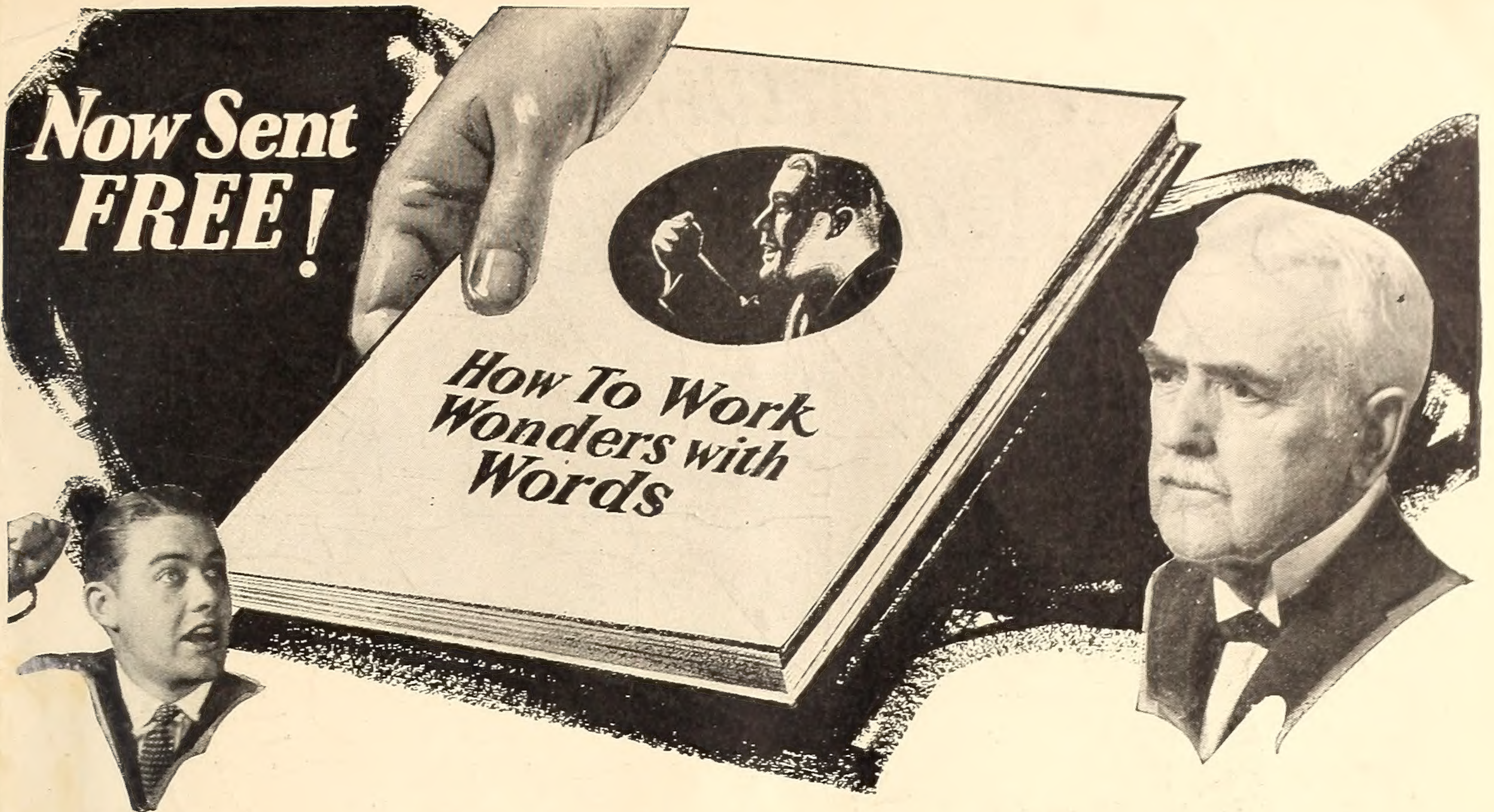
Please send me your new book, "The Overnight Way to a New Complexion." Also full details of the free proof plan which enables me to test this new home treatment without risking a penny.

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Will Show You**

- How to talk before your club or lodge.
- How to address Board Meetings.
- How to propose and respond to toasts.
- How to make a political speech.
- How to tell entertaining stories.
- How to make after-dinner speeches.
- How to converse interestingly.
- How to write better letters.
- How to sell more goods.
- How to train your memory.
- How to enlarge your vocabulary.
- How to develop self-confidence.
- How to acquire a winning personality.
- How to strengthen your will-power and ambition.
- How to develop your power of concentration.
- How to become a clear, accurate thinker.
- How to be the master of any situation.

can make others do as they wish, whether it be one man or a thousand. It is the power of forceful convincing speech that causes one man to jump from obscurity to the presidency of a great corporation. Another from a small, unimportant territory to the salesmanager's desk. Another from the rank and file of political workers to a post of national prominence as a campaign speaker. A timid, retiring, self-conscious man to change almost overnight into a popular and much applauded after-dinner speaker.

Either You Become a Powerful Speaker--or Your Training is Free

You are shown how to conquer stage fright, self-consciousness, timidity, bashfulness and fear—those things which keep you silent when men of lesser ability get what they want by the sheer power of convincing speech. You are told how to bring out and develop your priceless

how to rise head and shoulders above the mass and make yourself the dominating figure in any gathering. How to be a leader among men. How to rise to any occasion and demand what you want with force, vigor and conviction. Give only fifteen minutes a day in the privacy of your own home and you can accomplish all this in a few short weeks.

Easy for Anyone Only 15 Minutes a Day Required

There is no mystery about the power to work wonders with words. Practically anyone can do it. It makes no difference how embarrassed or self-conscious you now are when called upon to speak. Certain principles will show you

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